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Hearst's International

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August

AT LAST—

The Human, Inside Story of

WOODROW WILSON

at the

PEACE CONFERENCE

as told by

The Wilsons' Social Secretary

You really should see my morning mail

It's full of exciting stories from girls about their complexions Be sure to read this letter

This letter from a ranch in New Mexico is just one of the dozens of warm, friendly letters I get every day from girls who read these Camay articles of mine. It's so *especially* interesting that I want to read it to all of you.

"If any one ever had a chance to try Camay out it has been I," the writer declares. "For I was raised in the east where there are few winds and only mild sunshine and an abundance of clear, soft water.

"Six years ago I came out here to live. I found high winds, continued sunshine, and alkali water to contend with."

You can imagine what difficulties this brought to a skin that was, my correspondent tells me, the fragile pink-and-white kind.

She tried one soap after the other, "often," she says, "paying high prices for them. But not one seemed to agree with my skin. Someone advised me to quit soap and use only cleansing cream. I tried that, but never felt really *clean*.

"I was almost in despair—when a friend gave me a cake of Camay. I tried it and the results were wonderful. Almost at once my complexion regained its former color and softness."

There! *Isn't* that a nice letter?

And actually what this very charming person discovered for herself about Camay and her own complexion is just what 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America discovered when they examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made careful, scientific tests of Camay's effect on all the various types of complexions.

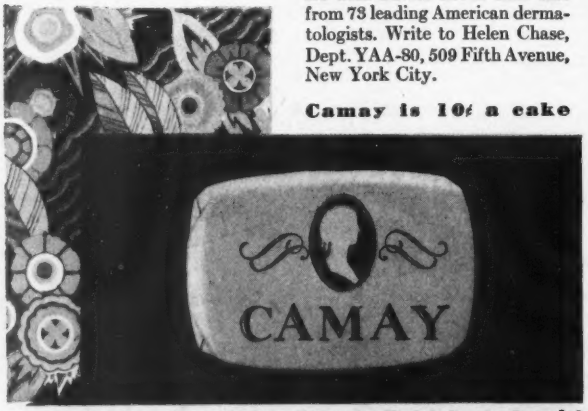
If you remember my earlier Camay articles (and I'm just vain enough to think *maybe* you will!), you'll recall that these physicians who have specialized in skin care and treatment are most enthusiastic in their scientific approval of Camay. They said, in effect, "Camay is gentle and unusually mild. It is the kind of soap we would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions."

So, if a fragrant Camay cleansing isn't already the most important item in your daily routine, don't deprive yourself for another minute of the smoothest, creamiest, gentlest care in the whole complexion world.

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YAA-80, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay is 10¢ a cake



Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap—[called Calay in Canada]

Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for August 1930

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval, as stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

"I wonder how serious it really is"...

CHECK
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
WITH

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

"PINK tooth brush" is a disquieting trouble to face. For with it come visions of all manner of dread dental diseases that may follow.

Decisively, "pink tooth brush" does not imply that you have pyorrhea. But it certainly does mean that your gums have begun to soften; that they have become so tender and weak that they bleed at the touch of the brush; and that they need immediate protection if they are to be rescued from the possible attack of more serious troubles!

For this purpose thousands of dentists urge massage and brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste. Millions of people have found that Ipana guards their gums while it keeps their teeth sparkling white, their mouths clean and refreshed!

As any dentist will tell you, soft foods are responsible for what amounts today to a veritable plague of gum disorders.

For this soft and creamy diet cheats the gums of exercise. The tissues grow weak and flabby, soft spots appear. The gums bleed, at first, ever so slightly. And thus gingivitis, Vincent's disease and pyorrhea get their start.

The remedy, your dentist recommends, is massage faithfully done, and to this recommendation thousands of dentists add—"with Ipana".

With Ipana and massage, you rouse the languid circulation. You sweep wastes and poisons from the tiny cells—you quickly restore to your gums their natural strength and hardness! For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating hemostatic long used by the dental profession in treating gum disorders.

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are* not *luxuries

Let Ipana keep your teeth sound and sparkling—let it stimulate your gums to robust vigor. Its ingredients are the finest and costliest; its formula modern and advanced. It may cost a few cents more but its use is sound economy.

Stop at your druggist's today and get a large tube—don't wait for the sample. Tonight, begin the full month's test. See for yourself how much healthier your gums can be, how much whiter your teeth, with Ipana's double protection.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-80
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

Next Month

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Beginning—

FANNIE HURST'S

New Novel

of a *Grand Passion*—

a story

which looks into

the *Soul* of a

Woman

who gives Everything

for *Love*

VOL. LXXXIX NO. 2

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AUGUST
1930

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RAY LONG
Editor

Mussolini's views on Science and Religion

SCIENCE today has reached a stage of staggering perplexity to the layman. It has investigated every conceivable problem of which man is conscious and has collected a formidable mass of data in all branches of investigation. And it is continuing and continuing. Where will it end?

It discovers a phenomenon and then sets to work to find out the "why" of that phenomenon. And not always has it succeeded in answering the "why."

To me there are an infinite variety of reasons why it will not always discover the last finality of every phenomenon. There is a realm of mystery which it is not permitted to us to understand and which science never succeeds in explaining to us. Over this zone of mystery the human spirit cannot pass, for there upon the wall is written in indelible letters the word "God," and there the domain of man ends.

There can be no conflict between science and religion, for there is a line which clearly marks that of the human spirit and that of mystery. Twenty or thirty years ago, the question of this conflict was widely discussed, but today the question finds no more than a confused echo in the minds of thinking men.

Science has its field and the spirit has its domain. Perhaps it is permitted us to delve into the mysteries of the domain of the spirit, but it shall, nevertheless, always remain to us the realm of divine Providence.

For we have not yet measured, nor classified, nor defined, nor isolated, nor touched the Spirit. It is there: a power, a force, action; it is all. It is divine power. "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." And how can we conceive it, except to know and to feel that it is present through those divinely bestowed attributes of the human soul, remaining completely apart from the material and mortal while at the same time mysteriously enveloping and controlling our whole being?

For the day is long past when thinking man conceived God as a person, having the form of a human being. It was only in man's retarded development that he conceived Him as but a type of superman, just as the Greeks and Romans conceived their gods in the form of man. It was this concept of God which caused Spinoza to remark, "I believe that a triangle, if it could speak, would say that God is eminently triangular, and a circle that the divine nature is eminently circular; and thus would everyone ascribe his own attributes to God."

Since Spinoza, we have made great strides, in that what was once debated in men's minds regarding the nature of God—that He reigned in the form of man—has been rejected to be replaced by the acceptance of all thinking men that in truth "God is a Spirit."

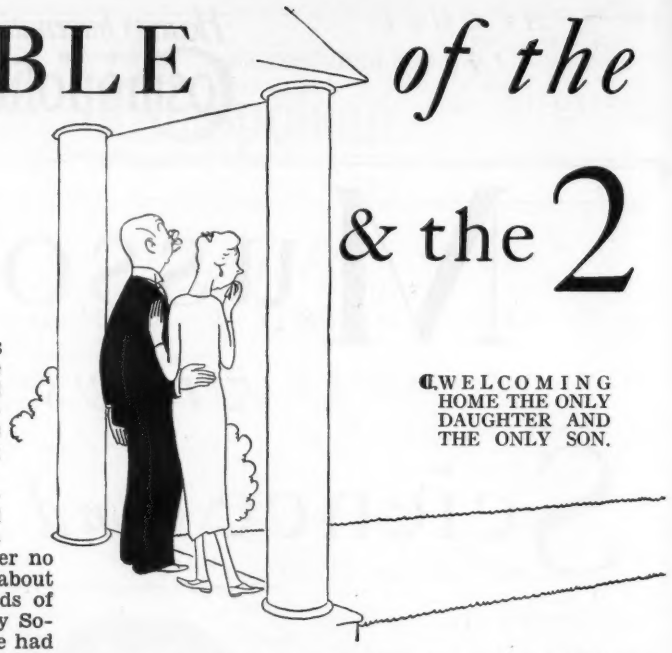
AND THE spirit is working its wonders daily in illuminating our pathway and in opening for us new avenues of approach to the truth. The spirit is present with men and fortifies their deeds.

We often marvel at the superhuman accomplishments of some chosen souls and learn to feel that truly there is about us a power which, unseen and undefined, plans and orders the destiny of men and mankind.

The great deeds of man are more than human deeds; they are the work of unseen power. Men do the impossible. It is their divinely endowed power.

Benito Mussolini

The FABLE of the 2 & the by George Ade



¶WELCOMING HOME THE ONLY DAUGHTER AND THE ONLY SON.

Once a couple of proud but humble Parents put up a Triumphal Arch and hung out all the Flags and welcomed Home from two high-priced Institutions of so-called Learning the only Daughter and the only Son, just as the Check Book was getting ready to throw up both Hands and sink with a Gurgling Cry.

The Boy had taken the Degree of A.B., meaning "Always Broke." Sister had been sandpapered and ducoed at a Private School which taught a Young Lady how to enter a Ballroom but gave her no specific Directions for escaping from same before about five P.M. Alicia had acquired some Twenty Words of French and knew that she should not permit any Society Lizard to call her by the First Name until she had snuggled against him for at least a Half-hour and had become thoroughly acquainted.

Reginald and Alicia were fair to look upon and Ornamental, if Nothing Else, with the Accent on the Nothing Else. They were pretty well versed in Hockey, Tennis and Confectionery, even if somewhat shy on Mathematics, the Disarmament Conference, Manual Labor and the Trend of Business. A couple of Nice Kids of the Kind who keep elderly relatives undecided whether it would be advisable to kiss them or kill them.

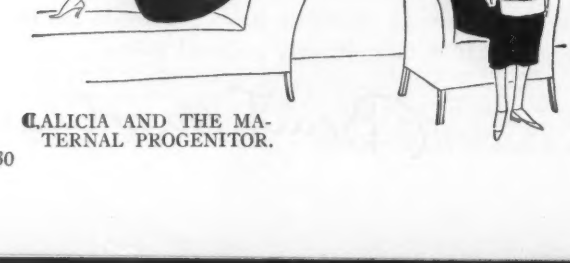
During the joyous Semesters just concluded they had proceeded upon the Assumption that Dad was George F. Baker and the Mater was Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt. Paper Money, to them, was just Printed Matter which might be exchanged for Sportwear and Gardenias. They never heard the Crash in Wall Street and they never arose in time to read a Morning Paper and learn that there was any such Cloud on the Horizon as a Feeling of Depression in the Marts of Trade. It is Great to be that Way and conducive to the Belief that there really is a Santa Claus.

They had no Desire to take Cognizance of the Fact that the Grizzled Relic known as "The Governor" was financially lame in both Legs and Mom had not been buying any new Strings of Pearls. In fact, they had no Desire to take on any Information except the Dates for the Golf Tourneys and the approximate Hour the Hoopy-doop-doop Orchestra would erupt each Evening.

Every Night, while they were trying to stay out until the Moon went down, the peevish Provider and the poor Woman who had to serve Food to them in Bed every Morning would go into Secret Session and try to find out what the Heck they were going to do with the two Pieces of Bric-a-Brac.

Pa allowed that he had figured all along that when the Two received their handsome Diplomas his Tribulations would ease down a bit, because the Offspring, having received so much expensive Training, would be all set to paddle their own Canoes and Climb any available Ladder leading to Fame and Distinction, and buckle on their Armor and gird themselves to face the Great World, and be in the Hallway when Opportunity knocked at the Front Door, and so on and so on, including all the customary Figures of Speech, Bromides, Chestnuts and Copy-book Maxims. Instead of which, they had turned out to be a couple of Bermuda Onions. Just as useful as a Bad Cold.

"I can remember," said Mother, "when a Girl who was past Twenty began to feel like an Old Maid and would look out of the Window for Hours at a Time for some Young Man with a Mustache who played the Mandolin and wanted to get married. Alicia seems to feel that Matrimony is something like Pneumonia or Spinal Meningitis. She shudders every time I mention it. She says if she ever does tackle a Companionate Marriage, just for a Joke, she will retain her Maiden Name and live her own Life, mebbe permitting her Mate to drop in about once a Week. I don't know who Lucy Stone is or was, but you can gamble that she never boosted the Birth Rate or plugged for any Doctor who specializes on the Care of Babies."



¶ALICIA AND THE MATERNAL PROGENITOR.

"I can't make her out," assented Father. "For a while I thought she wasn't learnin' a blame Thing at that highfalutin School, but now it seems that she learned a Lot that her Grandmother never heard of. She says she longs for a Career. From the amount of money that I've dished out, I thought she'd had one already."

"Just think of a Girl wanting to be an Authoress or an Interior Decorator or run a Tea Shop when she might grab off a steady Young Man and settle down in a Home of her own!" said the Old Lady.

Father called attention to the Fact that while she traveled with the Night Hawks, she wouldn't meet any Steady Young Men.

"I guess you're right," said the Partner of his Woes. "She says that while Step-ins are the Style, she doesn't need anyone to hook her up, and if she picked out any Boy Friend and had him around all the Time, she would simply destroy a Beautiful Friendship."

Father spoke as follows: "I've thought some of lettin' her go to Hollywood, but the Trouble is that she doesn't know anything about waitin' on the Table. She couldn't get over in the Talkies because she doesn't know how to Talk. She just chirps. I can't see her as an Authoress. She was so busy acquirin' Swank at that Home for the Daughters of Recent Millionaires that she forgot to learn how to Spell.

PERPLEXED PARENTS

Pulchritudinous Problems

"She'd be a Flop at runnin' a Tea Shop because she couldn't add up two Lettuce Sandwiches without makin' a Mistake of at least Forty Cents in favor of the Customer. Of course she'd be a Nifty when it came to signin' Checks, but she'd never know how much of a Balance she had at the Bank. If they sent her Notice of an Overdraft she'd think it was a Remittance. She doesn't know that you can take anything out of an Envelope except 'Pay to the Order Of.'

"**She couldn't** be Hostess at a Night Club because she isn't strong enough to climb on top of a Piano. She has only two useful Accomplishments. She can toast Marshmallows and make a Salad Dressin', but neither one of those graceful Assets seems to hold out any Future for her, when it comes to cashin' in."

Mother said that Alicia pooh-poohed the Idea of starting a Hope Chest. She didn't see the Sense of loading up a Hope Chest, so long as she didn't entertain any Hopes. Mother never suspected that Wedlock was a Social Error until Alicia told her, between Cigarets, that it simply wasn't being done any more, at least not by the Intelligentsia—the latter Word being absolutely muffed and fumbled by Mother, who was still Victorian to the extent that she wore Low Heels.

The two Old Folks were certainly up against it good and plenty. They had planted a couple of Trees they could not chop down. The Snipes had them buffaloed.

They would decide, every Morning, to give the Children a good Talking-to, and then they would wind up the Day by apologizing and taking Orders. If the Juveniles ever get a Jump on the Senile Seniors, it is a Cinch that the Latter are lashed to the Mast and will remain there.

It looked as if Reggy and Alicia would continue to be a couple of Expense Accounts as long as Father had the Strength to sit at a Desk and use his Fountain Pen. They had been spoon-fed from Early Childhood and the mere Suggestion that Life was a Serious Proposition struck them as being preposterous. To them, the Progenitors were just an odd-looking Team of Bohoes who had been put on Earth for the express Purpose of providing low, rakish Roadsters and the kind of Duds usually worn by the sour-faced Specimens who have their Pictures on the Society Page every Sunday.

All this Talk about Reggy and Alicia may sound like a mess of irrelevant Hooey to an Old Bachelor or to Married Folks who have carefully avoided the Responsibility of Offspring, but we are telling the World that it is no idle Jest to the Fifty Thousand (50,000) or more plain Representatives of the Middle Class who are trying to figure out this Summer what can be done with or to a College Graduate who has acquired almost every Habit except the Habit of Industry.

Willing to accept any Employment which does not involve the hateful Item of Labor; Expecting to be paid a Salary just for being well-groomed. Did it ever occur to the Intelligent Reader that possibly we have too many Colleges operating in this Country? The Prisons and the Universities are both overloaded and turning out too many Characters who are a Menace to the Social Fabric—the only Difference being that the Graduate cannot be apprehended and sent back for Further Punishment.

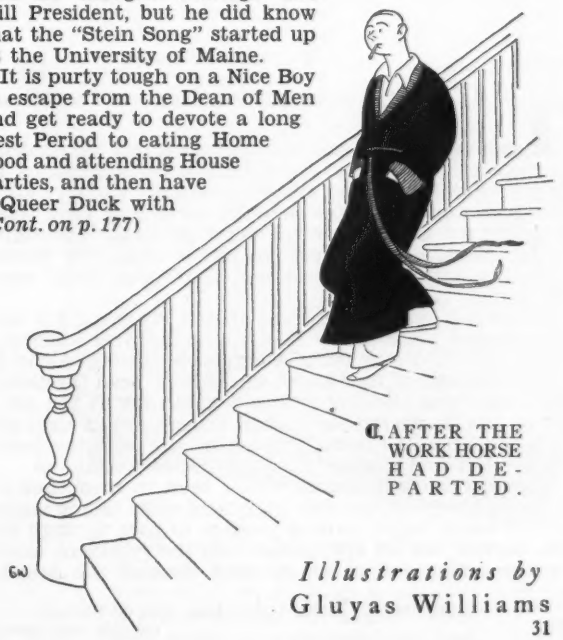
Well, if Alicia was something to worry about, what shall we say regarding Reginald, the large handsome Brute with the Mental Equipment of a Snapping Turtle and the Social Instincts of a Bull Calf? One of those lumbering Lads who are generally liked, in spite of the Fact that probably they never will connect up with a Job except that of Night Watchman.

Reginald was the kind of Bird that you couldn't say a Word against, and at the same time it would be extremely difficult to write a Brief in his Favor. He was just about one hundred and seventy pounds of Organic Matter and after you said that you had practically written his Biography.

When his Dad corralled him at the Office and tried to lecture him on the Sober Responsibilities of Life, then Reggy would wear the Facial Expression of a Goldfish when it comes to the Surface to gulp a Piece of Bread. His Brain Throbs averaged six to the Minute and he thought Coolidge was still President, but he did know that the "Stein Song" started up at the University of Maine.

It is purty tough on a Nice Boy to escape from the Dean of Men and get ready to devote a long Rest Period to eating Home Food and attending House Parties, and then have a Queer Duck with

(*Cont. on p. 177*)



¶ AFTER THE WORK HORSE HAD DEPARTED.

Illustrations by Gluyas Williams

AT LAST—*The Human, Inside Story of*

MISS EDITH BENHAM became Social Secretary to President and Mrs. Wilson at the White House in 1914. She had previously served in a like capacity to Lady Bryce, wife of the British Ambassador, and to the Baroness Rosen, of the Russian Embassy.

As a member of President Wilson's personal party during the Peace Conference in Paris, she faithfully recorded the events of those epoch-making days, in letters to her fiancé, Rear Admiral James M. Helm. Edith Benham Helm's letters make a document of historic value and of tremendous human interest.

MISS BENHAM WITH MRS. WILSON IN PARIS

The Private Letters of THE WILSONS' *Social Secretary*

Plouaret, Brittany,
December 13, 1919.
On Board Presidential Train en route to Paris.

Today, of course, was the great day we landed in France and I am so surcharged with impressions I do not know if I can get any of them out. We were told the fleet would meet us between three and four this morning, but unfortunately, I didn't get up early enough to see them. Later I got up and I could see them from my porthole, the Arizona, Oklahoma, Utah and Wyoming.

Admiral Sims had come out in the Wyoming but he took second place in the line behind Admiral Rodgers. Nearly all the destroyers over here were assembled and I was shown one of four which might have been the Benham[1] as I was told she was in a group far in the distance. As we neared the harbor, though not in sight of it, a squadron of French ships came out from the land on our left and steamed into the harbor behind us.

I do not know if you have ever been in Brest, but it is a very lovely harbor with high land, cliffs falling steep to the water and a narrow passage to pass through to the harbor. As we approached this the President went on the bridge and as we steamed through the double line of battleships, the bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the crews, lined up on the decks, cheered as the George Washington passed. We had gone with the Pennsylvania leading and one by one they dropped anchor. First the band on a ship on one side would play and the men cheer and then the one on the other.

As soon as we dropped anchor Admirals Mayo, Sims, Rodman and Henry Wilson came over in one launch. We had luncheon at 11:45 before we came into the harbor at 1:30. There were lots of uniforms and solemn-looking people in silk hats. Margaret Wilson had come down with Mr. and Mrs. David, with whom she is traveling, and she came aboard. As you know she has been singing for the soldiers and they gave several concerts at Brest before we came.

On arrival she said an individual who looked like an undertaker asked if he might present some flowers to her and turned up with two large boxes borne by five men apiece, all of whom bowed solemnly and deposited their dear remains on the floor and only on opening them did she find they were filled with chrysanthemums!

We stood around and stood around waiting for it to be time to go. First they said only Madame Jusserand was to go in the President's train and some of the French officials. That was the early report (I forgot to say Generals Pershing, Bliss, Ambassador Sharp, Admiral Benson, came aboard with the French). Well,

[1] This ship was named for her father, Rear Admiral Benham.

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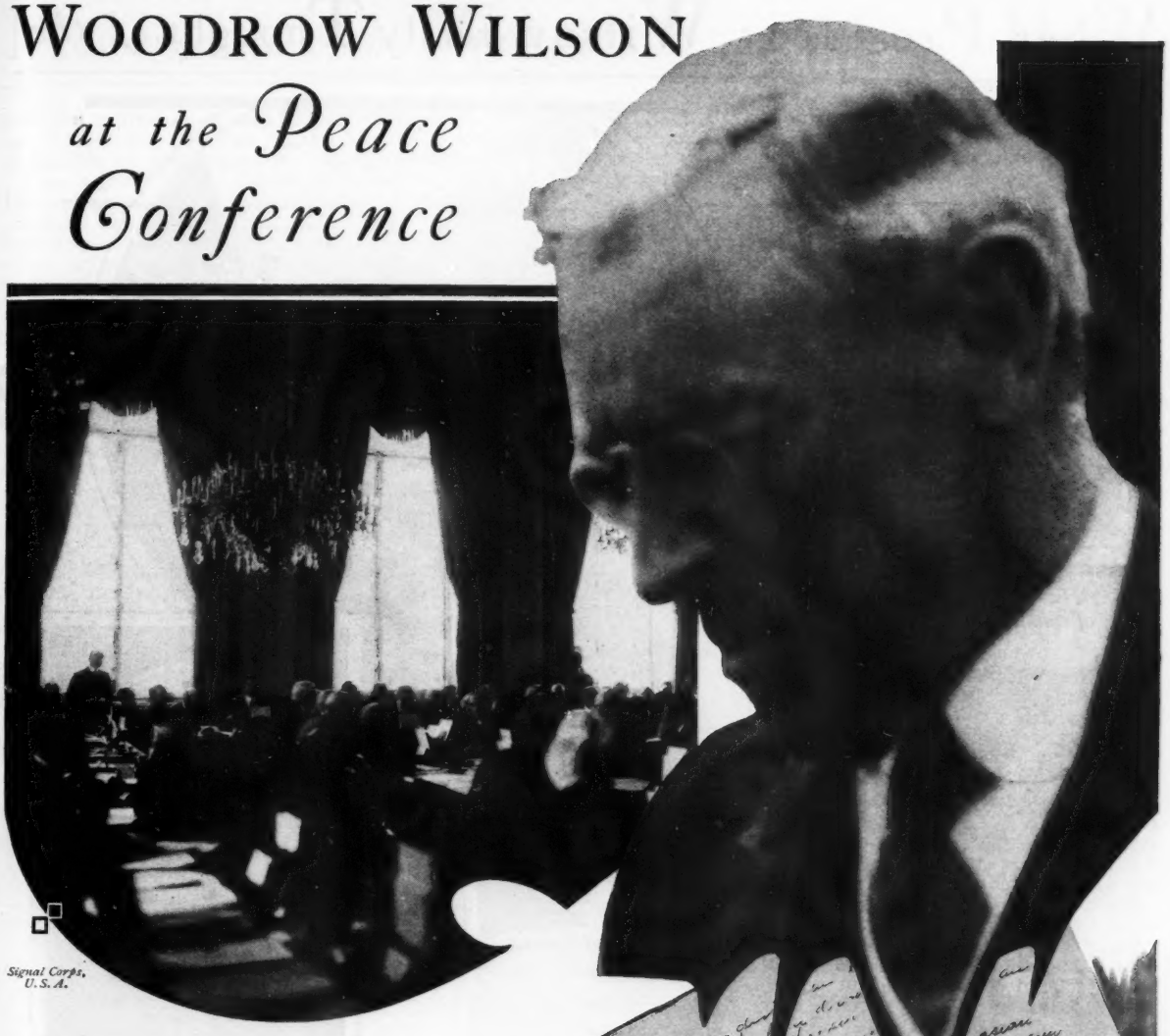
WOODROW WILSON *at the Peace Conference*



Signal Corps, U. S. A.

EDITH BENHAM HELM

all this must have been changed, for I was told I was to go with the President and Mrs. Wilson, much to my joy.

Finally, four o'clock came and we started on the funny little tender warped alongside. On her, besides our party, were the Lansings, Jusserands[2], Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Auchincloss, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Grew—he is attached to our Embassy—Admiral and Mrs. Benson. There is a French general appointed as aide to the President who has spoken so well of his English to the Minister of War that he will not allow us to talk French! Commander de Blanpré, former French Naval attaché in Washington, turned up blond as to beard with much better English.

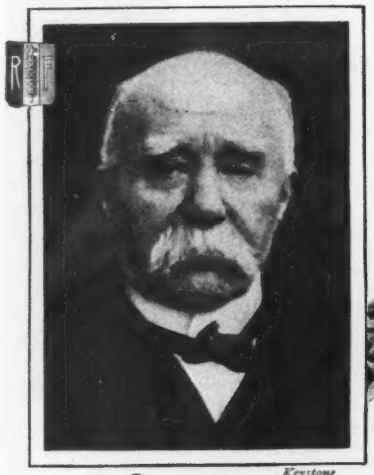
After passing various vessels, we tied up alongside a glorified scow. It was certainly a floating thing of some kind, made into a long narrow room most artistically draped in flags with plants of all descriptions around, which I saw attendants thriftily removing later as we were waiting for our motors!

Brest is a socialistic port, very turbulent at times, I believe. As we reached a standstill on this raft, more black-hatted, black-coated gentlemen, some with broad sashes of tricolor, stepped up to Mrs. Wilson and one ponderous person who turned out to be the mayor

[2] Jusserand was then French Ambassador to the United States.

¶ In this letter Mrs. Helm tells of President Wilson's faith in the understanding sympathy of the American people when new national and international ideals and truths were presented to them.

What President Wilson really Thought *of the*

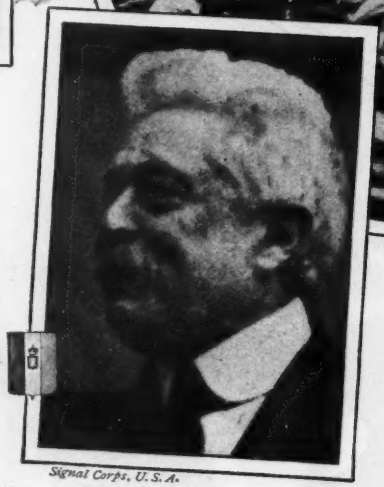


Keystone

CLEMENCEAU

"Has the peculiar trait of standing still mentally."

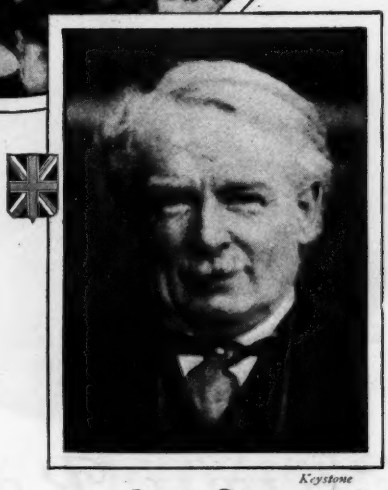
Signal Corps, U. S. A.



Signal Corps, U. S. A.

ORLANDO

"A fine fellow and most reasonable."



Keystone

LLOYD GEORGE

"Always for temporizing and making commissions."

started an eloquent address to which Mr. Wilson listened with polite attention and made a reply, neither one fully understanding the other.

Then a little girl about five years old, wearing a Breton cap, came up to Mrs. Wilson and gave her a bunch of flowers. Some American Red Cross workers followed suit.

Then came the great moment. After the President had been thus duly welcomed—for him to step on French soil. It was a solemn occasion particularly for a people who are intensely dramatic and very alive to the great historical value of such scenes. I could only see him go out, and then hear the cheers.

He stepped into a motor, movie men clicking industriously and cameras snapping. With him was Mr. Pichon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and other black coats and hats. Mr. Pichon is not very attractive-looking—a flattened-out nose and long straggling mustaches.

I was just behind Mrs. Wilson as we came out and could not see well. With Mrs. Wilson in the motor went Madame Jusserand and Miss Margaret Wilson. The Lansings wanted me to go with them, but I went off two motors behind with the amiable black coats and a charming person in *bleu de ciel*, who said he was part Irish and part French. The others looked like French editions of our politicians.

The station was at the top of the hill, very prettily decorated, and the movie men took pictures as we got out of our motors. The President's railroad car is Mr. Poincaré's[3]. It is very ornately decorated in rose with huge armchairs, but the best part is that there are wide doors which open on one side of the car for addressing a crowd. Then the entire side walls are plate-glass windows and one has an unobstructed view.

The mayor's little daughter came aboard again with another huge bunch of flowers. The President, thinking they were for Mrs. Wilson, was about to hand them to her but the little thing, very shy, held them firmly and said, *"Pour Mademoiselle Wilson,"* and she was kissed by Margaret Wilson who adores the country and makes friends very sweetly with everyone.

A bluejacket band rendered the "Marseillaise" and "S. S. Banner," the people "Heep, heep hurrahing" for the President. And we were off.

The desire of these people to show honor to the United States and the President is heartbreaking. Nowhere are such lovely lilacs grown as in the French hothouses and they must be very expensive now, but the employees of the road had a wonderful basket for Mrs. Wilson and one for Margaret.

The train made two stops before dinner and at each one deputations of the military and civil authorities came aboard with wonderful bunches of flowers. They look upon the President as almost divine and are always deeply moved in speaking to him.

Twice the French Ambassador was away and I had to stand beside the President to translate the speeches, and when he brought them back to introduce them to Mrs. Wilson, translating them again. The President, as well as the French, felt the solemnity of the occasion deeply.

I sat at dinner with Doctor Grayson and the director general of French railways, a delightful man who spoke only French so that I could talk to him all the time with a clear conscience. He had been in Washington in 1905, had dined at the White House with Mr. Roosevelt, and seemed to have had a good time in America carrying away pleasant memories of "tairrapeen" and corn cakes and maple sirup. He

[3] Then President of France.

says the rolling stock and French railroads in general are in very bad order as repairs have been practically impossible for four years—no men to make them.

I am writing in my compartment where I have been for over an hour and all along the line the people are gathered to greet the train. They come out of the old farmhouses, some walled in with the thick green moss which forms easily in this damp country on walls and roofs, all eager to catch a glimpse of him. So many women in black.

Prince Murat's House,
22 Rue Monceau.
Later.

I think I have known ordinary fatigue, but never like unto tonight. It has been a day of one sensation after another, and after days of such things one gets very tired. After finishing my earlier screed, I went in and saw the President and Mrs. Wilson. It was then twenty minutes before the time we had to get off the train and the route was lined as usual with people.

At the station Mrs. Wilson and the President were met by the President of France and Madame Poincaré. He is a small rather insignificant-looking man and she is a rather handsome woman with very painted lips. She must have been shy or embarrassed, for Mrs. Wilson said she scarcely spoke as they drove along. In the first carriage were the two Presidents; in the second, Mrs. Wilson, Madame Poincaré, Madame Jusserand and Margaret Wilson. Mrs. Lansing[4], Mrs. Benson and I were assigned to the agreeable Minister of Marine, Monsieur Georges Leygues, who said I was to go directly to Prince Murat's House.

I said I would not and Mrs. Lansing said I should not; and Mrs. Wilson said later I had done well not to be shunted off. We had to make a tremendous detour from the station, crossing and recrossing the river and finally bringing up at the Ministry of Marine.

We had been told not to expect as much noise from the French crowd as from a New York one, but I never have heard anything like it. They all went mad. The only people who were allowed inside the lines were the wounded who were wheeled along in chairs, and a place was always made for them.

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
Evening, January 10, 1919.

It seems heavenly to think that I have caught up with everything, and can rest. I have never done so much and seen so much.

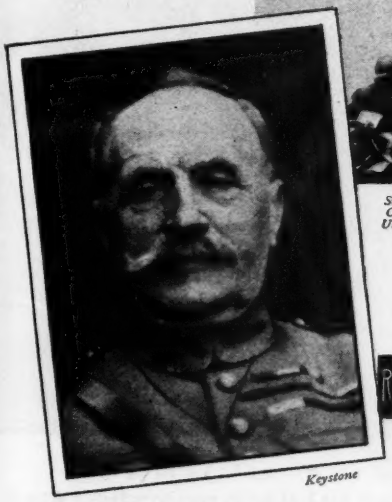
It is pleasanter in the retrospect than in the doing. I have really little to tell of the President's sayings, for he talked comparatively little on the train and then only about general things.

Later. Tonight at dinner was Helen Bones' sister, and a friend, both of whom have come over to do Y. M. C. A. work. Mrs. Brower is about eight years younger than the President and after dinner she spoke of the lectures the Y. M. C. A. are giving and one fact they are stressing, is that the Germans are being particularly kind to our Army of Occupation and are making them very comfortable in houses so as to spread a good impression in America. From there the conversation drifted into a discussion of the Peace Congress and the President spoke more feelingly and at more length than I have ever heard him on this subject. He said that they were trying to force him to go to see the devastated regions in order that he might see red and play into the hands of the governments of England, France and Italy.

He spoke of the Peace and that there could be no lasting peace based on hate. If it were calculated on that basis there would be (*Continued on page 177*)

Signal Corps, U. S. A.

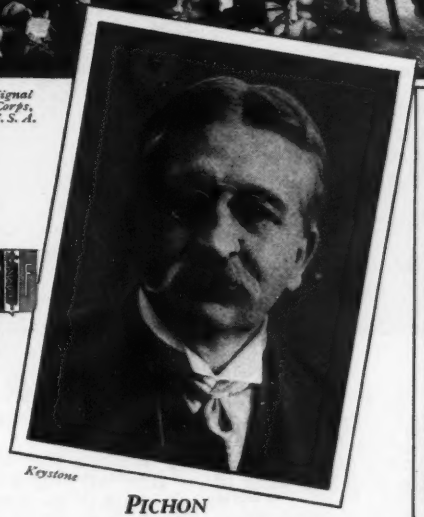
Outside Prince Murat's House, the Wilsons' home in Paris.



Keystone

FOCH

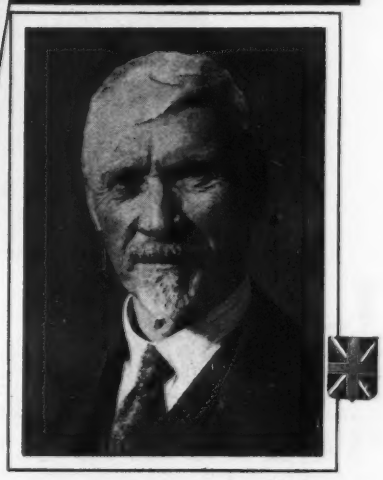
"Able but narrow and given to prejudices."



Keystone

PICHON

"His summaries are invariably wrong."



U. & U.

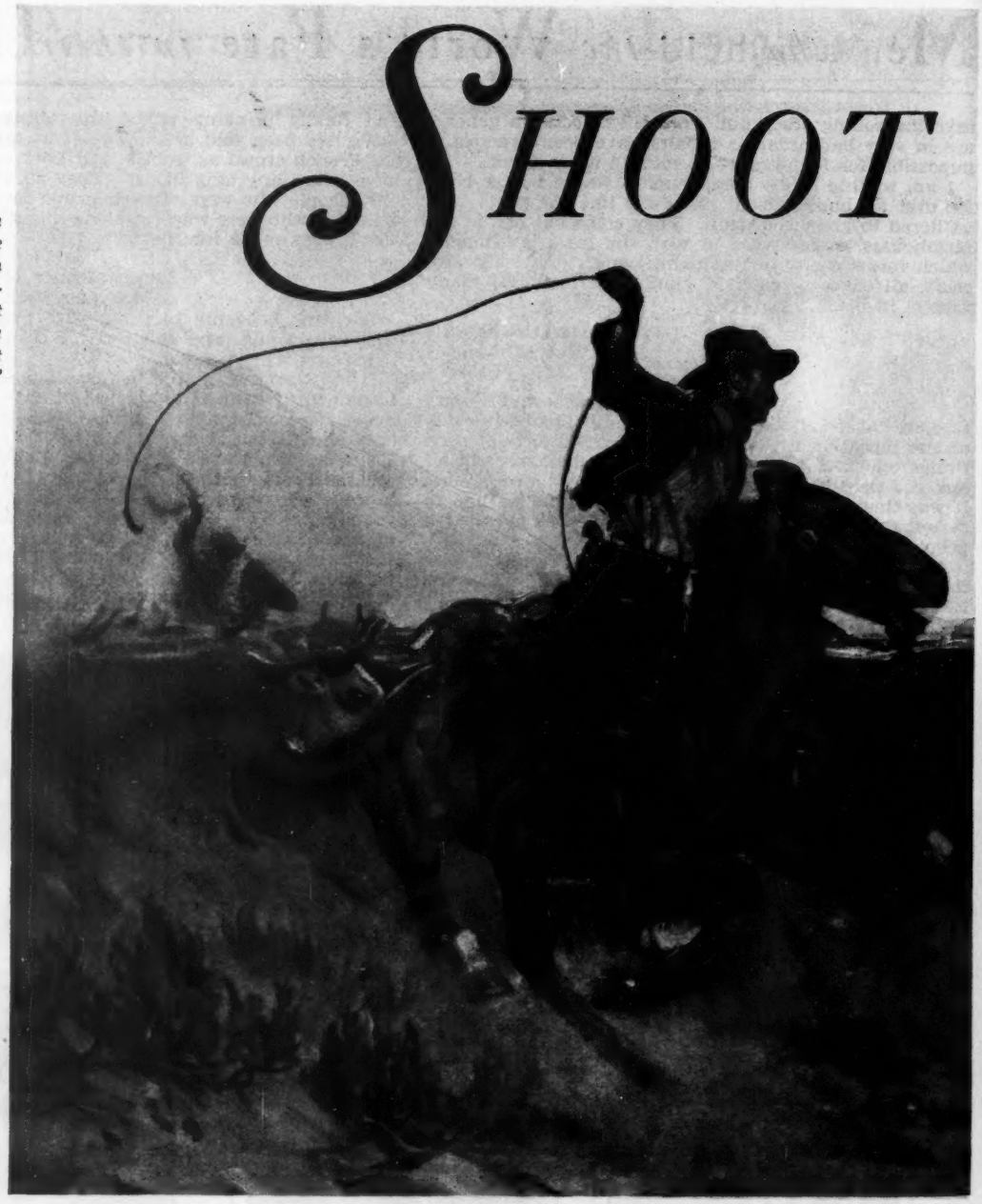
SMUTS

"Wrote one of the best expositions of the League."

[4] Wife of Robert Lansing, American Secretary of State.

SHOOT

¶ *"There's been three more saddles stolen up above Rincon, and a lot of cattle, and a Mexican shot in the back."*



In the cool and sprinkled shade of Ascarate Street, Joe Gandy's Tony horse shied violently; not at all to Joe's discomfiture. The man was a horseman. He threw the spurs to the culprit and whirled him back, mane and tail snapping pennantwise with the wind of his own motion.

A boy sat on the curb where the shade was deepest; broad-shouldered and man-sized indeed, but a boy, with soft unrazored down of youth on cheek and chin—not unmingled with a stain as of iron rust. Joe scowled. Joe was deputy sheriff—chief deputy. His thought joined iron rust with freight trains and illegal travelers on freight trains.

"What you settin' there for?" he demanded sharply.

"Shady." A large hand waved ever so slightly to indicate the shade. The boy wore neither coat nor hat. His eyes were large and gray, set widely apart; his nose was freckled. Shirt and overalls were faded blue, time-stained and soiled; his shoes were nearly new, but scuffed and stone-scarred and unblacked. The boy's eyes widened now with admiration for the Tony horse. "That's a right purty color for a pony—that fat color," he drawled. "Town horse?"

Gandy pushed back his hat brim and scowled. "Where do you come from?"

"Missouri."

"Where's your hat? What's your name?"

The boy's eyes widened at this. He looked slowly to the right; he looked up at his questioner; he looked to the left; his fingers tapped delicately at his forehead as if to stimulate memory. Then he looked up again, eyes and face brightening as if with relief.

"Grigsby Dial . . . Yes . . . Of Missouri . . . And I never wear a hat. It was a—a promise." The last words were sad and slow.

The bedeviled deputy let his voice rise to a hoarse bawl. "You bum! I'll just run you in."

"You got the makin's?" The boy produced cigaret papers with the query. His eyes were innocent and confiding.

This was too much for an angry deputy to bear. Joe started to swing down.

"I'll hold your horse, mister," said the boy, and sprang up under Tony's nose. Tony lighted across the street, with Joe standing in one stirrup. From the tree-hidden sidewalk a young cow-puncher stepped into the street

the MOON

by Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Illustrations by
Harold von Schmidt

and stood beside Mr. Grigsby Dial. Said the latter then, with sincere approval:

"Gee, that big-mouth guy is sure a rider!"

He put hand to pocket and idly tossed up two silver dollars, juggler fashion, spinning in the air. Tony reared up, was checked sidelong by the farther curb. Joe dropped off and started back on a high run. The newcomer stepped forth, hand up.

Joe paused, glaring. This was Red Murray, from Mundo Chico, the Little World. Tripoli town and the Little World had always been on doubtful terms—more than ever since the late election. Doubtful terms at the best of times; more than once on the verge of open war. A hard bunch! Their friends, too—the Luceros, Bull Pepper, Kendricks, Spinal Maginnis, a dozen more—meddlesome, arrogant, overbearing. A small spark might set off a great fire . . .

Such prudent thoughts flashed through the official head. Officially, politically, no more. As an individual Joe was not wise; but he was never a coward—not with that red head. And he had been defied.

Joe spoke thickly. "Get out of my way, Murray! I'm goin' to take that bum to jail."

"Keep your voice down, brother. Don't you yell at me a-tall. And this boy don't act like a weak sister, none whatever. I don't think he's a bum. I'll ask him."

Mr. Grigsby Dial sent his dollars spinning again.

Murray shook his head. "Them dollars makes no never-minds. Let me see them hands, bub." He felt Mr. Dial's hands. "Calloused! You lose, Joe. This boy's a workin' man. My friend, Grigsby Dial—of Missouri. Yes, I heard the whole run-in. But I'll tell you what, Joe. You're deputy sheriff—and there's been three more saddles stolen up above Rincon, and a lot of cattle, and a Mexican shot in the back.

"You look Mr. Dial over and see if he's got them saddles or them steers, or a rifle such as that Mexican man was murdered with. That's your business. And just

A Drama *of the* *Glamorous* *West*

The Federal men captured one batch of guns, packed on mules and horses. They followed the tracks back to the border. But the muleteers quit when they saw trouble overtaking them.

as one gentleman to a deputy sheriff, I think you might better be tendin' to your business than pickin' a fight with a towheaded kid."

"Fight?" Joe choked with his wrongs. "Me? With that gutter-pup? For two cents——"

Two silver dollars flashed into the road.

"Shoot the moon!" said the gutter-pup, without heat or hurry. "You shuck that star and your gun, and I'll fight you for my two dollars against nothing, winner take all! Shoot the moon!"

Joe's gun belt dropped to the ground. But Murray caught the boy's arms, laughing.

"No, you don't, old Missouri. Not today. Call it a date, five years from now. You show a good gutterly spirit, but you're no match for Joe. You know it, Joe. You don't want to fight this kid—and him beat before you start."

Joe considered this with a furrowed brow. "I guess mebbe you're right," he admitted. "How about you, your own self? Just say the word."

"Not today, brother. Some other time, maybe. And then again, maybe not. Listen, feller. I've got my cattle to tend to. I can't make a livin' just fightin' and shootin' and raisin' Cain all over the shop. I've got to work. Aside from that, why should I put myself out to accommodate you? What have you ever done for me?"

"Well, you know where you can go," said Joe.

"Sure I do. I'll take the matter under consideration."

"I don't insist, mind you," Joe explained, "but I'm most mighty willin' you should go there. Likewise, knowin' that you'd fight a bear and give him the first bite, when you feel that way—why, you needn't imagine you're spitin' anybody by bein' so cussed peaceful all at once—because you're not. I'm glad of it. So what do you think about that?" Joe swung into the saddle and rode.

Red Murray frowned and chuckled. "Not such a bad fellow, Joe—in some ways."

"Do you really reckon he could best me?" asked young Mr. Dial doubtfully. His voice was as unhurried as ever.

"Sure of it," said Red. "I don't care much about tacklin' him myself—and I'm an old hand. Joe is one curly wolf. At that, old Aforesaid Bates trimmed him good and proper, a while back—and him plenty old enough to be Joe's daddy . . . But that doesn't mean anything at all, a-tall. Because Old Man Bates is so plumb set in his ways. Come on, son, let's go eat. Get your two dollars that you wanted to make a bet with. But tell me first—what was that you said? I never heard that before. What does it mean?"

"Oh, that? Shoot the moon—why, that's in a domino game. When you bid to take every trick, you shoot the moon. Like we say, Shoot the works. Same thing."

"Sounds like it might be a useful expression," said Red thoughtfully. "In case you stick around, you might sort of show us that new game . . . We're real teachable. But tell me, son, sure enough—what did you do with your hat?"

Mr. Grigsby Dial jingled the dollars in his pocket to a cheerful music. "Well, since you've shown yourself friendly, I'll tell you. It was a right good hat. And I sold it."

"You'd better tarry a spell and grow up with the country," said Red. "You'd fit in. The cactus is our state flower, with the motto, 'Don't sit on me.' I'd take you out to my ranch and set you to work—but honest, there ain't a thing to do now. We're all holdin' our breath till the rains set in."

"I'll make out," said the boy.

"I'll buy you a hat, anyway. Don't say no to me.

That's one word I can't bear. You can pay me when you've got it. I'll tell you what. Jake Hubbard, that's our sheriff—he's fixin' up a big home. Just prizin' the lid off. You go see Jake."

Mr. Aforesaid Bates jogged happily through the green lane which led through the farming country from Dryford to the dusty highway. A hundred yards up that highway, when he reached it, Mr. Bates remarked a large roan horse coming his way, and a rider who waved a hand.

Mr. Bates drew rein. The oncoming rider was a large man with a dusty brown beard and brown eyes that smiled a greeting.

"Spinal Maginnis!" said Bates. "Long time no see. Two years—three?"

"Three," said the newcomer.

"How you makin' it, Spinal? Gettin' no older fast? You look dusty."

"I am dusty. Dusty outside, dusty inside. Any suggestions to make?"

"I have here," said Andy, "a remedy that is highly spoken of, for such cases." Turning, he slid a hand into his saddle pockets. "Leave me a small dose. Then we'll terrapin down to Tripoli, and maybe get some more."

"How come you jaspers to pick Jake Hubbard for your new sheriff?" demanded Maginnis, as they jogged on.

"Shucks, that was hard luck. We told Simpson he was the only man we could elect, but he was tired of the job. He made sure we could win with Kendricks, and sure enough we didn't. No tellin' which way these big Mexican clans will flop, with a hundred of the Chavez name, Barelas, Lunas, Luceros and so on. Get the head of the *gente* and you've got 'em all. Clans, that's what they are.

"Still and all, Jake had no chance to get in, and we don't know yet how he did it. I half suspect that he got the crook vote solid. And," said Aforesaid, "if every crook in our party switched to him, it is all explained. That would drain our heart's best blood."

"And Joe Gandy, he flopped too—so I hear."

"Yes, Joe he wanted the nomination himself, and was heap sore not to get it. Blamed it on my gang and me. We couldn't quite see it. So now Joe is deputy again, like he 'most always is."

"Aren't people down on him for swappin' sides that way?"

"Oh, no. Party names don't count here. Might as well call 'em Reds and Blues, or Ins and Outs. Any combination to get in—them's the rules. And Joe gave fair warnin'. No deception. Another thing: when Bill Simpson was sheriff, Joe Gandy loomed up tol'able small and spindly. But alongside of Big Jake, Joe seems quite a man. Yessir, Joe's better liked now than he ever was before."

"Always huntin' trouble, ain't he?"

Aforesaid twisted his gray beard in some perplexity. "Do you know, dearly beloved, I sometimes think Joe is partly to blame for that? Yes, I do. And then again, partly not. Quite some trouble comes hammerin' at his door singin', 'Wake up, Jacob.' Take my own crowd now, the Little World waddies. They're my particular friends and they're fine lads, every one. But in my more thoughtful moments, I almost suspect that they're just a leetle mite exasperatin' to outsiders. Take Johnny Hopper and Charlie See, now. Up-and-comin' lads, both of 'em—but young. And they've always been maybe uppity with Joe."

"How about you, Andy? I heard you stomped Gandy into the ground."

"Not much. Joe put up a mighty good fight. Gave me all I could do, till I landed (*Continued on page 106*)

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

The Curious Adventures of that Serious Drinker
CECIL A. W. T. SNOWLEY-SMITH,
The Oaks, Jittering Major, Pindlebury, Hants, Eng.
during his Exile in
Dry America

A Noble Experiment

"I am adamant," said Mr. Purvis Snowley-Smith. "I shall give you one last chance. Your drinking is disgraceful.

"When you told our vicar that the rum swizzle, a nefarious and even foreign potion, was a harmless fruit beverage, when you induced him to down seven of them, with the result that he put on his pajamas and danced a Scotch hornpipe on the tower of the church, a fine specimen of E. E. Gothic—then, I say, my patience was exhausted.

"Why can you not be moderate in alcohol as you have always been in work? Why not content yourself with nine or ten whisky-sodas a day, as I do? Or consider your great-aunt Editha, with her single glass of port each evening. Are you an English gentleman or are you not?

"This is my ultimatum. You shall go and live for a twelvemonth, or until you have reformed, in the one country that has slain the foul curse of drinking, the home of that supreme blessing, Prohibition, that splendid——"

"Not—America!" wailed Cecil Albert Wellington Tukes Snowley-Smith.

"Precisely!"

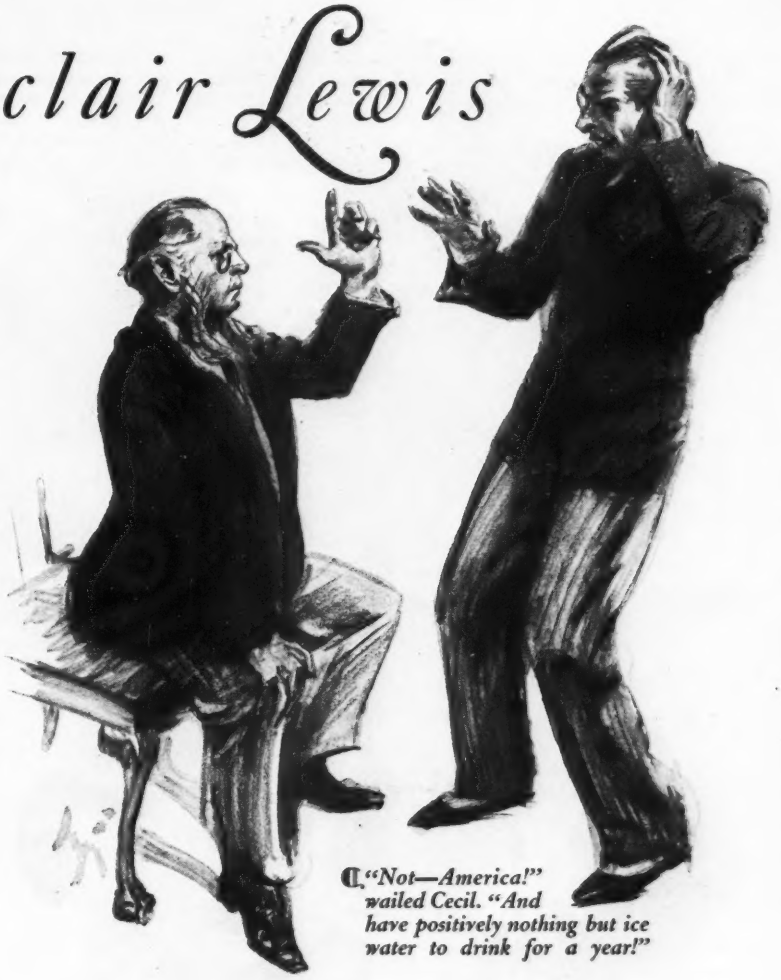
"But I am credibly informed, sir, that all Americans chew tobacco and preface every remark with 'Waal, I reckon to guess,' which must be extraordinarily depressing."

"I question the universality of these quaint customs, prevalent though they must be among the herd in western counties like Utah and Connecktícutt. There must be a minority of persons in America who have sufficiently traveled in England to have become rather civilized."

"And I have heard that, despite Prohibition, there is liquor to be found in America with no vast endeavor."

"That," rumbled Mr. Purvis Snowley-Smith, with the large, round, balloon-shaped tone which had made him celebrated and detested in Parliament, "is a canard. It is even, if I may say so, an error. I have considered the matter with diligence. I have gone so far as to attend a meeting addressed by Bishop Gunn.

By Sinclair Lewis



¶ *"Not—America!" wailed Cecil. "And have positively nothing but ice water to drink for a year!"*

"Naturally, being a bishop, he is a man of exact mind. He informed us that the statement that alcoholic beverages were easily to be purchased in America was an abominable example of antitemperance propaganda invented by an agent of Moscow named Mencken.

"I, Cecil, am a man of few words. When my mind is made up, it is like a mountain peak, not to be shaken by tempestuous billows, winging its way irresistibly to its destination. You will sail on Tuesday, on the Hysteria, which is, I am told, a very gentlemanly and well-found vessel, and though your mother, your uncle William, your great-aunt Editha, to say nothing of myself, will miss you, for I should be the first to grant that your manners are playful and even tolerable when you are not under the influence . . ."

Three-quarters of an hour later, Cecil escaped to his room, and remarked, "I've never known the old perisher so full of vocabulary and Scotch. To go to that awful country, and have positively nothing but ice water to drink for a year!"

Thus, mournfully, Cecil A. W. T. Snowley-Smith left the home of his ancestors, The Oaks, Jittering Major, Pindlebury, Hants. He was not unjustified in feeling that he had gifts which would be wasted on a country inhabited solely by wolves, Indians, realtors, and Colonel Lindbergh.

He had been only four planes short of being an ace in the Royal Flying Corps. He could dance sixteen varieties of the Dutch Guinean tango; he understood sixty-two cocktails; his polo, golf, cricket and crossword puzzles were above the average; and once, at a week-end party, he had almost made Philip Snowden smile. He was an excellent mountain climber and could do thirteen tricks with cards.

It was with virtuous gloom that he sloped along the decks of the Hysteria, outward-bound from Southampton. The gloom was lightened when he discovered the bar. He determined to know it better. If for a year he was to have nothing but ice water, he must do his best with this last lorn week before entering the land of glaciers and of ginless melancholy.

¶ *The Constant Eloper*

The only seat unoccupied in the smoking room off the bar was at a vast round table which would hold twelve people, and already sitting there were eleven, Americans, he judged by their voices.

A slim, cheerful-looking man of forty, with hair like glass, saw Cecil's perplexed and lonely quest of a chair. He sprang up and waved Cecil to the twelfth place, shouting, "Sit down, sit down! Steward, bring the stranger a drink. My name is Bill Weatherby. English?"

"Erp!" fidgeted Cecil.

"First trip across?"

"Quite!"

"Polo?"

"A bit."

"You must play at Meadowbrook with us. Lord Eastern was there last year. Nice chap. Know um?"

Now Cecil A. W. T. Snowley-Smith's chief ambition—aside from learning how to mix a fish-house punch—was to meet that great polo player, Kidlets Eastern, and so he said in a voice totally free from interest in anything living, "Haven't th' pleas'r."

Then the anonymous drink ordered by Bill Weatherby arrived, and Cecil attacked it.

He gasped. For all his comprehension of sixty-two cocktails, this was something new. It was obvious to his trained taste that the drink contained dynamite, carbolic acid, pineapple juice and potassium cyanide, but there was some delightful, unknown, fifth ingredient which he could not guess.

He gasped a little, he wiped his fluent eyes and turned on Bill Weatherby a look almost human.

"Better, eh?" grunted Bill.

"Oh, rather!"

"It might be useful if we knew your name."

"Cecil Smith."

"Well, Smitty, I want you to meet our bunch."

Cecil foggily realized that out of the twenty-two people besides both of himself at the table, there were twelve of the most beautiful young women he had ever seen, and ten of the most friendly males. He beamed. With some difficulty recovering his voice from the region

¶ As Cecil downed the Chinese rice wine, Vesuvius blew up and the seven major planets banged him on the head.

of his spleen, whither it had sunk after his first taste of the unknown drink, he announced, "I'd like to buy another of those interesting anæsthetics for all of you."

"Splendid. But you've got nine buyers ahead of you."

Cecil turned on all of them an appealing eye and groaned, "I say, is it true that it's quite impossible to get a drink in America?"

Forty-four eyes met one another and shone, while Bill Weatherby said solemnly, "I'll tell you. It's almost impossible. But I'm told there's a rich old banker in New York who still has something of the pre-war cellar that his father, Robert E. Lee, who was a well-known Massachusetts cotton manufacturer, left him, and if you manage to wangle an introduction to him, you might be able to get a high ball as often as once a month."

"Do you know him?"

"Well, I have a classmate who has a cousin who knows him. I'll see what I can do."

"Oh, thanks awfully." And Cecil wrote, on the back of a letter of introduction to Bishop Gunn, the memorandum, "Roberty Lea, manufacturer of Mashoosit cottons, cellar, probably in or about New York, Coney Island, or other large eastern city."

Two drinks later, he was calling Mr. Weatherby "Bill." Four drinks later, he was confiding to the entire table that his nickname was "Snooks." Six drinks later, he perceived that the girl beside him was the loveliest creature in the universe; he learned that her name was Betty; he proposed to her and was accepted, to shouting and toasts from the table. Later he found that Betty was Mrs. Weatherby.

Every quarter of an hour, one of the feebler disciples of Prohibition would suggest, "It's time we were dressing for dinner."

Bill Weatherby was annoyed by this lack of sporting blood. "We dowanna go dine sloon f'dinner, do we, Frank?" he demanded of J. Francis Putter, the celebrated advertising man.

"No, sir. Don't want to go down with a lot of missionaries and pinochle players. Small s'lect company," proclaimed J. Francis. "Steward, bring us small light lunch up here—bring us some sandwiches and lobster salad and lamb chops and caviar and ice cream and deviled chicken legs and strawberry sundae and artichokes and sausages—bring us another Weatherby cocktail first."

"If have din'r here, positively mus' have something drink," insisted Bill Weatherby.

"Positively. Waiter, bring us each bol champagne, bol Burgundy, bol beer, then we'll see what we want for solid work."

"Oh, my aunt Editha!" prayed Cecil A. W. T. Snowley-Smith.

He had always considered himself a hardy perennial drinker. He had gone on drinking vodka and even singing the "Volga Boat Song" after three Russian princes had been carried out. He had lasted till three in the morning against a Scotch laird with blue and hairy knees and a private distillery. He had won the admiration of a prominent Tokay dealer in Budapest. But tonight Cecil went quietly to sleep with his cheek cuddled against an artichoke, hollandaise, and when he awoke, at seven in the morning, he was in his berth, his coat and shoes removed, and beside him was a tray with eight cocktails and a pitcher of ice water.

By the end of the journey, Cecil was calling seventy-two men and fifty-nine women by their first names; he was called "Snooks" by one hundred and seventeen previous strangers; and he had ninety-seven invitations for everything from luncheon to staying at a ranch for the rest of his life.

His favorite remained Bill Weatherby, whom he discovered to be the first vice president of the Monumental Trust Company, and with Bill he had promised to spend his first week in America. Bill asserted that he would be able to get a bottle of Scotch from the son of Roberty Lea, so that Cecil's plunge into the boozeless horror of Complete Prohibition would not be too chilling.

They drank to the Statue of Liberty in what was to

be positively their last cocktail before they returned to Europe, and Cecil was delivered into the hands of the customs. It was dreadful. There were two classes of passengers—those who were smuggling liquor, which was heart-rendingly taken from them, and those whose luggage was so sketchily examined they sobbed over the thought that they might have smuggled in something.

Bill and Betty Weatherby and Cecil were met at the dock by a limousine the size of a steam yacht. Cecil became cheerier. Perhaps here and there in the wild land of America there might be comfortable homes—jolly little places like The Oaks, Jittering Major.

He hadn't much cared for the skyscrapers seen from North River. Must be rather dreadful to have to climb to the tops of them every day, and certainly one would have to climb, because even two or three lifts would not care for all the poor chaps who had offices in those monstrous structures. But the motor car suggested more care-free existence, and he began to hope that he would meet the son of Roberty Lea.

The cabin, or salon, of the limousine was tastefully done in gray and solid silver, with orchids in the vase. As they sank on the seat, as Cecil was about to glance but for his first intimate view of Wild American street scenes, Bill Weatherby pressed a button and out from under the driver's seat, toward Bill, slid a mahogany chest which, when opened, showed a half-dozen glasses, a bowl of ice, pitchers of orange and grapefruit juice, a useful shaker of silver, a bottle of grenadine, and—Cecil gasped, lovingly, incredulously—what extraordinarily resembled gin, Italian vermuth, and bitters.

He held his breath. It might all be a mirage in the desert. Not till the clatter of shaking had convinced his ears, the taste of the cocktail had unmistakably convinced his tongue, did he comprehend that one might occasionally get a drink in America without recourse to the son of Roberty Lea.

All that Cecil saw of the streets of New York that day was through the inside of a cocktail glass. It was all he was ever to see.

They left the pier at three o'clock of a hot August Friday afternoon.

"I won't go to the office till Monday," said Bill. "I've been drinking quite a lot on the boat, I suppose, and I'd better taper off. Beginning tomorrow, I won't touch a drop till noon. It's hot. Betty, what say we stop at Tim Lucas' bungalow and cool off before we drive to Long Island?"

"We might," said Betty.

"Ah. A bungalow. Jolly little things," said Cecil.

They stopped at a refined and intimate apartment house thirty-six stories high. Cecil, the back of his neck slightly aching as he stared up, thought that for even an American bungalow, this was rather high. He was escorted, as much awed as an Englishman ever permits himself to be, into a Spanish-Javan foyer lined with marble into which were set mosaics from Ravenna. Four footmen with wigs and breecnes stood at attention and motioned them into an elevator which Cecil at first conceived to be a reduced replica of the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

As an ex-aviator, Cecil was only slightly terrified as the elevator shot up all the monstrous way to the roof. They came out on a plateau in which, among flower beds, Italian pots, Mexican pots, Chinese ceramics, benches, awnings, café tables sheltered by vast striped umbrellas, abalone shells, statues and a swimming pool, stood a modest two-story cottage with perhaps fourteen rooms and sixteen baths. Out of it was hastening a man who looked extraordinarily like an English butler.

"Ah, Marshmallow, how are you? Mr. Lucas here?" said Bill.

"Welcome back from Europe, sir and madam. Sorry, sir, but Mr. Lucas is at Bar Harbor—back next week. Pleased to welcome you to America, Mr. Snowley-Smith—you will not remember it, but I once served you at Lord Polecat's. What refreshment may I bring you, sir?"

"Oh, just shake us up a few cocktails—Martini with a dash. Is Mr. Lucas' absinth any better now?" yawned Bill.

"Oh, I think you'll find his present stock quite all right, sir. Especially brought by airplane from the Bahamas. Shall I serve you in the drawing-room?"

Bill led them into a tidy studio two stories high and sixty feet long. Cecil, slightly dazed, reflected that never before had he seen a room with three fireplaces, each with its standard equipment of davenport, table behind it, small table in front of it, bottle of Scotch, siphon and cigarets.

While he gaped, Bill Weatherby was at the telephone. By the time Marshmallow had brought the third round, Bill had called perhaps twenty numbers, and the first greeters, male and female, had begun to come. At six, there was a modest gathering of twenty-seven beautifully dressed people, most of whom were now calling Cecil "Snooks." He understood that some of the males were bankers and some were bootleggers, but he never did know which were which.

At nine a man apparently named Sammy suggested that it would be a clever idea to go to his place on the Hudson and dine. During two more rounds, Bill Weatherby argued that Betty and he really ought to be getting home.

Sammy won and, in a procession of seven cars, most of the guests shot up to Irvington, where Sammy had erected a ninety-two-room castle bought in Ireland and transported to New York piecemeal. They were tired after the

(*Cont. on page 151*)

¶ *The door crashed open and into the room thundered a young man. He charged on Great-aunt Editha.*

Croon baby Croon

Adele and Wally Cannon were no ordinary hoofers. When Wally came spinning down the stage, seemingly on boneless ankles, shouting, "I'm a roaring Cannon, Tweet, Tweet," you could almost hear his Harvard accent. Wally's talents, however, weren't localized in his pedals. He could sing—had a startlingly bell-like tenor—he could improvise, he could put over a joke, even a raw one, and make Boston like it, and moreover he could act—besides having wavy golden-blond hair that did much to fill the balconies at matinées with yearning schoolgirls.

Adele Cannon was no slouch, either. She could sing; she could dance; she was young and beautiful and, what's more, she had been graduated from college, although she kept this a guilty secret.

They started in stock in Melrose, and their rise had been steady. No local affair was planned without Wally Cannon and Adele Van Atter in their original song-and-dance act.

After three summers in stock there was a summer (when they were both seniors) with a visiting opera company which presented Gilbert and Sullivan with zest if not exactly with artistic elegance. Then, upon graduation, a regular engagement. They married on the eve of their New York engagement.

They did six weeks at outlying theaters, their eyes focused on the Palace. When they finally reached the Palace they were last on the bill. But neither Wally nor Adele dreamed of protesting. This was New York. This was the Palace! They were wildly happy and they were in love.

The audience sensed it in an instant. Every heart went out to them. "Such a dear, sweet pair. Like brother and sister. And how he can sing! And isn't he a scream? She was certainly sweet! What a figure! And how they waltz!"

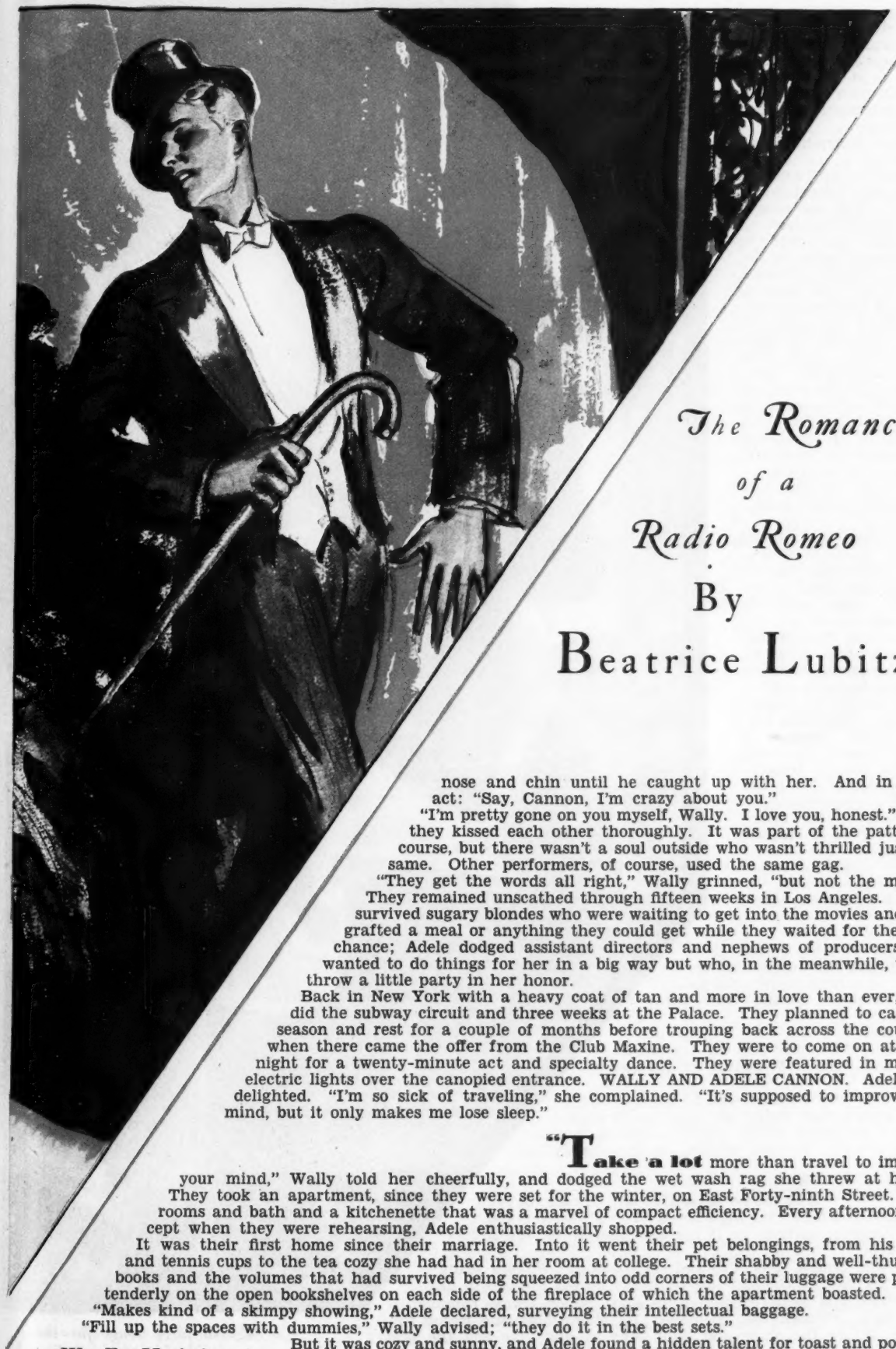
They were held over a second week. They were shifted to the second number after the intermission, directly following the featured sketch, "In Old Creole Days."

They blithely indorsed this and that; sang at every benefit to which they were invited; danced at a swank Fifth Avenue reception to a chinless débutante and taxied home in high spirits, five hundred dollars to the good.

They jogged merrily across the country and in the principal cities went secretly to museums and art exhibits. They quarreled happily and loved each other terribly.

He kissed the top of her head whenever he helped her on with her coat. She was happiest in a negligee curled up in his arms when they read together in the same book or magazine, and since she read the faster, she'd improve the shining minutes by kissing his

Illustrations by



The Romance of a Radio Romeo

By Beatrice Lubitz

nose and chin until he caught up with her. And in their act: "Say, Cannon, I'm crazy about you."

"I'm pretty gone on you myself, Wally. I love you, honest." And they kissed each other thoroughly. It was part of the patter, of course, but there wasn't a soul outside who wasn't thrilled just the same. Other performers, of course, used the same gag.

"They get the words all right," Wally grinned, "but not the music."

They remained unscathed through fifteen weeks in Los Angeles. Wally survived sugary blondes who were waiting to get into the movies and who grafted a meal or anything they could get while they waited for their big chance; Adele dodged assistant directors and nephews of producers who wanted to do things for her in a big way but who, in the meanwhile, would throw a little party in her honor.

Back in New York with a heavy coat of tan and more in love than ever, they did the subway circuit and three weeks at the Palace. They planned to call it a season and rest for a couple of months before trouping back across the country, when there came the offer from the Club Maxine. They were to come on at midnight for a twenty-minute act and specialty dance. They were featured in moving electric lights over the canopied entrance. WALLY AND ADELE CANNON. Adele was delighted. "I'm so sick of traveling," she complained. "It's supposed to improve the mind, but it only makes me lose sleep."

"**Take a lot** more than travel to improve your mind," Wally told her cheerfully, and dodged the wet wash rag she threw at him.

They took an apartment, since they were set for the winter, on East Forty-ninth Street. Two rooms and bath and a kitchenette that was a marvel of compact efficiency. Every afternoon, except when they were rehearsing, Adele enthusiastically shopped.

It was their first home since their marriage. Into it went their pet belongings, from his pipes and tennis cups to the tea cozy she had had in her room at college. Their shabby and well-thumbed books and the volumes that had survived being squeezed into odd corners of their luggage were placed tenderly on the open bookshelves on each side of the fireplace of which the apartment boasted.

"Makes kind of a skimpy showing," Adele declared, surveying their intellectual baggage.

"Fill up the spaces with dummies," Wally advised; "they do it in the best sets."

But it was cozy and sunny, and Adele found a hidden talent for toast and poached eggs. Wally, too, uncovered depths of genius in disguising canned beans.

W. E. Heitland

In February came a contract to make phonograph records. It was fun hearing themselves sing and they enthusiastically bought a phonograph on which they played Cannon records exclusively until the neighbors must have bleated with despair.

"Wally's little girl lisps a little," he teased.

"Girls who lisp," Adele said with dignity, "are celebrated kissers." And of course Wally fervently agreed.

Followed the offer to play second leads in the musical comedy, "Watch Your Step." It was a sprawling but tuneful musical that caught on. Adele's dancing and Wally's clowning took New York's elusive fancy. They were featured in neat but not gaudy lights, beneath the name of the star. The play ran a full year but they had three weeks off in August for vacation.

The Cannons became permanent New York names.

When there is a marital tragedy, interested onlookers avidly seek a cause, as if, having found it, the problem were automatically solved. It was no secret; it took no profound research to find the cause here, and having found it, what was to be done?

So we place the blame: The radio. The radio that made Wally Cannon a household word. The radio and Bus Dilley. Innocuously enough, the break came in a typewritten letter signed, "Busby Dilley, Manager, Etna Broadcasting Studio."

"Never heard of him," Wally dismissed him.

"You'll go, anyway, won't you, dear?"

"Yeah, I guess so . . . I think there's a big future in radio. It must be queer, singing in front of a little jigger and not hearing a sound at the end. No applause."

"Nor boos."

"Probably I'll sound like an animated phonograph record. You must tell me how I register."

"I wonder why I wasn't asked," she mused.

He chucked her under the chin as he rose from the breakfast table. "Baby, I guess they know who's the talented member of this family."

Adele laughed. "Don't make faces when you take your high notes. You always do, you know. Anyway, darling, see if you can ring me in. I'd like to try it too."

"Sure will, honey. Say, why not come along? We're a team. We can pretend we thought this naturally meant the two of us."

She kissed him as she smoothed his scarf, which always rumpled at the back. "Sweet. No, go alone. I'll phone May and Ralph to come in before the show and we'll tune in and give you the post mortems later. Be especially good, sweet. I'll ask Madeline Murray, too, and you know how eaten up she is with envy as it is." Adele giggled.

"No jazzy songs for the sang the simpering melodies. "You'll be famous without

Golden-voiced Tenor," said Bus. Wally He crooned, he slurred, he sobbed. this hokum, Wally," Adele told him.

Wally was announced between eight and eight-thirty so that he could be back at the theater by nine, when he came on. "It's as if he were in the room," May marveled as Wally's song came to them, at first hesitatingly and then gaining in confidence.

"He has a wonderful radio voice. The best I've heard yet," Ralph declared. "You actually feel his personality radiate."

Adele was beside herself with joy. As soon as Wally finished his last note she called up the station to be the first to congratulate him.

In the broadcasting studio was the wildest enthusiasm.

"Cannon, you're going to be a radio sensation," Bus Dilley said. "You've got one swell radio voice. Listen, you put yourself in my hands and I'll make you famous. I'll make you a household pet. Wally Cannon, the Perfect Radio Personality. I can see it in electrics a hundred feet high!"

"Say, are you kidding me?" Nevertheless, Wally, flushed and pleased at the enthusiastic reception his songs had received in the studio, was secretly thrilled.

In the few minutes following his songs, the phone had not stopped ringing at the studio—people begging him to sing again. Within ten minutes, Broadloom Hosiery Manufacturing Company wired an offer of five hundred dollars for Wally to sing weekly on their hour. The Nevada Beverages, makers of ginger ale, wired. One thousand dollars for one hour a week for eight weeks!

"Cannon, if you let me put you over, I'll resign here as manager to work for you on ten percent commission. Your voice is worth a fortune. We'll both be rich." Dilley was almost incoherent in his eagerness.

Wally stared at the fat-cheeked, pudgy manager whose red cheeks were flushed with earnestness.

"I know radio. Wait, Cannon. To the devil with your show! Wadda you care if you're late? I've been at this game since it started. Will you put yourself in my hands? I'll manage you, manage your songs; and I've an idea, boy, that will make you better known than Calvin Coolidge."

"Awfully sporting of you, Dilley. I—I surely will accept your offer. I'd like my wife to be in on this, though. You know my wife? Beautiful voice. Adele Cannon."

"Call me Bus," pleaded the little man. "I'm Bus to you from now on and I'm going to call you Wally. Yeah, your wife's a nice girl. No, I want you alone on this, Wally. Wally Cannon. The Golden-voiced Radio Star. Man! Man!" He waved his pudgy arms. "It was fate; no, inspiration; no, divine Providence that brought us together. You were born to enchant the world through the greatest medium it has ever known—the Rad-i-o. And I (*Continued on page 171*)

Edison's Life Story

The Most Extraordinary

Mr. Edison is a genius but not in the sense that his inventions and discoveries have been revealed to him in sudden flashes. If he were that, he would not have his present tremendous importance, for the lessons of his life would not have universal application. As it is, his methods can be used by anyone; and the fact that they are being used by so many is one of the reasons for our great industrial progress. The man stands as a demonstration of what concentration and intelligence can accomplish.

This is not to say that anyone can be an Edison. That would be absurd. I have never known anyone who could match him in a single one of his outstanding qualities—in his imagination, his reasoning, his memory, his patience or his capacity for hard work and hard thought. But everyone has some of these qualities in some degree and nothing is too small or too large not to be benefited by the application of the Edison methods.

Luther Burbank had many of the Edison qualities and used precisely the same methods as did Edison—although in a very different line of work. I have been together with the two men and it was remarkable how easily and how quickly each understood the other's thought. Each worked patiently by a process of elimination and trusted not at all to luck. As Mr. Edison once said after visiting Burbank:

"My methods are similar to those followed by Luther Burbank. He plants an acre, and when this is in bloom he inspects it. He has a sharp eye, and can pick out of thousands a single plant that has promise of what he wants. From this he gets the seed, and uses his skill and knowledge in producing from it a number of new plants which, on development, furnish the means of propagating an improved variety in large quantity. So, when I am after a chemical result that I have in mind, I may make hundreds of thousands of experiments out of which there may be one that promises results in the right direction. This I follow to its legitimate conclusion, discarding the others, and usually get what I am after. There is no doubt about this being empirical; but when it comes to problems of a mechanical nature, I want to tell you that all I've ever tackled and solved have been done by hard, logical thinking."

Burbank chose to investigate in a field where the financial returns were very small and hence he remained until the end chiefly dependent upon his own personal effort and had very little skilled assistance from anyone. Edison, with a far greater ingenuity in money-making, pursued lines which held promise of financial reward, so that in a very short while he was able to organize himself into a research and inventing institution and make his brains more effective by having conducted under his direction many more experiments than he could possibly conduct himself.

Edison is in himself a great research institution—probably the greatest in the world—but he never thinks of himself as a research student, for all that he does is a means to an end and he considers only his destination as of importance. The journey is merely something that has to be made.

He stands alone among inventors in having organizing as well as creative ability. He built up around him a group of men whom he could trust and who knew how to carry out his orders. This organization did not come all at once. In common with all inventors, Mr. Edison in his first patented device concentrated on something which he thought was needed but which, in fact, was of no use to anyone.

In 1868, he took out a patent for an arrangement that would quickly and accurately record the vote of a legislative body. He had the impression that Congress in particular needed his invention so that the time taken in voting might be used for more valuable purposes. He still laughs about the reception which this, his first child, received in Washington.

"It was exhibited before a committee that had something to do with the Capitol. The chairman of the committee, after seeing how quickly and perfectly it worked, said: 'Young man, if there is any invention on earth that we don't want down here, it is this. One of the greatest weapons in the hands of a minority to prevent bad legislation is filibustering on votes, and this instrument would prevent it.'

"I saw the truth of this, because as press operator I had taken miles of Congressional proceedings, and to this day an enormous amount of time is wasted during each session of the House in foolishly calling the members' names and recording and then adding their votes, when the whole operation could be done in almost a moment by merely pressing a particular button at each desk. For filibustering purposes, however, the present methods are admirable."

That cured Edison of inventing things which he thought ought to be wanted. Thereafter he kept to things he knew were wanted and which would have widespread application. His first practical inventions had to do with the telegraph, while he was still an operator. These he simply reasoned out from his immense knowledge of the subject, testing his reasoning at each point by actual experiment.

That is the way his mind works; as a boy he needed a laboratory to test the truth of each conclusion that he came across. As a man he had to test every step in every theory that he evolved.

He has never taken anything for granted because, as he has told me, he very early discovered that even the commonestchemical reactions

(*Cont. on p. 200*)

told by Henry Ford

Biography *ever Written*

in collaboration with
Samuel Crowther

These Men *have* Confided *in each* Other *for* 34 Years.
Now You *may* Share *the lessons* Henry Ford
Learned *from the* Man he Considers

The Greatest American

by Rex Beach

The Poison of the East

A Story of the

"No regrets, dear?" Arthur Crenshaw inquired of his wife.

Joan raised her misty eyes to his. "Absolutely none. I was never so thrilled." They were standing shoulder to shoulder against the steamer rail watching a Channel haze blot out the coast of England. "I'm a little teary at cutting the last string," she admitted, "but all my life I've dreamed about the East. Crowded cities, with funny sights and smells. Temples. Junks. Coolies. Potentates. Elephants. Ivory and jade. Oh, Arthur, I'm the happiest woman in the world!"

"There's the climate to think about, you know. And discomforts and poor food."

"Bosh! We can stand them. Think of coming back all hard and brown, with the old exchequer bulging."

"You're the best little sport in the world," Arthur asserted feelingly. "I'll work like a slave."

"Of course. Wouldn't we have been silly to let this opportunity slip? Well, there's the last of home and Mother. Let's lift up our chins, old dear, and start in by making friends with these people; they may do us some good in Singapore."

It was easy to become acquainted with the other passengers, many of whom were army and navy people returning from leave. There were, too, a number of merchants, planters, buyers and the like, and all were more than friendly to the attractive young couple who were bound East for the first time. Crenshaw had an easy manner; his good-looking young wife was an eager, animated creature. Adventure had kindled a fire in her.

Between themselves the couple agreed, after a few days, that by far the most interesting person on board was the one passenger whom they found it hardest to meet—a swarthy Oriental of middle age who occupied the finest cabin on the ship. It was the purser who made known his identity.

"That's Said Abdul Buraala," he explained. "Part Arab and part Malay, I believe. Magnificent specimen, isn't he? College bred, too. He's the head of the whole Mohammedan show in the Dutch East Indies."

"I suppose he's fabulously rich," Joan said.

"Oh, rather! Money in the family for generations. Palaces, plantations, pearl fisheries."

"No wonder he's so exclusive."

The purser shook his head. "Your first trip East, isn't it, Mrs. Crenshaw? He's not exclusive. It's his—color. The whites and the natives don't mingle in this country."

"'This country'? We're not in the Orient. Surely he's a gentleman."

Barbarian

Illustrations by Rico Tomaso

"Permit me to read your thoughts, Crenshaw," said Buraala. "You are thinking only that your lovely wife is now the prey of a wily Oriental."

"Of course. And I've no doubt he'd be delighted to know everybody aboard, but we're bound East and—it isn't done. Nobody understands that better than he."

Joan furrowed her pretty brows. "It seems a pity! He's so distinguished, so handsome. No doubt he's perfectly wretched."

The purser smiled. "You'll make yourself wretched if you try to break down established taboos."

Joan said no more, but later that day when Arthur emerged from the writing room he found her talking to the Oriental himself.

"Oh, hello, dear!" she called. "I want you to meet Said Abdul Buraala. He was sitting alone and I stormed his solitude."

The Said bowed; he spoke in a deep voice. "Your charming wife is most gracious. I appreciate her friendliness."

For a while the three talked and Arthur found himself warming to the stranger. No one could long remain unresponsive to his dignity, his poise, his deference, his courtesy.

When the stewards appeared with the luncheon cocktails Arthur inquired, "Will you have a spot with us, Mr. Buraala?"

Briefly the Said hesitated; then he inquired, "Won't you permit me to play the host in my cabin?"

"Whatever you prefer."

"Thank you. Then say—in ten minutes. I am in Suite AA."

When Arthur and Joan knocked on Buraala's door they were received in a sitting room larger and handsomer than they believed existed on the ship. Vases of flowers stood about; there were quantities of books with English, French and Arabic titles. On a table was a tray with vermuth, gin, bitters and cracked ice; in a silver pail reposed a bottle, the neck of which was wrapped in gold foil.

"Would you prefer a cocktail or a glass of Cliquot, Madame?" the Said inquired.

"How festive!" Joan exclaimed. "I'd love champagne."

The cork was deftly unwired; soon the three were sipping their drinks.

"What a splendid room!" Arthur commented.

"Which affords me an opportunity to explain why I spend so much time in it and why I asked you to come here." Buraala spoke gravely but without embarrassment. "Nothing would please me more than to have you young people return often, but it will be better for you not to do so. You are going to Singapore to live?"

"Yes. I'm joining the firm of Burkett, Stone and Burkett, Solicitors."

"They wanted an Oxford man and the pay is three times what Arthur was getting," Joan explained. "It's sure to lead to a junior partnership."

"My congratulations. Under the circumstances, you must forget our meeting and pass me by as if we were strangers."

"Oh, I say!" Arthur began and his wife likewise protested.

With a smile the Said shook his head. "In London, or on the Continent, we could be friends but not in the East, and already this ship is a part of the East. It is the decree of your people and you must abide by it or you will suffer. I would not have it on my conscience that two such delightful young people had injured their prospects through me."

"How perfectly silly and unfair!" Joan exclaimed and her husband agreed. The Said only shook his head.

It was not without some discussion that the couple finally promised to heed his advice.

"Darned decent of him to warn us," Arthur remarked as he and Joan descended to the dining salon. "He made me ashamed of—of white intolerance."

"My ears are still burning," she agreed. "It's so absurd, with a man like that. He's a real personage and probably a lot better bred than most of us. I feel awfully small."

The Crenshaws saw little of the Said thereafter, for there were days when he did not come on deck at all and when he did appear he managed to avoid them without seeming to do so. It was while the ship was steaming through the Red Sea that they learned he was ill. Malaria, the doctor pronounced it, and a frightfully bad attack.

"I say"—Joan spoke to her husband privately—"that doctor was pretty stony. Don't you think we should make sure our nabob is getting proper care?"

"Nobody could criticize us for showing a spark of Christian solicitude."

"Let's pop in on him."

"We'd be worms if we didn't. Come along."

The Said was indeed a sick man. Fever blazed from his eyes; below them lay shadows so heavy as to resemble bruises in the flesh. His nose was thinner and more hawk-like than ever, his bloodless lips were drawn taut over his teeth.

"We just learned you were ill," Joan told him. "I'm sure that we can do something to help or to cheer you up."

The man smiled; a faint sparkle came into his leaden eyes. "That is most charitable and most—unwise."

"Oh, to the devil with that rot!" Arthur protested. "Are they taking good care of you?"

Buraala confessed that aside from the doctor's visits he received practically no attention and Joan voiced her indignation. Forthwith she took charge.

She rearranged pillows, mixed medicines, tidied up the cabin and sprinkled it with *eau de Cologne*. Thereafter she and Arthur returned several times a day.

The Said's fever broke at Colombo, and as he improved, the young couple spent more and more time with him. They read aloud; they discussed their hopes and their ambitions and eagerly pumped him for information about the mysteries ahead of them.

The invalid gave them much advice and told them many stories—strange tales of the Spice Islands and the pearl fisheries. He talked well on almost any subject—religion, music, literature. In fact, he surprised his listeners with the breadth of his culture. More than once he warned them that the East is likely to cast an evil spell upon Europeans and begged them to be ever watchful of her whims.

Farewells were said at Singapore before the young couple landed, and where the Said, now fully recovered, was to board a Dutch packet for Amboyna. When he had again thanked them for their kindness he said to Arthur, "Will you permit me to make a trifling present to your wife as a token of my gratitude for her charity?"

Taking a little box from his pocket he raised the lid, disclosing a magnificent round pearl set in a platinum ring.

The Crenshaws stared at the jewel wide-eyed. Neither of them had ever seen such a regal gem.

Joan was the first to find her voice. "Oh, you mustn't! I couldn't!" she gasped.

Arthur nodded. "You're very generous but we'll think of you often without such a costly reminder. Please don't misunderstand."

"I feared you would refuse," Buraala said regretfully. "Very well. But I shall keep you always in my thoughts. Good-by."

Singapore, the Crenshaws told each other when they were finally settled, was the ideal spot. They had found a charming bungalow in the European residential part of Tanglin—it was green and white and it nestled amid blooms. There were sloping lawns and strange flowering trees with extraordinary foliage. It was Heaven.

Friends were easily made, too; there were dinners, dancing, golf, tennis and week-end shooting parties.

Arthur toiled. In his mind at all times was that prospect of a junior partnership and he never lost sight of it, but he ran deeply into debt. It is so easy to live beyond one's means, where business is conducted on the insidious chit system. However, a few debts were nothing to worry about; most of the younger people ran behind at first, so he told himself.

Joan asked him more than once if they were not going too fast, but he could not bear to see her skimp so he assured her that her apprehensions were groundless.

Not until they had been in Singapore a year and a half did Arthur, always careless in money matters, take serious stock of his financial situation. Then he was dismayed at the total of his debts. Before he could bring himself to talk it over with Joan, a stockbroker friend offered him a chance to recoup.

It seemed there was a rubber company which was certain to raise its dividend rate at its next directors' meeting a week thence. The broker had it straight from the manager, a close pal. The shares had gone up considerably; they would double when the news was announced.

"But I have no money to speculate with," Arthur confessed.

He didn't need a cent, the broker pointed out. He himself would carry the shares for a week or so.

Arthur considered. He knew the man quite well; a bit of extra cash would certainly come in handy. "Put me down for—say, two hundred shares," he said finally.

"Two hundred! You mean a thousand. My dear fellow, the thing's a sitter. Lash out. You can't lose."

There was some further (*Continued on page 114*)

In spite of the magnificent pearl that Buraala offered to Joan at their parting, Arthur could not believe in the friendship or gratitude of an Oriental.

Carola's

In which
MR. TARKINGTON'S
little friend Stella
"about 15"
delivers *a timely*
W-A-R-N-I-N-G
to Parents

Carola recognized the distinguished man and the beautiful sensual girl in the handsome car. She knew that—

Carola Wilmington turned to the man to whom she was speaking and shrugged. He was a tall man with clean shaven features and hot eyes which were slightly protuberant. He was too perfectly dressed. A slight odor came from the gardenia in the buttonhole of his cutaway coat. Now and then he looked down at the straw hat and pair of gloves he was holding in his hands. The hard line of his jaw showed faint drops of moisture like perspiration. There was something sensual about him. Carola did not object to this because she knew it was natural.

"Well?" she shrugged. "And then?"

There was a flat finality to her words. He felt them like something deadening him. The faint moisture thickened upon the hard line of his jaw.

"Please do as I ask," he invited.

Carola shrugged again and laughed a cool negative. "Why should I?" she queried.

"Do I mean so little to you?" he queried in turn thrusting his face forward so that his olive complexion and the hard sensual line of his jaw were close to her own. "Answer me," he went on querying. "Do I mean no more to you than all those other men?"

They were standing in the blue shadow of Carola's father's tall wrought iron driveway gates of his country estate but she made no reply. She was thinking. Once all this would have seemed impossible. Then she was only a schoolgirl at Miss Peyton's school for girls in a small drab town in Connecticut.

The dull routine of the school oppressed her continually. There were times when she found it unbearable. Something irrisistable often urged her to rebel against it openly.

Even as a schoolgirl she had felt the urge to freedom. She had determined to live her own life and made up her mind not to be bound by the old standards. She was in revolt and gloried in the idea of facing the world unaided. Yet she underwent years of this drabness. When she had left the school all the old conventions had dropped from her and then she had met Mark. Something about Mark intrigued her.

Mark had never asked her to marry him. She did not mind this because she would not have done so no matter how much he might have argued for such a course.

She had determined to win for herself complete economic freedom and to maintain it. After years of struggle she had done so. Patiently she had made a place for herself in the world of the screen and stage. She was living her own life free from all conventionality and sham just as she had planned as a mere schoolgirl. She and Mark were friends but nothing more.

Then had come the War. It had come crashing into her life with tremendous force and she had gone to France as a nurse and giving entertainments for the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. to help solace the weary khaki clad soldiers at the Front.

Sometimes she had enacted biting modern dramas for them written by Mark. In that great cacticylsm all the old ideals; all the old shams and bunk: all the old conventionalities dropped from her. She had returned wearily to take her place again in the life of the screen and stage but sometimes she had felt the artificialness of the work.

Since then there had been many other men in her life so many that she had forgotten a good many of them and now at last had come this one with his olive complexion; the hard clean sensual lines of his jaw; his hot eyes and the slight cleft in his chin. She did not altogether trust him and sometimes it seemed to her that she knew little about him. Now she was visiting her parents on their country estate called Bella Vista and he had ridden over on horseback that morning from where he was visiting in the neighborhood.

A groom was holding his mount just outside the tall wrought iron gates. The mount was restive, pawing the road with his feet. Now and then an automobile passed. Dried leaves whirled up with a restless motion. Then they fell and lay listlessly. It looked like rain. Carola thought of Mark's rugged dark features and

Illustrations by Rose O'Neill

Causes

By Booth Tarkington

powerful head set between thick ungraceful shoulders. She shrugged again not listening to what the man beside her was talking about.

He grew impatient flicking his riding whip against his tall brown leather boots. Removing a white gold cigarette case from an inner pocket he selected a cigarette and drew forth from another pocket a lighter with a coat of arms upon it. Proffering his cigarette case to Carola she selected one. Deftly lighting the lighter he proffered the flame to her. It made a small orange glow in the shadow of a cloud above them for now the sunshine had faded out. She lighted her cigarette and blew the smoke from her watching it as it curled upwards.

There was a crunching of feet upon the gravelled driveway behind them but did not turn her head to see whom it was and soon the sounds ceased. From somewheres came the sound of a lawn mower.

"Well Frank?" she queried indifferently. "Have you any more to say?"

Frank Monroe returned the cigarette case to his inner pocket and placed the lighter in another one now having lit his own cigarette.

"Carola Carola it appears to me that you take delight in thwarting men and making them suffer for your own amusement to while away the time," he exclaimed, with a sudden hoarseness in his voice. He was trembling. His mouth worked.

Carola wearily tossed away her cigarette. It discribed an arc in the air and fell down in some shrubberies of lilac and laburnam.

"You forget that I scarcely know you," she replied. She walked slowly to an old stone bench covered with ivy under some tall white birches. "Let us sit down here a while," she invited. Having seated himself beside her she leaned toward him interestedly. "Now tell me of yourself!" she exclaimed archly.

He nodded. "I will do so," he remarked. He blew a cloud of cigarette smoke into the air and watched it curl upwards in slow spirals.

"I was born in New York City," he began shifting his weight from one side to the other as he leaned towards her. "There I grew up among narrow and conventional surroundings of the old type. I knew nothing of women and had small knowledge of the facts of life. I was anxious to shake this off. I knew nothing of marriage either but thought marriage might be a means to that end." He stopped speaking and laughed with an air of finality.

"Yes?" Carola smiled. Her tone was encouraging for she wished to hear more but now there was a mocking light in her eyes. "I could tell by something about you," she continued. "That you had been married. There is always something about a married man that can be observed." She uttered a little peal of staccato laughter. "Mais que voulez vous?" she shrugged. "Whom did you marry?"

He nodded. "Christine Vance," he responded very quietly.

"Christine Vance!" exclaimed Carola springing to her feet. Then she sank back slowly until she was in a sitting posture beside him again. "How strange," she continued as she regained control of herself and became more composed. "Christine Vance is the woman Mark always used to have so much to say to me about."

The man beside her checked himself. "Do you mean Mark Sabriere?" he queried. "If so he is the man whom she fell in love with after we had

—if Christine's nature had not been supressed in her youth she would not have broken out like this now with Mark Sabriere where everybody could see her.

been married a couple of years or so."

Carola held her cigarette at arm's length slowly watching the blue spirals of the smoke as they curled upwards before her. An onyx ring shed a sullen gleam from her finger. Slowly she exhaled a dense cloud of the blue vapor and shrugged. He watched her. This woman was very desirable he told himself. His eyes held a kind of hunger. She had chosen a gown that molded all her lines to the utmost. She had done this deliberatly. But now she was thinking of Mark and Christine.

"I do not see how you can smoke at such a moment Frank," Mrs. Wilmington objected. "Do you not feel that it is too soon?"

"Mark had been brought up among all the old standards and conventionalities too but he had shaken them off," she mused aloud. "Now he had been becoming recognized as the most biting playwrite of all those in New York City. He never lied to me," she continued still musing aloud. "He was the one man I have ever known that was incapable of lying on almost any subject which came up for discussion. He told me about Christine with the utmost frankness. Poor Christine. She was my roomate down at that dreary place of Miss Peyton's in Winchester Conn. Sometimes she seemed to suffer almost as much as I did there from the dull routine and the trammels of conventionality that were forced upon us. And now she and Mark Sabriere . . . I hope they are happy . . . and I am sitting here with you Frank . . ."

He nodded. "Yes . . . you and I Carola . . ." All at once he tossed away his cigarette . . . It sped away to a little distance and fell upon the sod and lay there where it had lit . . . Carola thought it looked like a ruby resting upon emerald . . . Had she loved Mark Sabriere? She was conscious of a distaste for the man beside her but that was merely a dislike of his complexes and mental inhibitions she told herself. Physicaly he appealed to her powerfully . . . She glanced at his strong brown hands which were clenched about his riding crop for he was shaking with emotion. A slight masculine odor mingled with the scent of leather and even of the horse which he had been riding came to her nostrils but it was agreeable to her. She got a strong consciousness of his masculinety . . . She must shake this off . . .

He nodded. "So you knew Christine Vance?" he questioned. The query did not interest him because he was thinking of the woman beside him. All at once he drew her to him; crushing her against him so that their breath mingled. A wave of sensualness engulfed him; submergeing him. His riding crop dropped to the ground . . .

Outside the gate they could hear the mount pawing restlessly. From the bushes there was a droning of insects. Somewhere in the house behind them there was a sound of hammering. Frank Monroe's voice was hoarse in Carola's ear against which he was pressing. He was uttering endearments.

But Carola's mind had gone back to the old schooldays. All this would have seemed impossible then. There had been no escape from the dreary routine of those days she told herself. She had felt starved even strangled at Miss Peyton's every craving of her nature had to be supressed. Every urging within her was pressed down with unsupportable weights. Her inner restlessness was unsatisfied. Sometimes the dullness of the tasks she had to fullfill almost killed her. She realized if she had to stay too long in that place even her health would suffer. Her parents had never understood how injurious to her they were being in insisting that she go back there year after year after a pleasant unshackled summer at the seashore. If she had had to go back there too often and been forced to stay there too long she would have fallen into an illness which would likely have ended fatally she told herself. Simply her parents had not understood. In their own youth they had been shackled by outworn predujices in matters of education and they did not understand the youth of today now that all the old standards are down and modern youth needs honesty frankness and freedom. They did not realize that if modern youth is shackled too long by such restraints as Miss Peyton's it will burst out afterwards and thus Carola would have been more restrained in her behavior later if she had not been kept too long at that school she told herself. Christine Vance too would likely not have conducted herself as she did with Mark Sabriere if her own parents had not insisted upon her returning to Miss Peyton's every year promptly upon the opening date of the school. Yes there was every reason for Christine's conduct. Languidly Carola submitted to Frank Monroe's embrace. Her taut muscles relaxed. Her eyes rested heavily upon the ground. She seemed to be slipping into a vortex.

"Let us take something to drink," she insisted eagerly telling herself that it would quiet her nerves. "Have you some gin with you?" she continued smiling.

He nodded. Inserting his hand into an inner pocket he removed a chased silver flask with filigree work and proffered it to her. She accepted it drinking deeply and then laughing softly inserted her hand within her embroidered silk blouse and removed a similar flask.

"This is gin which I have made myself as I usually do," she shrugged. "And now let us smoke some more."

Not relinqishing the grasp he held upon her he quickly placed his other hand within the pocket where he had placed his cigarette case and removed it. Proffering it to her he selected one himself and from another pocket brought out his lighter from which she lighted her own cigarette after she had chosen one. As she did so he felt her warm breath upon his hot cheek and the hard line of his jaw became more sensual. Automobiles were passing along the road. From somewhere came the sound of a factory whistle. Some shreds of loose straw blew by them upon the breeze. In the distance there was the sound of a child crying. Leaves twirled up from the grass and fell down looking like a brown pool. Outside the closed wrought iron gateway Frank's restive

mount was pawing. Carola finished Frank's flask and then took part of her own. She felt scarcely any sensation from the liquor and cigarettes.

A sound of wheels crunching the gravelled driveway came to their ears. Frank Monroe started. Then he slowly returned his flask to the pocket from which he had taken it and placed his lighter in another pocket and returned his cigarette case to its receptacle. Relinqishing his clasp of Carola he put on his hat and slowly drew on his gloves flicking his boots with the riding crop.

He had noticed the sound of the wheels crunching the gravelled driveway and was watching the automobile as it approached. In it were two figures whom he recognized. One was the rugged dark features of a powerful head between two thick ungraceful shoulders and the other a brunette with sensual red lips long silken eyelashes and rouge sitting in a close embrace with one another.

Frank nodded. "Do you see who is coming?" he queried. Carola grimaced.

"Yes," she shrugged wryly. She had already recognized the distinguished rugged man and the beautiful sensual girl holding him to her in the back seat of the automobile which was a handsome touring car with the top back.

There was something in the frankness of their embrace that appealed to Carola. If Christine's nature had not been supressed by all the inhibitions thrust upon her in her youth and being supressed and sex starved with even her reading objected to she would not have broken out like this now where everybody could see her.

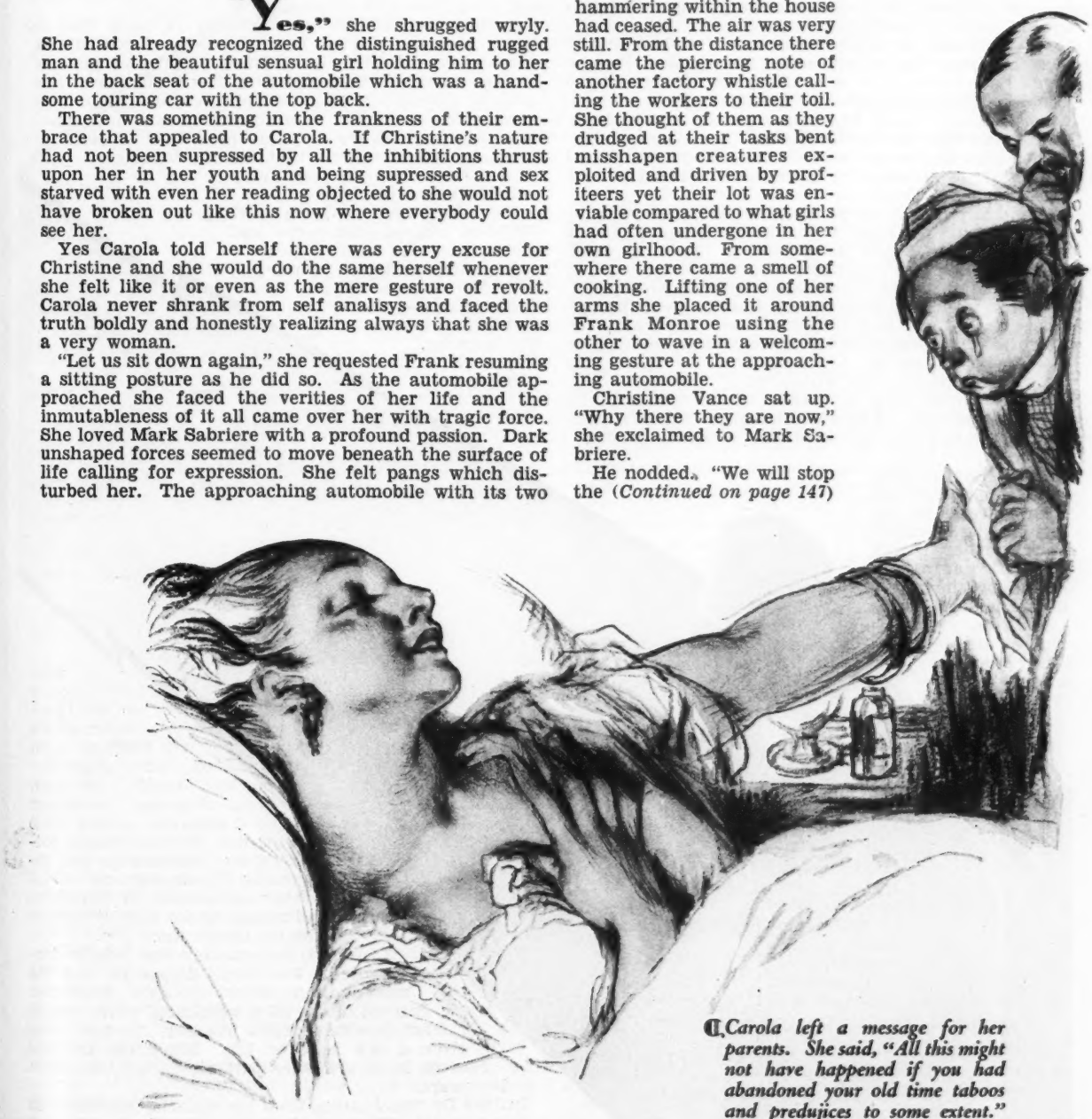
Yes Carola told herself there was every excuse for Christine and she would do the same herself whenever she felt like it or even as the mere gesture of revolt. Carola never shrank from self analisys and faced the truth boldly and honestly realizing always that she was a very woman.

"Let us sit down again," she requested Frank resuming a sitting posture as he did so. As the automobile approached she faced the verities of her life and the inmutableness of it all came over her with tragic force. She loved Mark Sabriere with a profound passion. Dark unshaped forces seemed to move beneath the surface of life calling for expression. She felt pangs which disturbed her. The approaching automobile with its two figures seemed to be coming closer bearing down upon her and Frank Monroe like something powerful irrisistable carrying its strange freight. Inside the house the sound of hammering increased in loudness. Something fell. There was a sound of breaking glass. She heard her father's voice shouting angrily. Something of no consequence had occurred but he was excited. It was strange what trifles interested him. Both her father and her mother occupied themselves continually with trifles in the house unless he was playing golf. Trifles filled their lives. Out here near the driveway something tragic and vital was happening. Carola had an impulse to cry out to utter hot murky words. She did so. "Damn it," she grated harshly.

A scarlet poinsetta flower adrift on the wind dropped at her feet. Her eyes rested on its scarlet petals. She gave rein to a pressure within her. Her veins beat and she felt wild fancies flaming within her eroticly. The sound of the automobiles wheels crunching the gravel of the driveway grew louder. They were coming closer and seemed to press upon her brain. The sound of the hammering within the house had ceased. The air was very still. From the distance there came the piercing note of another factory whistle calling the workers to their toil. She thought of them as they drudged at their tasks bent misshapen creatures exploited and driven by profiteers yet their lot was enviable compared to what girls had often undergone in her own girlhood. From somewhere there came a smell of cooking. Lifting one of her arms she placed it around Frank Monroe using the other to wave in a welcoming gesture at the approaching automobile.

Christine Vance sat up. "Why there they are now," she exclaimed to Mark Sabriere.

He nodded. "We will stop the (*Continued on page 147*)



Carola left a message for her parents. She said, "All this might not have happened if you had abandoned your old time taboos and prejudices to some extent."

Insanity *can be*

By Frazier Hunt

Hope for the insane.

No news, no discovery, no promise has ever meant so much to thousands of doomed sufferers and their families as this four-word sentence.

Insanity cured by malaria. Fever fighting insanity. Insanity cured by a single injection of malaria germs.

In all the history of medicine there have been few equals to this almost unbelievable tale of how men are brought out from the darkness of despair into the sunlight of hope and usefulness.

I studied one particular case in an asylum in the East. At times this patient would be so violent that he would have to be put in a strait-jacket. Other days he would be almost normal.

This patient himself had been a doctor, and he knew the terrible fate that awaited him. For a year or two at home he had been "queer." He would have fits of depression, of melancholy, of exaggeration and at rare times even of violence.

Eventually he had to be taken to an asylum—an incurable, suffering from the dreaded general paresis of the insane. Within three years he would be dead. His family had given up hope.

"Malaria injections," the head physician ordered.

For two weeks following the injection he went through a siege of old-fashioned chills and fever. The third week after the first injection of the malaria-charged blood he looked up at his nurse.

"I'm all right now," he whispered.

Three months later he *was* all right—cured, to all intent and purpose, of hopeless insanity. Within a half-year he was reunited with his family, a useful member of society.

Today thirty percent of all general paresis insanity cases in our asylums can be cured, and another thirty percent definitely helped by the injection of malaria germs—and twenty percent of all insanity cases are general paresis. Previously there had been no cure, no hope. All were condemned men—doomed to die within five years.

Probably this story really begins in a small laboratory in the war-stricken city of Vienna during the tragic World War days. Here a little medical professor, Dr. Wagner von Jauregg, long had studied and dreamed of some possible cure for the pathetically incurable insane suffering from general paresis.

It had been known for a century or more that in times of great plagues large numbers of patients in insane asylums were miraculously cured and restored to their families. Under his own eyes he had seen how general paresis insane cases improved and often were cured after suffering from ordinary infectious diseases—so why not try artificial infections? It was fever, he was confident, that did the business. And if fevers brought cures, why not try to manufacture fevers?

For thirty years—from 1887 to 1917—he labored with germs and guinea pigs and doomed men.

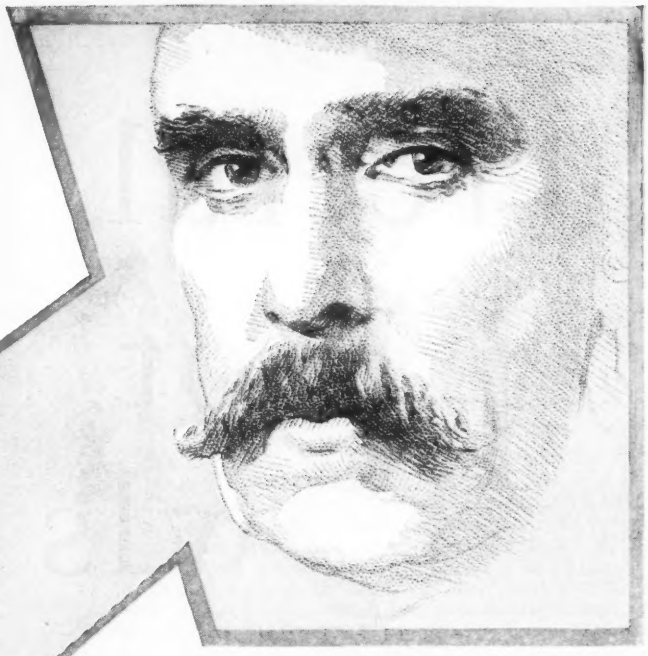
In this pathetic year of 1917 Vienna was full of wounded and stricken soldiers. The asylums, too, were filled with poor unfortunates marked with the sign of death. Dr. von Jauregg injected malaria germs into one of these insane soldiers. Malaria he had finally chosen because of all fever agencies it is remittent and always under partial control by the use of quinine.

Almost immediately the soldier improved. Two years slipped by and the patient had almost entirely recovered. Instead of the slow, agonizing, pitiful death from general paresis insanity, he had been given a new lease on life. Altogether Dr. von Jauregg inoculated nine patients during these first two years.

In 1919 Dr. von Jauregg tried his malaria treatment on a larger group. The miracle continued. During the ten

Cured

Medicine *works a Miracle with* Malaria Germs



Dr. Wagner von Jauregg, who discovered the cure.

years following the von Jauregg Clinic inoculated more than two thousand insanity patients.

Now comes the American end of this miracle story. In 1922 Professor Weygandt, director of an insane asylum in Hamburg, Germany, came to New York and delivered a lecture on the then little-known von Jauregg method of treatment. Dr. William Alanson White, director of the government's St. Elizabeth Hospital for the insane in Washington, D. C., heard the lecture and talked to Professor Weygandt.

In December of that same year he appointed a special board of staff doctors to attempt the cure. A hopeless patient, doomed to die within a year, was chosen. The day I spent with Dr. White, almost eight years later, this same man was pointed out to me; he was doing a full day's work as a laborer on a new hospital building.

Within six months after this first inoculation in Washington, a dozen courageous doctors, scattered over America, were trying the same experiment—and always with results that promised life and hope to stricken men. At present it is almost universally accepted as the one method of curing insanity caused by general paresis. Everywhere throughout America and the whole world it is now being used, and thousands of hopelessly insane are living either fully or partially restored to life.

At first malaria-infected mosquitoes were used, but these proved too difficult to control after the patient had been bitten. At present the usual method is to inject blood from normal, undiseased malaria patients—usually soldiers or sailors just returned from the tropics. Only a "benign tertian" type of malaria is used, and the blood is withdrawn from the patient at the time of the first rise of temperature, and immediately injected under the skin of the insane patient, between the shoulder blades.

The infected patient is allowed to go through an average of eight severe chills before the fever is killed with quinine.

These are the cold, scientific aspects of the miracles. The warm, human side is that these incurable men, confined in asylums, facing certain and awful death, are swept back into health, their minds and lives restored to them—except for the irreparable ravages of the disease before cure was effected. Almost a third become sane and normal members of society, while another third are immeasurably benefited.

In many cases men whose minds were blank suddenly become sane with the breaking up of the malaria fever. These, however, are the exceptions. As a rule a normal mental outlook returns slowly. After from three to six months a fair percentage become sane, but sometimes a year or two passes before the mind is restored.

Somehow I can't find any other word but "miracles" in trying to tell of these magically cured men.

Almost any of them would bring tears to your eyes. I recall the story of an army officer on the West Coast who became so remittently untrustworthy that he was placed in an asylum. Soon he was hopelessly insane. The malaria treatment was prescribed and within a few months he was restored to usefulness and life.

But most sensational of all is the story of a public man in Washington who was condemned to the lingering and awful death of the insane. In the early stages he had been sent to a hospital for the malaria treatment and today he is carrying on his full life and career—cured and unaffected.

I repeat that in the whole history of medicine nothing has been more dramatic or incredible. And something even more unbelievable is being evolved this very moment. If the cause of this miraculous cure is due to the heat produced by malarial fever, why can not this heat be injected by direct physical means?

To effect this a dozen schemes were tried—hot-water baths, steam heat, baking, et cetera. But none of them seemed to kill the spirochetes, or bacteria, of paresis. Then came the idea of shooting electric rays into the body and thereby producing an internal temperature that would do the work of the fever induced by malaria.

The General Electric research laboratories in Schenectady were appealed to and already they have developed high-current vacuum tubes that "shoot fever" or "throw temperature." With the magic ray goes new hope for these condemned insane. Once fully developed, this fever machine will be easier to use and control than malaria.

Again science comes to the aid of man—yet millions still accuse Science of quarreling with God.

A Treeful of Hoot Owls

Illustrations by Walter Biggs

¶ *Under Mr. Baldwin's swift, taunting onslaughts, Gillis grew sullen. And by this he did himself no good. You could feel the antagonism mounting against him.*

This is the picture you would have carried away with you had you been in Judge Priest's courtroom on that mild afternoon of a long-ago autumn and followed closely—and believed in—the testimony offered for the Commonwealth in the case of the Commonwealth against Robert Gillis:

It is an unpretty picture of two men who come to grips in a back room of a saloon. Their quarrel is a sleeping quarrel, suddenly and aggressively revived. It is of record and admitted by both sides that there has been bad blood between them, bad blood which now has caused some shedding of good blood.

One of these men is the accused Gillis, here cast for the villain of the piece. The other is one John Henry Rives, who in private life is better known, it would seem, as "Gabby" Rives, and whose present public rôle is that of chief complainant.

Two other men, and only two, are in that saloon's back room when the smoldering feud renews itself. Their evidence is a complete corroboration of the evidence given by the first witness, the aforesaid Rives. It likewise goes to prove what Mr. A. S. J. Baldwin the acting prosecutor already had promised he meant to prove beyond the shadow of an earthly doubt.

"We will prove, gentlemen"—this would be quoting Mr. Baldwin—"that on the evening in question and at a designated place—to wit, the rear of the retail liquor emporium called the Blue Goose Bar and Short-order Restaurant, corner of Franklin and Chickasaw streets—Mr. John Henry Rives, a reputable, law-abiding and peaceful citizen of this thriving little city of ours, was engaged in playing an innocent game of what, I believe, is called 'Bottle Pool' in company with Messrs. Joseph Herringer and Fleming Tally, associates of his.

"**It is** true there had been ill-feeling between Mr. Rives and the defendant at the bar, but it is fair to assume at this moment all thoughts of rancor, all slumbering enmities are far, far removed from the mind of Mr. Rives, at least. Having concluded his day's labors at his chosen calling or avocation, he has turned to a simple, a harmless recreation in the congenial society of his chosen friends.

"Well, what happens then? Gentlemen of the jury, I am about to relate to you what happens then: Unexpectedly, without warning, violently, the defendant here bursts in upon these three worthy citizens——"

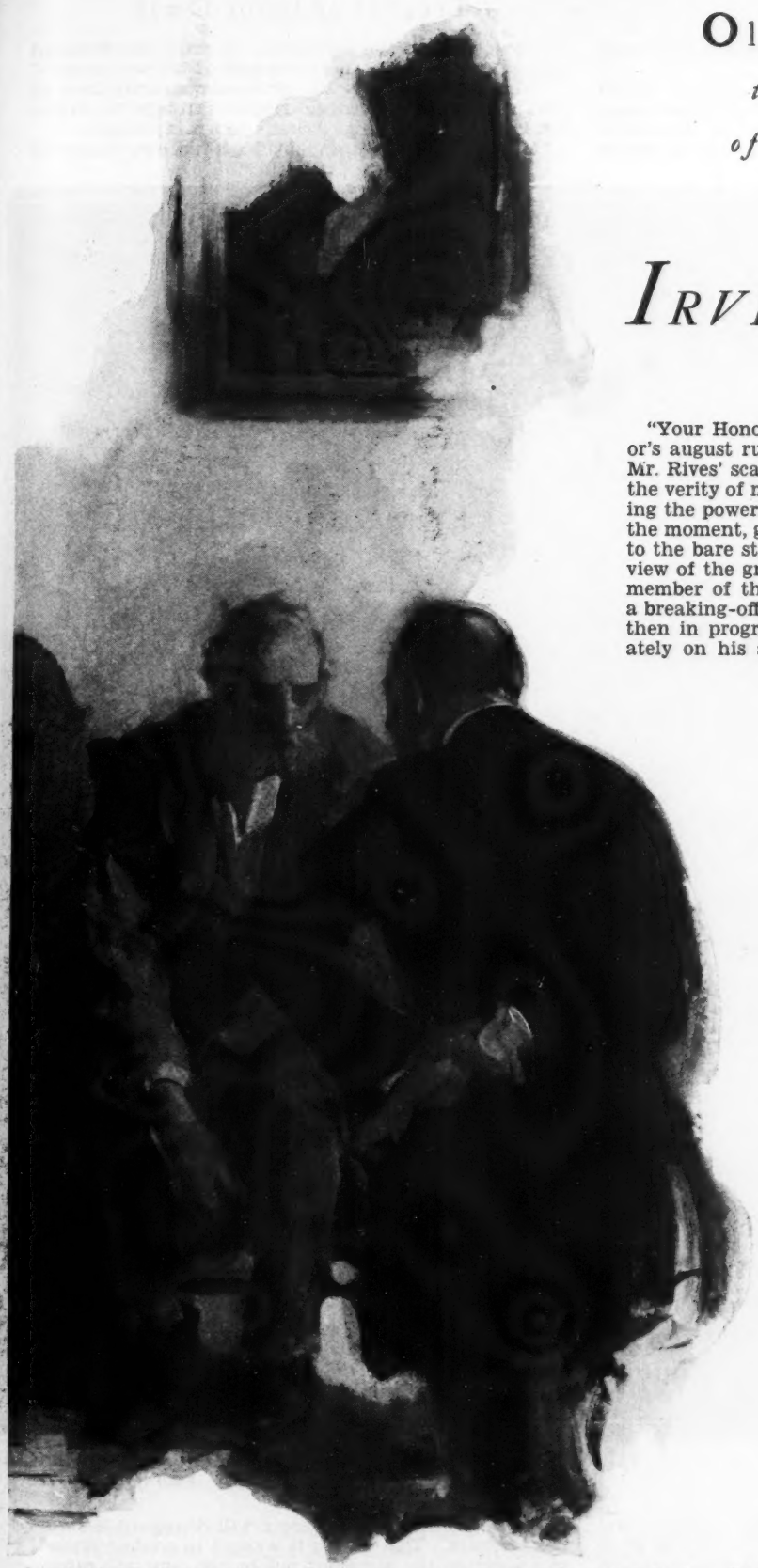
"I—I—I object." The prisoner's youthful counsel is floundering to his feet, stammering from nervousness. "I deny—I deny that my opponent can show my client ever burst into any place or anything."

"Objection sustained," comes with promptness from the bench.

"So be it," Mr. Baldwin suavely agrees. "Nevertheless I do expect, and very shortly, to demonstrate that my young friend's client did burst into something—that, armed with a lethal weapon, to wit, a dirk, dagger or

Old Judge Priest
tries a Veteran
of the Lost Cause

By
Irvin S. Cobb



"Your Honor's humble servant bows to Your Honor's august ruling," says Mr. Baldwin. "In due time Mr. Rives' scarred and mutilated person will bespeak the verity of my claim with a silent eloquence exceeding the powers of this poor tongue. However and for the moment, gentlemen, we will amend our allegation to the bare statement that the defendant enters. In view of the grudge which the man bears against one member of the group, his unexpected advent causes a breaking-off of the enjoyable and healthful pastime then in progress, the more especially since immediately on his appearance the intruder's manner becomes threatening, his air provocative and hostile.

"He advances upon Mr. Rives, at the same time using offensive, vicious, profane and highly improper language. You will hear what that language was. Taken by surprise, as he is, Mr. Rives nevertheless endeavors to placate this dangerous adversary. But before he can utter more than a few words, the invader has produced a knife and is upon him.

"Obeying a natural and justifiable instinct of self-preservation, Mr. Rives takes up a billiard cue —the instrument used by him in playing the interrupted game— and with it endeavors to ward off the murderous attack.

"He does succeed in dealing one defensive blow with the heavier end of this instrument, a blow which partially disables the assailant. But before he delivers this blow—before, gentlemen of the jury, and not afterwards—the relentless foe plunges his cruel blade deep into Mr. Rives' countenance, the point entering the cheek high up and continuing downward across the jaw to the lower end of the face.

"Did he thrust for the eye with malicious intent to destroy the victim's precious sight, and was his aim poor? Did he slash for the unprotected throat, intending thereby to take the victim's life, and did kind Providence cause his stroke to fall short and fail of its dreadful purpose?

"Ah, that, gentlemen, we may never know. But what we do know, and shall beyond peradventure establish to your satisfaction, is that for weeks this unfortunate gentleman lay upon the bed of anguish, sorely racked in mind and body, totally incapacitated for carrying on his regular profession, which is that of a tonsorial artist at the establishment

knife of deadly length and deadly sharpness, he burst into Mr. Rives' quivering flesh——"

"I object; I object."

"Objection again sustained. The prosecutor will remember that at this time he is merely outlining his contentions, not as yet arguing for conviction."

known to most of you as Charles J. Grist's Barbering Parlors.

"And on this and abundant other proof, as representative of an outraged State and an indignant People, I shall demand of you, not in the name of Vengeance but in the name of Justice, that you render a verdict in accordance with the statutes and the facts—a verdict which will immure this would-be assassin in the proper abiding place of his kind, the Eddysburg penitentiary, for a suitable term of years at hard labor.

"May it please Your Honor, and you, gentlemen of the jury, to sustain the charge of atrocious assault with premeditated intent to commit murder, I now call as the first of the Commonwealth's witnesses, John Henry Rives, Esquire. Mr. Rives, will you kindly take the stand and be sworn on the Holy Bible to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God!"

Being thus gloriously summoned, Mr. Rives takes the stand and the oath. He exhibits the angry red seam of his barely healed wound; and with skillful prompting from the prosecutor, he tells his tale and, under cross-examination, sticks firmly to it. Still, it is not a searching cross-examination, the defendant's lawyer being a callow and a newly hatched lawyer; in sooth, an embryo of a lawyer. You would say offhand this must be this squabbish young person's first important case. You would be right about it.

After Mr. Rives quits the chair, next Mr. Tally occupies it and then Mr. Herringer occupies it. And these twain, by their dovetailed and smoothly morticed stories, back up in its every essential detail—indeed, in all its details—what Mr. Rives has just now sworn to.

Nor is that fluttering, pinfeathered nestling of the law able to make headway against either of them. Through his vain and halting efforts to break them down, Attorney Baldwin twiddles contemptuous thumbs and once in a while smiles a patronizing and a pitying smile to tell the world that, having both right and might on his side, he can afford to be disdainful of this poor wretch's enfeebled counter-fires.

It is during the inquisition—if you may call it so—of Mr. Herringer that a bit of by-show bobs up to reveal the temper of the audience.

"You don't like the defendant, do you?" the flustered youngster asks, being near the end of his resources.

"Who does?" retorts Mr. Herringer smartly, and at that an appreciative giggle ripples through the crowd but is checked by Judge Priest's sharp rappings.

"Mr. Clerk, strike that out!" on his own initiative he sternly orders. "The jurors will disregard the witness' remark. The witness is warned to confine himself to answering the questions put to him and will refrain from volunteering his own private views."

But through counsel's footless blundering the mischief has been done. If the twelve men in the box did not sense it before, they surely do sense now that the estimation in which the prisoner popularly is held is not

¶ *"If you go with me," Captain Brand as Virginians. Your past will lie*

a high or a favorable estimation. So the discomfited fledgling makes a transparent pretense at consulting his scribble of notes and then says:

"The defense is through with this witness."

"I should think the defense would be glad to be through with him," rejoins Mr. Baldwin tartly. He rises.

had said, "you go into danger. But you go as free men, as soldiers, behind you; your future, should you survive, is in your own hands."

"The prosecution rests," he announces with a gesture which plainly says that the prosecution is convinced that twenty more witnesses could not add one jot or tittle—whatever jots and tittles are!—to strengthen the fabric already woven in behalf of the prosecution.

Had you quitted the scene at that stage, this is approximately the picture you would have carried with you—a sordid-enough picture of a common-enough type of groggery brawl between two individuals of no particular consequence, yet somehow invested with the feel of suspense which invariably marks any effort, legally bounded, to rob any human being of his liberty and which, where a human life is the stake, rises and flows until it takes on the swing and scope of some old Greek tragedy. It is hard sometimes to put drama into a stage play. But you can't keep it out of a criminal proceeding however tawdry and cheap the intrinsic merits of the issue itself may be.

So next it was the defense's hour and a short hour it was. To testify in his own behalf, up came the prisoner from his place by his lawyer at the counsel table. Up he came, a grizzled and more than middle-aged man, heavily bearded and shaggy-haired, dour-looking as always and now grimy-looking from months spent in a frowsy cell. Briefly, this was his account:

He did not seek out Gabby Rives. Whoever claimed that beforehand he knew Rives was in that there back room of the Blue Goose claimed what wasn't the truth. He went in for a glass of beer—that was how it all began—and had a glass of beer and then went out by the back way because that was a short cut to Graham's stemmery, where he was on duty as night watchman.

He was as much surprised as anybody else when he run onto Rives and them others in there—he was so. And he didn't start the rowing or the fighting either. Them three fellers there ganged on him as soon as they seen him; that was how it was.

Right off, this here Rives came at him, them other two egging him on and following along behind him, and Rives had cussed him out before he opened his mouth, and Rives was swinging a billiard cue, butt end up.

So naturally then, him being there all by himself and the door shut behind him, he reached for his pocket knife and got it out. And then Rives let him have it, a hard blow. He turned his head in time so the lick landed on his shoulder blade, his right one. It broke his shoulder blade.

So, with that, he shifted his knife to his left hand and he cut him, just the one time. He done it because his life was in danger and he quit cutting just as soon as he seen Rives had enough. And if anybody said different they lied. Yes, suh, (*Continued on page 140*)

New Clues *which may* Help You Solve

The Beauty-Mask

The Story So Far:

It was the famous "Beauty-mask Murder" that put the small city of Hanaford on the map and it was the alert mind of Gwynn Leith, sister of Hanaford's mayor, Andrew Barbour, that finally solved the mysterious case when the police were completely baffled.

Gwynn was interested in the crime because of her brother's friendship with a niece of the murdered woman, Muriel Prescott, widow of Andrew's late partner Alan Prescott. Alan had been the only surviving member of Hanaford's first family and had brought Muriel from Baltimore as his bride. She was an attractive young woman and had been received into Hanaford's narrowest social set. But her aunt, Maxine Ainslee, who had visited her after the marriage, had somehow seemed not to belong and finally had left Muriel's home, moving to an apartment of her own.

After Alan's death, Muriel and Maxine inherited a small mail-order business in Baltimore. As the business grew, Muriel built a fine Tudor house and Maxine moved to a bungalow. Though the two were often together Muriel no longer tried to force her aunt on Hanaford society.

It was in the bungalow that Maxine's body was discovered by her servant, Marzi Barna, on the morning after Gwynn arrived in Hanaford on a surprise visit to her brother. At the time Colin Keats, recently recovered from a breakdown after a disastrous love affair, was staying with Andrew while his own household effects were being sold. In spite of his complete disinterest in women, he found Gwynn fascinating and their friendship progressed rapidly.

As soon as Andrew heard of the tragedy from Muriel, who had collapsed at the news of her aunt's violent death, he hurried to Maxine's with Gwynn and Colin. At the bungalow they found Captain Joe Shelby in charge of the investigation. It was a ghastly murder. Maxine Ainslee's slayer had taken no chances of her recovery. She had been killed in three ways: by an overdose of morphine, by a sharp weapon cutting the throat, and by the injection of poison.

The body had been seen by Barna, the servant, when he went out to get the morning paper. The door between living room and dining room had been locked when he tried it, he told the police, and puzzled about this, he had climbed to the porch railing to look through the window. On the sofa in the living room lay Maxine Ainslee, her head almost severed from her body. The face was covered with a clay "beauty mask," and a towel was wrapped turban-fashion about the head. Blood stained the pillows and her garment—a soiled kimono—and bits of blood-soaked paper were strewn about. Wrapped around a finger of her left hand was a cotton handkerchief, and a blood-caked pair of shears lay on the floor.

These were the obvious clues the police had found, together with a man's woolen scarf, a black silk cigaret case and a platinum chain to which a watch with the monogram "B. W." and a collapsible comb were attached. But it was through Gwynn's description of this man, deduced from certain clues overlooked by the police, that Andrew was able to track down Barry Weston, the "B. W." of the monogram. Andrew wanted to turn the young man over to the police at once, when Gwynn startled him by saying:

"No man murdered Maxine Ainslee."

But Andrew was still convinced of Weston's guilt and an interview with him tended to strengthen rather than diminish Andrew's suspicions. For, certainly, Weston acted as a guilty man might act, refusing to give a satisfactory account of himself after he left Maxine Ainslee at ten-thirty on the night of the murder. Also, he was the son of Doctor Edna Weston, from whom he could have procured morphine and poison—and he was engaged to Sidonie Saunders, whose father owned the

the most Puzzling Mystery *of* 1930

By Viola Brothers Shore

MURDER

Saunders Nurseries, where he might have obtained the sharp weapon with which Maxine's throat had been cut.

In spite of Barry's damaging admissions, Gwynn and Colin were convinced of his innocence, and Gwynn suggested going again to the bungalow for further clues.

In Maxine's bedroom Gwynn reconstructed the murderer's actions. A strong box containing letters had been dropped about the time of the murder, the crash awakening Marzi, who was at home unknown to Maxine. This box had dented the floor and in front of the closet a stool had been found which, presumably, had been used by the murderer to reach the box. Gwynn discovered on this stool tiny cuts in the threads semicircular in

¶ *Barry Weston's fiancée, Sidonie Saunders, tried to conceal from Gwynn the purpose of her agitated visit to his mother when he was dining with Maxine Ainslee but could not conceal that she had left Dr. Edna Weston half an hour before the murder.*

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

Peggy Ann Fraser was supposed to be out of town at the time Gwynn discovered her buying a hat. She gave her husband's jealousy as her reason for concealing her actions on the night of the murder. But why was she so anxious to incriminate Weston's mother?

shape, smaller than the circle that would be left by a man's heels. She asserted, finally, that it was a woman of less than average height, one who had little strength in her arms, who had murdered Maxine.

Immediately Andrew turned his attention to Weston's mother, forgetting that another woman might well be involved—the "Balloon Woman" who had been carrying a bunch of balloons and a small suitcase when she was seen turning into Maxine's bungalow on the night of the crime.

Gwynn again questioned Marzi, eliciting from him further information, but also disclosing the fact that he was concealing something from them. He denied that Maxine had had any caller except Barry Weston during the day of the murder, but seemed terrified when the question was asked. However, he gave them an important bit of evidence concerning a candy box which he had noticed on the table while Maxine was out to dinner with Weston. It contained typewritten letters, all in blue envelopes with the monogram "S. C. S." on the back.

Meanwhile Andrew had been trying to get in touch with Peggy Ann Fraser, Maxine's best friend, and it was Gwynn who discovered her whereabouts, and Captain Shelby who followed up that lead and asked Mrs. Fraser to call at Andrew's office. Shelby was with Andrew, Gwynn and Colin before starting out to discover where Doctor Weston had been on the night of the murder when the office telephone buzzed. Andrew answered it.

"Show her in," he said, and then added, to Shelby, "Wouldn't you like to hear what this Fraser woman has to say?"

John March entered with the pretty baby vamp I had seen earlier that day. She was dressed in a pale blue cloth suit trimmed with gray fox fur and a blue hat which brought out the troubled gray-blue of her eyes. Even Shelby, I thought, regarded her with less than his customary suspicion.

A strong odor of intensely sweet perfume permeated the smoke-laden atmosphere of Andrew's office as she greeted us with a fluttering eagerness that suggested a frightened bird.

She settled into the easy-chair Andrew proffered, laying a series of clanking gold paraphernalia on his desk.

Her glance, soft with unshed tears, seemed to be aware of us all as she breathed, in a fluty, highly inflected voice, "Oh, Your *Honor,* isn't it the most *ghastly* thing?"

Andrew spoke in a benign, fatherly voice. "I know it must be trying to you, as Miss Ainslee's friend, to discuss the subject of her"—he cleared his throat uncomfortably—"tragic end. But I know you will be glad to help us by shedding any light that you can on this sad affair."

Peggy Ann Fraser made a brave attempt to smile as she answered, still with breathless emphasis on the important words, that she had been *out* of *town,* just arrived in Hanaford that *morning,* and was simply bowled over by hearing the *ghastly news!* She was afraid she couldn't be of much *use* to His Honor, because she hadn't known a *thing* about it. She couldn't imagine how such a thing could have *happened*—to poor *dear* Maxine.

Andrew spoke in the same gentle, fatherly voice. "I was hoping you might be able to tell us something about Miss Ainslee's personal affairs. I understand you and Miss Ainslee were good friends."

Peggy Ann sighed. "The *best* of friends. I can't *tell* you how broken up I was when I *heard!*"

"I'm sure," said Gwynn, and there was a veiled quality in the politeness with which she said it, "that you must have been nearly prostrated by the shock."

"Oh, I *was;* only you can't do any *good* making yourself sick when it's all *over!* The world *must* go on!" She made no attempt to wipe away the tears which welled up in her blue eyes.

"At your home they said you were at Arrow Lake." Andrew interrupted what bade fair to become an emotional moment.

"Oh, I *was.* I was *so* run down Mr. Fraser said I just *had* to get away from *him* and the *baby* and the *house!* Although I *adore* them—but you know how it *is!* My sister lives up at Arrow and she is always *pleading* with me to visit her, and Mr. Fraser thought it would be just the *thing!* So I left early Wednesday morning."

"Didn't you return somewhat sooner than you planned?" asked Gwynn.

Peggy Ann divided her next remark between Gwynn and the mayor. "Well, you *see,* yesterday one of the kiddies started *coughing* and they suspected *whooping* cough! I thought of my own *dear* little kiddie and I just *couldn't* take the risk! So I took the *sleeper* back and arrived in *Hanaford* this morning—and the *first* thing that *greeted* me was the news about *poor* dear Maxine! If I'd stayed at Arrow I might not even have *heard* about it; you don't even get a *paper* up there!"

"Tell me, Mrs. Fraser, did Maxine Ainslee have any enemies?" inquired Andrew.

Peggy Ann raised her brows and looked off into space with a pretty expression of reflection. "*No*body who would have wanted to *kill* her, I'm *sure!*"

"But I infer she *did* have enemies. Will you tell us something about them?"

Peggy Ann bit her lip and looked up at Andrew. "Maxine was—well, she was *awfully* popular with men. She—well, she had a sort of *sex* attraction and she *knew* how to *use* it, if you know what I *mean.*"

"You mean she was a regular vamp?" Shelby assisted in clarifying the situation, and she smiled at him gratefully.

"Well, I didn't like to *say* it! Poor dear Maxine didn't believe much in *real* love, but she knew *how* to get a hold over men—and she didn't (*Continued on page 128*)

Another Adventure of

GALLOWS KEY

by

Rafael Sabatini

Illustrations by
Dean Cornwell

It is impossible now to determine whether Gallows Key took its name from the events I am about to relate, or bore it previously among seafaring men. Jeremy Pitt in his log gives no hint, and the miniature island is not now to be identified with precision.

All that we know positively, and this from Pitt's log of the Arabella, is that it forms part of the group known as the Albuquerque Keys, lying in ten degrees northern latitude and eighty-two degrees western longitude, some sixty miles northwest of Porto Bello. It is little more than a barren rock, frequented only by sea birds and the turtles that come to deposit their eggs in the golden sands of the reef-enclosed lagoon on its eastern side. This strip of beach shelves rapidly to a depth of some sixty fathoms, and the entrance to the lagoon is by a gap of not more than twenty yards in the rocky amphitheater which goes to form it.

Into this secure if desolate haven one April day of the year 1688 sailed Captain Easterling in his thirty-gun frigate the Avenger, followed by the two ships that composed his fleet: the Hermes, a frigate of twenty-six guns, commanded by Roger Galloway, and the Valiant, a brigantine carrying twenty, in charge of Crosby Pike, who once had sailed with Captain Blood and was realizing his mistake in making a change of Admirals.

You will remember this scoundrel Easterling: how once he had tried a fall with Peter Blood, when Blood was on the threshold of his career as a buccaneer, and how, as a consequence, Easterling's ship had been blown from under him and himself swept from the seas. But laboriously, with the patience and tenacity found in bad men as in good, Easterling had won back to his old position, and was afloat once more and in strength upon the Caribbean.

He was, in Peter Blood's own words, just a filthy pirate, a ruthless, bloodthirsty robber without a spark of even that honor which is said to prevail among thieves. His followers made up a lawless mob of mixed nationalities, subject to no discipline and obeying no rules save those which concerned the division of their spoils. They practiced no discrimination in their piracy. They would attack an English or a Dutch merchantman as readily as a Spanish galleon, and deal out the same ruthless brutality to the one as to the other.

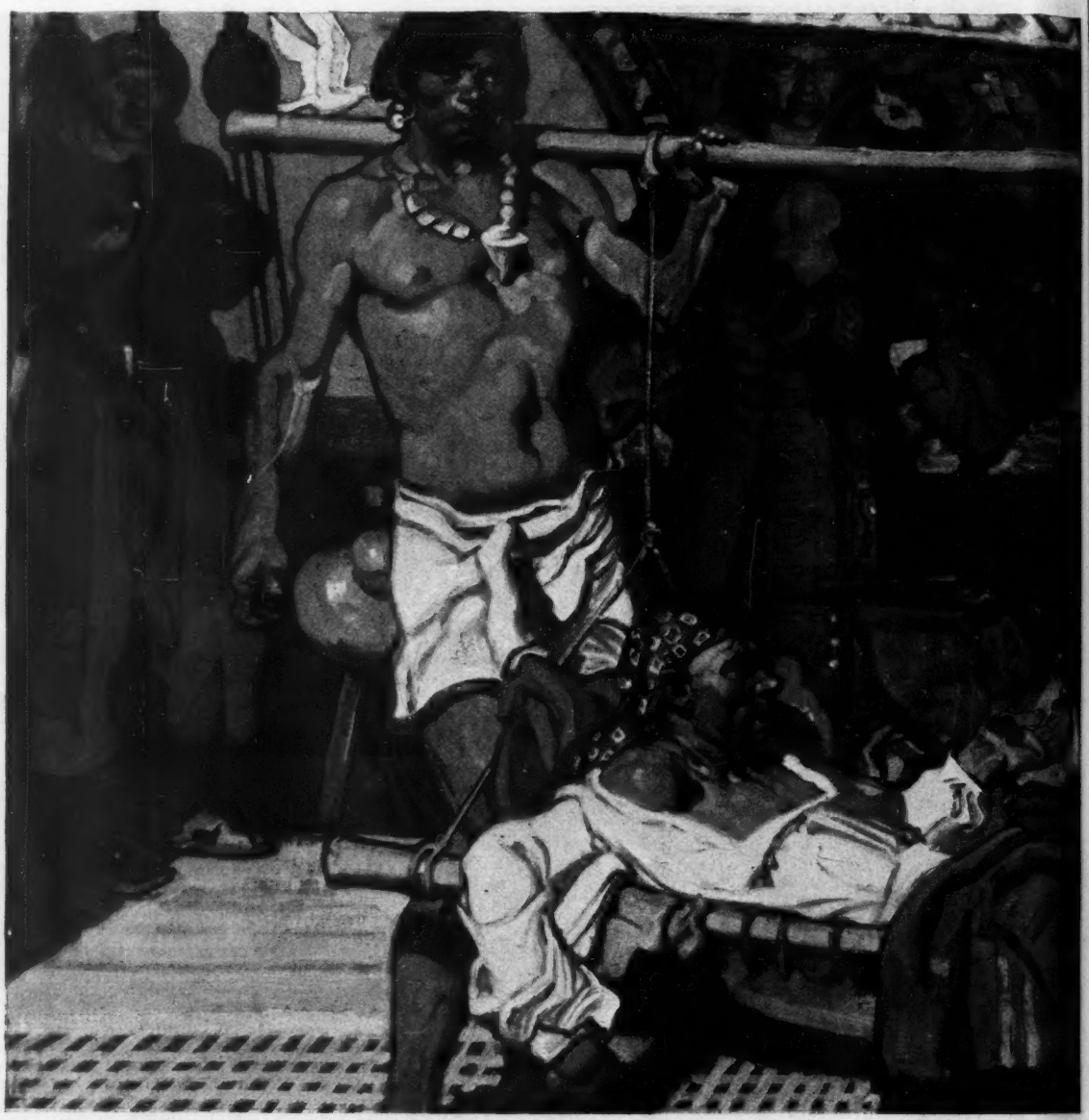
Notwithstanding his ill repute even among buccaneers, Captain Easterling had lured away from Blood's following the resolute Crosby Pike with his twenty-gun ship and well-disciplined crew of a hundred and thirty men. The lure had been the tale of Morgan's treasure with which of old Easterling had unsuccessfully attempted to beguile Blood.

Easterling had sailed with Henry Morgan and had been with him at the sack of Panama. It was well known that on the return march across the isthmus there had been all but mutiny among Morgan's followers on a suspicion that the booty divided among them was far from being all the booty taken. It was murmured that Morgan had secretly abstracted a great portion for himself. Morgan, becoming alarmed lest a mutinous search of his personal baggage should reveal the truth of the rumor, had taken Easterling into his confidence and sought his aid in what was to do.

CAPTAIN BLOOD, *Noblest* Pirate *of them* All

A long-drawn cry went up when the crew of Pike's ship perceived the limp body of their captain swinging from the yardarm of the Avenger.

"It *was a* black day, Captain Blood," *said the wounded* Cunley,



Between them they buried that treasure—a treasure of pearls and precious stones of the fabulous value of at least a half-million pieces of eight—at a spot on the banks of the Chagres River. They were to return to unearth it later when opportunity should serve. Morgan, however, swept by destiny along other profitable pursuits, was still postponing his return when death overtook him. Easterling had never returned because never before had he commanded the necessary force for the penetration of Spanish territory or the necessary strength of ships for the safe conveyance of the treasure once it were reclaimed.

Such had been the tale to which Blood had scorned to lend an ear, but to which Pike succumbed, in spite of Blood's warning against joining forces with so unscrupulous a rogue and his freely expressed conviction that no such treasure existed. Pitying Pike for his credulity, Blood bore him no resentment for his defection, and feared rather than hoped that the sequel would punish him sufficiently.

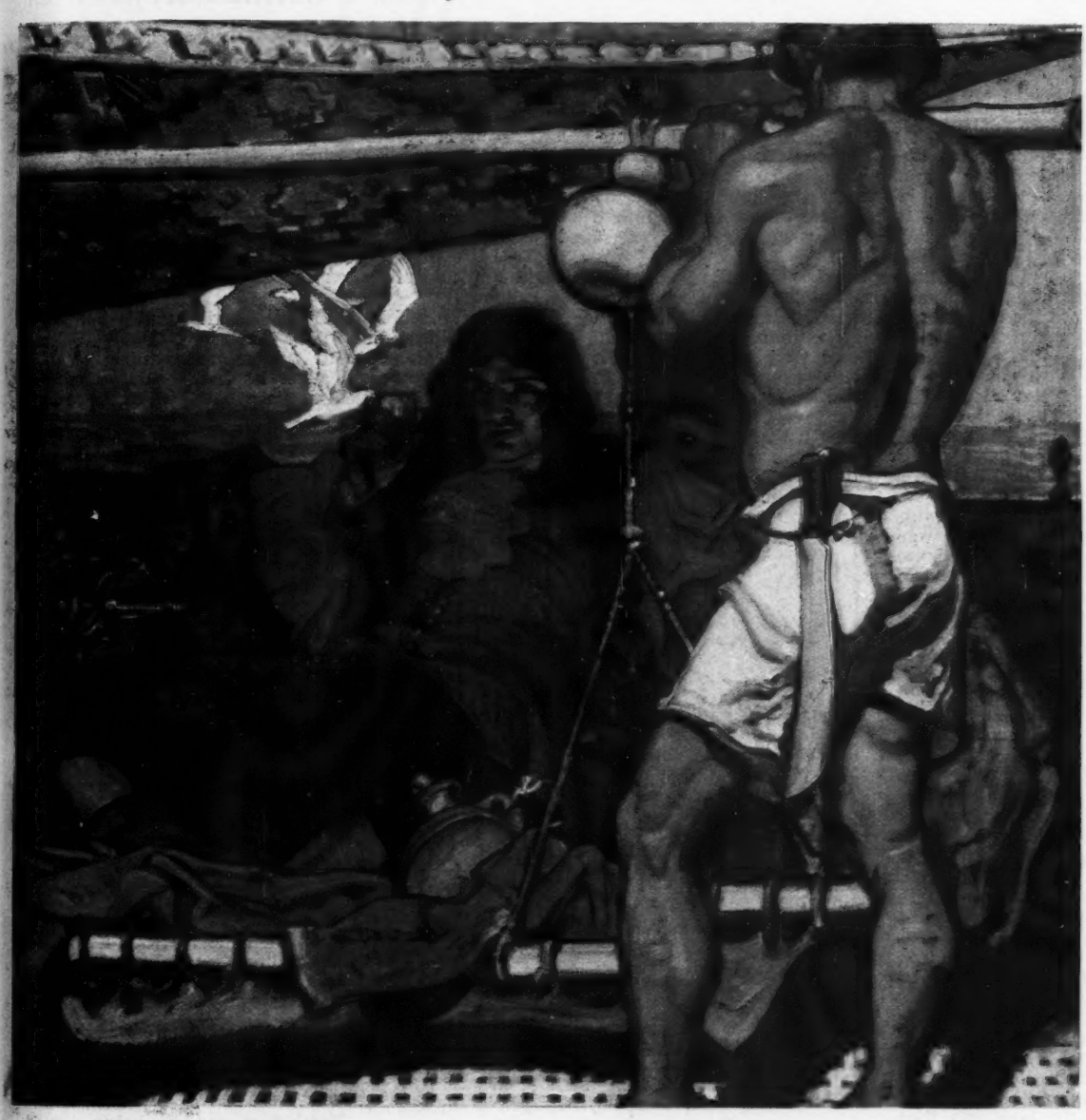
Blood himself at this time had been planning an expedition to Darien, whose object was a raid upon the Spanish gold fields of Santa Ana. But since Easterling's activities on the isthmus might put the Spaniards on the alert, he found it prudent to postpone the business.

His fleet, consisting in those days of three ships besides the Arabella, scattered and went a-roving without definite objective. This was at the beginning of April, and it was concerted that they should reassemble at Mosquito Keys at the end of May, when the expedition to Santa Ana could be considered anew.

The Arabella, going south by the Windward Passage and then east along the southern coast of Hispaniola, came, some twenty miles beyond Cape Tiburón, upon an English merchantman in a foundering condition. She was kept precariously afloat, so long as the sea was calm, by the shifting of her guns and all other heavy gear to larboard, so as to keep above water the gaping wounds in her starboard quarter. Her broken spars and fractured mainmast told an eloquent tale, and Blood imagined that Spaniards had been at work.

He discovered instead, when he went to her assistance, that she had yesterday been attacked and plundered by Easterling, who had put half her crew to the sword and brutally killed her captain for not having struck his colors when summoned to do so.

"*when the* Valiant *left your* Fleet, Treasure *or no* Treasure."



The Arabella towed the merchantman within ten miles of Port Royal, and daring to go no nearer lest she should draw down upon herself the Jamaica Squadron, left her there to complete alone what little remained of the voyage to safety.

That done, however, the Arabella did not sail east again, but headed south for the Main.

To Pitt, his shipmaster, Blood explained his motives. "We'll be keeping an eye on this blackguard Easterling, so we will, Jerry, and maybe more than an eye."

And south they sailed, since that was the way Easterling had gone. To the tale of his treasure Blood attached no faith.

He regarded it as an invention to gull such credulous fellows as Pike into association. In this, however, he was presently to be proven wrong.

Creeping down the Mosquito Coast, he found a snug anchorage in a cove of one of the numerous islands in the lagoon of Chiriqui. There for the moment he elected to lie concealed, and thence he watched the operations of Easterling, twenty miles away, through the eyes of friendly Mosquito Indians whom he employed as scouts. From these he learned that Easterling had cast anchor a little to westward of the mouth of the Chagres; that he had landed a force of three hundred and fifty men, and that he was penetrating with them into the isthmus. From his knowledge of Easterling's total strength, Blood computed that hardly more than a hundred men had been left behind to guard the waiting ships.

Whilst waiting in his turn, Blood took his ease. On a cane day-bed set under an improvised awning on the poop (for the weather was growing hot), the buccaneer found sufficient adventure for his spirit in the verse of Horace and the prose of Suetonius. When physical activity was desired, he would swim in the clear jade-green waters of the lagoon or landing on the palm-fringed shore of that uninhabited island, he would take a hand with his men in the capture of turtle, or in the hewing of wood to provide the fuel for the buccan fires in which their succulent flesh was being cured.

Meanwhile his Indians brought him news. First he learned of a skirmish between Easterling's men and a party of Spaniards who evidently had got wind of the presence on Darien of the buccaneers. Then came word that Easterling was marching back to the coast; a couple of days later he was informed of another encounter between Easterling and a Spanish force, in

which the buccaneers had suffered severely, although in the end they had beaten off the attack. Lastly came news of yet a third engagement, and this was brought, together with other precious details, by one who had taken part in it.

He was one of Pike's men, a hard-bitten old adventurer who had given up logwood-cutting to take to the sea. His name was Cunley, and he had been rendered helpless by a gunshot wound in the thigh and left by Easterling's retreating force to die where he had fallen.

Overlooked by the Spaniards, he had dragged himself into the scrub for shelter and thus into the hands of the watchful Indians. They had handled him tenderly, so that he should survive to tell his tale to Captain Blood, and they had quieted his alarm with assertions in their broken Spanish that it was to Peter Blood—Don Pedro Sangre, as they called him—that he was being conveyed. Tenderly they hoisted the crippled fellow aboard the Arabella, where Blood's first care was to employ his surgeon's skill to dress the man's hideous wound. Thereafter, in the wardroom, converted for the moment into a sick bay, Cunley told in bitterness the tale of the adventure.

Morgan's treasure was real enough. The buccaneers were bearing it back to the waiting ships, and in value it exceeded all that Easterling had represented. But it was being dearly bought; most dearly by Pike's contingent, whence the bitterness investing Cunley's tale. Going and coming they had been harassed by Spaniards and once by a party of hostile Indians. Further, they had been reduced by fever and sickness on that difficult march through a miasmic country where mosquitoes had almost eaten them alive.

Of the three hundred and fifty men who had left the ships, Cunley computed that after the last engagement, in which he had been wounded, not more than two hundred remained alive. But the ugly fact was that not more than twenty of these were men of Pike's. Yet he had brought ashore by Easterling's orders the heaviest of the three contingents, landing a hundred and thirty men and leaving a bare score to guard the Valiant, whilst fifty men at least had been left on each of the other ships. Pike's contingent had ever been placed in the van, so that it had borne the brunt of every attack.

It was not to be supposed that Pike had submitted to this without remonstrances. These had grown increasingly bitter as the ill continued. But Easterling, backed by his earlier associate Roger Galloway, who commanded the Hermes, had browbeaten him into submission, whilst the ruffianly followers of those two captains, by preponderance of numbers remaining at comparatively full strength, had easily imposed their will upon the dwindling force of the Valiant. If all her present survivors got back to the ship, the Valiant could now muster a crew of barely forty hands, whilst the other two combined a strength of nearly three hundred men.

"Ye see, captain," Cunley concluded grimly, "how this Easterling has used us. As the monkey used the cat. And now him and Galloway—them two black-hearted rascals—is in such strength that Crosby Pike dursn't say a word o' protest. It was a black day for all of us, captain, when the Valiant left your fleet to join that blackguard Easterling's, treasure or no treasure."

"Treasure or no treasure," Captain Blood repeated. "And I'm thinking that for Captain Pike no treasure it will prove."

He rose from his chair by the sick man's bed, tall, graceful and vigorous in his black smallclothes, silver-broidered waistcoat and full white cambric sleeves. His coat of black and silver he had discarded before commencing his surgical ministrations. He waved away the white-clad Negro who attended with bowl and lint and forceps, and, alone with Cunley, he paced to the wardroom ports and back. His long supple fingers toyed thoughtfully with the curls of his black periwig; his eyes, blue as sapphires, were now as hard.

"I thought that Pike would prove a minnow in the jaws of Easterling. It but remains for Easterling to swallow him, and, faith, it's what he'll be doing."

"Ye've said it, captain. It's plaguy little o' that treasure me and my mates o' the Valiant or Captain Pike himself'll ever see. The thirty that's left o' us'll be lucky if they gets away alive. That's my faith, captain."

"And mine, bedad," said Captain Blood. But his mouth was grim.

"Can ye do nothing for the honor o' the Brethren o' the Coast and for the sake o' justice, captain?" pleaded the sick man.

"It's thinking of it I am. If the fleet were with me I'd sail in this minute and take a hand. But with just this one ship——" He broke off, and shrugged. "The odds are a trifle heavy. But I'll watch, and I'll consider."

Cunley's opinion that it was a black day for the Valiant when she joined Easterling's fleet was now being shared by every survivor of her crew and by none more fully than Captain Pike himself. He had become apprehensive of the final issue of the adventure, and his apprehensions received the fullest confirmation on the morrow of their sailing from the Chagres, when they came to anchorage in that lagoon of Gallows Key to which I have alluded.

Easterling's Avenger led the way into that diminutive circular harbor and anchored nearest to the shore. Next came the Hermes. For lack of room within, the Valiant, now bringing up the rear, was compelled to anchor in the narrow roadstead. Thus again Pike was given the most vulnerable station in the event of attack, a station in which his ship must act as a shield for the others.

Perceiving the object of this disposition, Pike's sturdy young Cornish lieutenant, Trenam, who from the outset had been against association with Easterling, was not ashamed to urge Pike to take up anchor and be off in the night, abandoning Easterling and the treasure before worse befell them. But (*Continued on page 154*)

A Queen is Late

MARIE, Queen of Roumania, wanted American help for her country. She was invited to luncheon with President and Mrs. Wilson. "And," wrote Mrs. Helm at the time, "she did the worst thing she could in being nearly twenty-five minutes late . . . Nothing tries the President's temper like waiting or being late."

Read how *the Fate of a Nation hinged on a queen's tardiness!*

In the second installment of the letters written by Edith Benham, the Wilsons' social secretary, the important characters in the greatest drama in history are revealed to you through the eyes of an observant woman. And she shows you, as no other person has, the real human qualities of our war-time President.

- ¶ You read of his row with Clemenceau.
- ¶ You hear him speak of Lloyd George as a "slippery customer."
- ¶ You see Orlando weep over Fiume and threaten to withdraw from the Conference.
- ¶ You read of the first mention of Herbert Hoover for President—AS A DEMOCRAT.
- ¶ You hear about the spies in the Wilson household.
- ¶ You see the beginning of President Wilson's physical breakdown.

These are only a few of the startling incidents of Unrecorded History you will find in Mrs. Helm's letters in

September COSMOPOLITAN

The Better things of Life!

The Hollywood Pilgrimage of a Pure-Minded Youth

By ANITA LOOS

who wrote

"*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*"

Illustrations by Walter Van Arsdale

It was my mother who suggested that if New York or Chicago didn't appreciate my philosophy of Be Good, Do Good, Think Good, Act Good, perhaps Hollywood was the place for me. It *was!* I soon became Hollywood's favorite philosopher (you may have heard of Elmer Bliss), and then I set about telling the world the real truth about Hollywood—for instance, that there were thousands of homes in Hollywood where murder had never even been contemplated.

However, an unfortunate affair cropped up in which a man, Cal Barco, murdered seven women, and in trying to gloss over the sordid affair, I developed an enemy, a writer for a San Francisco newspaper who failed to share my enthusiasm for optimistic Hollywood. His name was Lansing Marshall. A bitter battle started between us when I began fighting for the Better Things of Life.

It developed soon that half of Hollywood was going to be involved in the murder trial, including little Viola Lake, the movie queen, whose thoughtless, girlish past was recounted in a diary which was in the hands of the district attorney. Lansing Marshall, in writing up the case, was certain to put the worst construction on everything. So I was elected by a committee of citizens to get Marshall out of town, and Goldmark Films even anted up $10,000.00 as an inducement to his departure.

As I stepped out onto beautiful Hollywood Boulevard to go to the Brown Derby Restaurant, meet Lansing Marshall and force him to leave town, I was furious. He had said in a filthy newspaper libel that the mass intelligence of Hollywood was æsthetically as lacking in taste as that of a five-year-old child, and I was so angry that I did not think it wise to encounter him without first letting my thoughts cool a trace. I was fearful that I might say something, in dudgeon, for which I should be sorry, and I well knew that my attack must be more on the Machiavellian order—a battle of wits, subtly conducted.

So I decided to walk to the Brown Derby Restaurant, in order to give myself time to get my thoughts in order. Hollywood childish and lacking in taste indeed!

Outraged, I parked my little car under one of the red plush, gold-fringed canopies in the garage across from Sid Grauman's two-million-dollar Chinese Theater, in front of which are the actual footprints of Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels, Buster Keaton and many other famous film stars, preserved for all time to come, by the Stars' having stepped into the cement, on purpose, while it was all wet. And of course Douglas, as usual, stood not only on his feet but on hands as well, the rascal, for there are his actual hand prints in the sidewalk, true as life.

Well, down Hollywood Boulevard I started on foot.

Hollywood Boulevard! What a Highway! There it lies, with a background of high, overhanging hills—hills that are God's masterpieces—and which we Hollywooders love so well that we crave to build bungalow homes in their bosoms! As a result, realtors have crowned them with the largest electric realty signs in all the world, and cut them up with amazing cleverness into subdivisions, so that some of the choicest residential plots hang there, almost in the clouds, at an angle of forty-five degrees, to be reached only by parking one's car some

little distance from the home and climbing the remainder of the way on foot.

Or sometimes, when one's "eyrie" is particularly remote, one even has to reach it on *hand* and foot, so that when an outsider is first taken to such a spot he frequently asks, "Why on earth did you build up here?" *BUT* when the visitor finally reaches the bungalow which crowns the apex, and looks down, the question answers itself, for one can see Hollywood *in its entirety* with one sweep of the eye.

In fact, those of us whose love for Hollywood is proved, and beyond being suspect, sometimes even permit ourselves to repeat a little comic story of a chap who was driving his car through the network of roadways sliced into those hillsides, when suddenly a man fell onto the hood of the car and exclaimed, "Darn it, that's the third time today I've fallen off my lot!"

But I was in no mood for the facetious that afternoon on which I fared forth to meet our enemy. I had started out *boiling* with indignation! However, presently, as I briskly walked along Hollywood Boulevard, electrified by its magic and deeply breathing in the warm, dry air, I began to feel less enraged and more cheery, for there is something about the very aspect of that old Boulevard which never fails to thrill!

There it stretches, like a strip of artistic carpetry which has been flung down in carnival spirit, outside some gay hacienda, in preparation for a feast. And the Feast is a Feast of Beauty, for that old street teems with the most glittering array of girlish loveliness the world has ever seen.

Girls from every country on earth, whose friends have said to them in every living tongue, "With your looks, you ought to be in the pictures." And in addition to those who have come "on their own," there are the Beauty-prize Winners who have been sent from every community in the world that is civilized enough to hold Beauty Contests.

Hollywood Boulevard! What Romance stalks its seething sidewalks! Today one of its myriad of little blondes is a mere stenographer. Tomorrow—she is a cinema star of world renown—her great dramatic genius having been discovered overnight by some well-known motion-picture director.

And the shops of Hollywood Boulevard! How they glow with every lovely thing our artists can devise with which to adorn our maidenhood, from dainty, diamond-studded, lace pocket-handkerchiefs to exquisite ermine bathing ensembles! For Hollywood styles are free from the traditions which hamper the Rue de la Paix. Our fashion designers are Artists who let their love of Beauty run riot among ruffles, spangles, puffs, feathers, fancy furs, and trimmings of every hue and tint, to adorn the sun-nourished bodies of our lovely girls.

Well, I walked briskly along, drinking it all in, but I resisted temptation to stop, as some bit of Art, other than that of feminine adornment, would seem to hail me from one intriguing shop window after another. Here a life-size marble statue of classic female form divine, holding out a bowl of goldfish—there an equally artistic hand-painted picture of an Indian maiden under the Harvest moon, done in phosphorescent paint, which would reveal its beauty even when one had to turn the lights out on it.

And in each and every window interesting testimonials from great motion-picture stars, written on their own intriguing photographs. Among them I twice caught glimpses of the smiling visage of Viola Lake, and I am afraid that twice I *did* loiter for a brief moment.

On one of the photographs Miss Lake had written a message of gratitude to her hairdresser. It said: "To darling Jim, who always does my hair." The other photograph was an Art study, posed in filmy draping revealing the lovely form, and the message read: "With fondest love to Mr. Dodd for the way he fixed my plumbing." Yet there are those who imagine that our famous film folk are thoughtless and ungrateful.

Well, presently, I realized that the old street had once

¶ Looking Lansing Marshall squarely in the eye, I said: "Marshall, you and I are enemies!"

¶ On Hollywood Boulevard there are girls from every country on earth, whose friends have said to them in every living tongue: "With your looks, you ought to be in the pictures."

more worked its witchery upon me, for I had gathered calmness and strength, and now Confidence placed strong hands upon my shoulders and forced my footsteps into quicker pace. By the time I arrived at the Brown Derby Restaurant my wits were marshaled into fullest battle array, and I was ready to face Hollywood's enemy with cool head, clear argument and a healthy contempt for his pernicious personality.

I entered the Brown Derby and looked about. Again a thrill! For at the luncheon hour it seethes with the collected Beauty, Brains and Wit of the entire motion-picture industry.

There, in person, eating their luncheon, sit famous film stars, scenarists, directors, composers, lyric writers, artists, designers, executives, and always a few visiting geniuses, or perhaps some members of royalty from the outer world. "And" (to quote from a famous book by Perley Poore Sheehan entitled, "Hollywood as a World Center") "among them will be one, or two, or three, more widely known than any human beings have been known since the world began."

Do I have to repeat such magic names as Doug, Mary, Cecil, Charlie, Jackie and Gloria and compare them to the less universally known ones of Voltaire, Goethe, Florence Nightingale, Garibaldi, Spinoza, Kosciusko, Parnell and Madame Curie, to make Mr. Sheehan understood? And do I also have to point out that the latter group of famous people lived in *different* countries at *different* periods of time, while the former are all alive at once, in the one single metropolis of Hollywood?

Well, be all that as it may, the fact remained that there was *one* enemy to Culture in the midst of all those world-famous souls eating their luncheon in the Brown Derby, and I had come to face him down. So I asked the head waiter to lead me to Marshall's table.

Now, I had never met Marshall personally, so on arriving at the table where he sat—most fortunately, alone—I introduced myself at once, saying:

"Marshall—I am Bliss!"

Marshall acknowledged my introduction with a rather friendly hospitality, for which I must say I was unprepared. Then, to my surprise, he asked me if I would do him the honor of sitting down and joining him for luncheon.

I refused, still standing, and looking him squarely in the eye, I said: "Marshall, you and I are enemies! I want to have a talk with you, but I'm first going to tell you that the purpose of my interview is to drive you out of Hollywood. So I don't want to break your bread!"

"Why, that's all right, old pal," he replied, with a cordiality which I'm free to admit was rather disarming. "After all," he went on, "we're just a couple of boys trying to get along. Sit down, and tell me all about it."

Well, I sat, and his invitation to luncheon was so insistent that I finally ordered muffins, prune whip and a cup of tea. Then, straightway I got down to business.

"Marshall," I began, "you *say* that you despise southern California and Hollywood, and all we stand for."

He replied that that just about sized the matter up.

"And yet, Marshall," I went on, "you have only to look about you at this very moment, to realize that *right here* (if I may be allowed a facetious simile) there are more brains under this old Brown Derby than have ever been collected in one spot at one time in the entire history of the world!"

"Wait a minute, Bliss, old boy," he broke in. "I'm afraid you're heading just the least trifling bit toward hyperbole."

Well, I did not wish him to think that I was prejudiced, so I spoke up and readily admitted that other periods in the world's history had had their famous groups.

I conceded, for instance, that Queen Elizabeth had been surrounded by Shakespeare, Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake. But I told him that the Elizabethan Era would certainly have been improved had it enjoyed the spirit of optimism which glows over our intelligentsia here in Hollywood.

"Given *that*," said I to Marshall, "the Elizabethan Period might have been productive of much more *cheerful* results. Of course, Elizabeth herself was a lifelong virgin, and to that splendid fact I pay full homage. But had the Elizabethan Era been granted a touch of Hollywood idealism, the tragedies of Shakespeare might have carried a more pleasing message; Lear and Shylock might have found peace and solace in a calm old age; Mary Queen of Scots might have got off on Probation; Raleigh might have thought twice before he popularized tobacco (a solace to those of us who use it in moderation, but a cause of untold harm to others); and Drake, the great Admiral, might have compromised with the Armada—a peace without victory—and spared the lives of thousands and thousands of Spanish sailor boys!"

Well, as I finished this unanswerable argument, I could see that Marshall was a trifle dazed, and I knew that I "had him going."

So, quickly following up my advantage, I launched into naming other famous artists and literati, here in Hollywood, in addition to those of the cinema, who glorify our spirit.

Folks like Ralph Waldo Trine, Carrie Jacobs Bond, Rita Green Breese, Esther Birdsall Darling, Ella Buchanan, Marah Ellis Ryan, Paul Swan and Ferdinand Pinney Earle, who never put pen to paper, scalpel to clay, note to bar-of-music, paint to canvas, or toe to dance-stage, without launching into a message of universal hope.

And then I quoted to Marshall a short passage from "Hollywood as a World Center," the revealing work which I have mentioned before, which states: "These people have made of Hollywood such a city of Refuge for writers of all kinds, dreamers of (*Continued on page 104*)

Best Laid

by Albert Payson

The job was done. Ridiculously easy it had been—except for its long and costly preparations. Horrocks had worked fifty times harder and a thousand times more perilously, in his day, for a mere fraction of the reward that was now to be his. The easiness of it half worried him.

He had let himself into John Damer's private office, through the well-paid connivance of the night watchman. Thanks to a slip of paper bought at much larger price from Damer's new secretary, he had opened the safe. Thence, after only a minute of rummaging, he had fished forth the thick sheaf of documents he wanted.

Virtuously, Horrocks had left untouched a plump roll of money lying in the same compartment. This bunch of letters he had pocketed was worth to him a whole safeful of money.

With them he could smash forever John Damer's political future and John Damer's home life.

For this handful of foolish letters, which Damer had written in his hot youth and had bought back at far more than he could afford to pay, and idiotically—or sentimentally—had failed to destroy, the Organization would pay a higher sum than Horrocks ever before had owned or dreamed of.

Horrocks had paid out money of his own, in goodly quantity, to find out where the letters were hidden and how to get to them. It had been an investment which was due to bring him a yield of many thousand percent.

John Damer, flamingly zealous candidate for mayor on the ever-recurrent Reform ticket—John Damer, who had wakened the masses to their own so-called misgovernment and who was due to sweep the city and to turn out the comfortably dishonest Old Crowd—John Damer would be damned forever by the publishing of these boyishly indiscreet epistles.

What matter if Damer had spent eleven upright years living down a month of boyish recklessness? The hordes of sheeplike voters and the reform leaders would see him as a miscreant. He would be snowed under—damned.

No wonder the Organization had jumped at Horrocks' offer and had met his exorbitant price so willingly! These letters were to be the Machine's salvation; their one hope.

Horrocks slipped the sheaf of papers into an inside waistcoat pocket; then made his way from the office and from the building, into the midnight downtown street. He boarded his parked roadster, and set it in motion for the last lap of his journey; for the delivering of his goods and the receiving of their price.

Boss Devenant and six of his counselors were waiting for Horrocks, in Devenant's country house, eighteen miles out of town. There, too, was waiting the certified check with which the Boss was to pay him for the delivery of the letters.

An easy ride of eighteen miles; then ten minutes in Devenant's library; and Horrocks could ride back to his own rooms, a comparatively rich man. Yes, it was all so easy that Horrocks—having no longer anything to worry about—began to worry.

Thus he drove with meticulous care through the almost traffic-empty downtown streets, and thence through the emptier uptown thoroughfares, and so out into the open country. He took no risks. He drove at a decorous speed that no traffic cop or state trooper could cavil at. He obeyed all signals. He gave every other car a needlessly wide berth. For an hour, that afternoon, he had wrought over his open roadster, to make certain it was in perfect condition for the short night run.

For fifteen of the eighteen miles, his way was over broad gray concrete roads. Yet he took the better part of an hour to traverse them. Thence, the route to Devenant's country house was along a dirt byway. Into this Horrocks turned; cutting down his cautious speed still further as the wheels bumped and the springs protested at contact with deep ruts. It was an abominable bit of byway.

Horrocks chafed at the delay incurred by such snail-like driving. Ahead of him waited fortune. Ahead of him fumed seven men who were watching in fidgeting profanity for his coming. Ahead, too, presently, stretched a smoother reach of roadway, vaguely visible in the radiance of his lamps.

He remembered the single good bit of road. From here to the railroad tracks it was safe to travel at something better than this maddening crawl. Horrocks put on speed. The strong little car glided forward as if grateful for a surcease from the bumps and joggling. The speedometer's figures shifted swiftly, from eleven to forty-one. Then——

The lamps revealed something athwart the narrow byway, just on the hither side of the single-track railroad line. It was a wooden tie: either thrown carelessly there by track-menders or lugged thither by mischievous boys.

Horrocks was almost upon the thing before he saw it. The sight jarred his jumpy nerves. He stepped heavily upon the foot brake—or thought he did. The thing he stepped on was the accelerator.

The roadster gave a frenzied leap forward. It smote the big wooden railroad tie; slued broadside, and at full speed smashed against a telegraph pole. Then it turned in air and crashed down on its side.

Horrocks was thrown from his seat by the impact of the car against the pole. He landed on his face, midway between the two rails of the track. The car, falling on the lower half of his body, pinned him under its dead weight. A surge of agony shot through his left leg, as the limb snapped, twig-like, under the vast burden dropped upon it.

There he lay, between the rails; his upper half free, his lower half hopelessly and helplessly pinioned.

His first numbness was pierced by a humming of the rail against which his head rested. There was a train coming.

In one direction he could look for more than a mile

Plans—

Terhune

¶ *The easiness of the job half worried Horrocks. A ride of eighteen miles, and he could ride back a rich man.*

Illustrations by
W. C. Hoople

down the straight track. All, there, was black with no faintest headlight glow. In the other direction, as his memory of the road told him, there was a sharp bend in the track around the base of a hillock, less than a hundred feet from the intersection with the byroad. From this side, then, the train must be coming; and judging by the swell of the humming, it was traveling fast. In another minute or less it would whirl around the bend, and bear down upon him in the darkness.

Horrocks' pain-scourged brain cleared, as ever it was wont to clear in the presence of instant danger. He thought logically and with timeless speed. The engineer might stop in time to keep from running him down, if only the victim could show a sharply arresting signal. The one signal visible in this black murk was a lantern or some other form of bright light.

Horrocks reached for the matches in his waistcoat pocket, though every motion was agony. He set his teeth, and rummaged his clothes for something to set fire to.

His hand closed on the only inflammable article he could find: the bulky envelope containing the John Damer letters.

"All that a man hath will he give for his life."

The words flashed from some long-unused corner of his memory as he crumpled letter after letter with fevered haste on the ground in front of him, heaping the entire lot together, and then adding to the pile the two or three big-denomination bills he always carried in a secret pocket in case of emergency.

With rock-steady hand he applied match after match to the heap. It caught; crackled; then burned in a high and clear flame—just as the locomotive's searing headlight butted around the bend.

For the first time in his life, Horrocks fainted.

He came to himself to find men hauling away at the roadster which pinned him to the track. Passengers were running up. The train's engineer was stooping over him, flash light in hand.

"You saw my flare!" mumbled Horrocks drunkenly. "Thank God, you saw it in time!"

"Flare nothing!" retorted the engineer, his flash light playing on the burnt-out mass of black embers. "If we had been coming around that curve at reg'lar speed, there'd never have been time to slow down for that. I never saw it, anyhow. We blowed out a cylinder head, just back yonder, and I yanked her to a standstill as quick as I could. That was when my headlight picked you up. Just as we came to a stop. Thank that cylinder head. Your flare didn't do a thing for you."

Horrocks gazed dully at the riffle of burnt-out messy black paper-ash. Then, for the second time in his life, he fainted.

Shattered

The Story So Far:

At his ill-fated dinner party Old Hector Champion had in some measure satisfied his insatiable curiosity about the lives of others. He had, for instance, discovered that Jim Towner's wife Fanny was in love with David Melbourn, when she betrayed her jealousy of another member of the party, Ruby Wintringham. Later, when all the guests had left, Old Hector had found a note Melbourn had written to Mrs. Wintringham. "Wait for me at home," it read. "I'll come no matter how late. I must talk to you." And from that he knew that Fanny had already lost Melbourn to the other woman.

Alone in his room, Old Hector, thinking over the events of his life, regretted that he had wasted the years of his youth, turning his back on love and marriage, so that now when he was old there was no one to carry on his line. No one, that is, except Philip Dantry, his nephew, the son of Patrick Dantry and Hector's sister Mary, who had died in childbirth. Hector had taken the child after Patrick had eloped with his other sister Nancy. Soon after the elopement Patrick had been lost in the crevasse of a glacier and Hector had not seen Nancy in more than twenty-five years. She was now Lady Elsmore and that very evening he had received a radiogram from her announcing her arrival in New York next day. He had told his old friend Savina Jerrold, who once long ago had wanted to be his wife, of Nancy's arrival and Savina had asked them to tea the next afternoon.

He was absorbed in these thoughts until he suddenly realized it was nearly three-thirty and Philip hadn't come in yet. Restless, the old man looked out into the storm. While he stood at the window he saw a motor draw up at the curb. Dimly through the snow he saw three men get out, dragging after them a bundle which they threw into a deep drift in the area way of the house opposite. Then, quickly and furtively, they climbed in again and the car drove off. The episode filled him with a curious sense of foreboding. He tried to sleep, but it was impossible because he kept thinking of his nephew.

Philip, meanwhile, was asking Janie Fagan, the actress, to marry him. She had that evening opened in a new play and he was afraid she'd never love him enough to give up her career. But Janie knew that if she married Philip

Janie Fagan

an instinctive actress, understood on her wedding day that nothing real had ever happened to her until love awakened her soul.

Illustrations by
McClelland Barclay

Glass

by Louis Bromfield

Jim Towner

As it dawned upon his muddled brain that someone had murdered Rosie, he knew he must escape a horrible scandal for the sake of his wife Fanny.

she'd be both rich and fashionable, and, being an ambitious young woman, she promptly accepted him. Later, afraid that someone might reveal her past to him and he'd be lost to her, she said:

"We'll be married tomorrow. Let this be our wedding night" . . .

While Philip's fate was thus being settled, David Melbourn, having broken with Fanny Towner, was asking Ruby Wintringham to marry him, telling her of his life of poverty, of his marriage with Verna Hostetter and their divorce. And Ruby, who had really loved only one man in all her life—her first husband, Fred Saunders, who had died—was suddenly aware of Melbourn's charm and in a confused way felt as if Melbourn was Fred Saunders returning to her after many years. She had married a second time, had been divorced and had gone into business to support herself and her son, who was Fred Saunders' child. She knew that Melbourn could give her all the things she longed for—but when she accepted him, it was the man and not his possessions that caused her to say yes . . .

Jim Towner had left Old Hector's early to hasten to Rosa Dugan, the night-club singer who made up to him for all he had missed in his marriage. Jim knew of his wife's affair with Melbourn and on account of their children it troubled him, but he was afraid to ask Fanny to give Melbourn up for fear he would lose Rosa, too. He stopped at a speak-easy on his way to the night club, and noticed bloodstains near its door. As he waited for his drink, he heard voices from a back room.

"Poor Sam . . . Who done it?" asked one.

"Dago Tony," another answered.

Towner left the place and went at once to the night club, where he was known as "Mr. Wilson." Rosa was singing as he entered the crowded room.

Rosa Dugan had been born Rosie Healy. She was a sister of Pat Healy, the doorman at Hector's apartment. Pat's wife was expecting a baby any moment.

At seventeen, Rosa had had a child; its father was a gunman, Tony Bruzzi. The baby had died and Tony had been sent to Sing Sing soon after their marriage. Rosa had not seen him for years—until recently. Then, for two weeks, they had had a wild renewal of their honeymoon. But one morning he had tried to stab her and she had sent him away for good.

She had not heard from him again until this night when she was called away from Jim to the reception room. Tony was there, looking haggard and dirty, and when she found a gun on him, she took it away and had him thrown out of the club, screaming and cursing.

Jim was asleep when she returned to her table and she could not arouse him. There was nothing to do but take him home with her. Fearing that Tony might come in and harm him, she put Jim to bed in her parlor, locked the door and hid the key in a cold-cream jar.

Her precautions were not in vain, for Tony did come back. When she refused to give him the key to her parlor, where Jim was sleeping, they fought and Tony choked her until she lay inert. Then he was filled with horror and grief at what he had done. He slipped out of the apartment, forgetting his cap in his desperate haste.

It was ironical that on this night of the death of his sister, Pat Healy's child, a little girl, was born . . .

When Melbourn said quietly, "Yes, I think that's true," and Fanny slammed the door in his face and ran up the stairs she did not know what she was doing. She wanted only to beat her head against the floor in a blind desire to hurt her body so that she might annihilate the rage and desperation of her spirit. In thirty-eight years she had never controlled herself and now, when for the first time in her life she was really hurt, she became simply a madwoman.

In her own room she flung herself down on the bed and burying her head in the lace pillows cried hysterically and dug her heels into the lace of the bedcover, ripping and tearing it. She became like a spoiled child, baffled, furious, and with no outlet save physical violence.

When the first outbreak of violence had worn itself out, she lay for a long time in a sensual coma, sobbing and thinking only of how cruelly she had been treated and that no woman had ever suffered as she was suffering; and when this mood was no longer of interest, she lay clenching and unclenching her hands, digging the nails into the palms and reveling in her hatred of Melbourn. She believed that she was glad it was finished and told herself that she was punished thus for having taken up with such a common brute and adventurer.

But in the same moment she knew it was his very ruthlessness that fascinated her, and when she thought of him she felt sick at the knowledge that she would never see him again except distantly. Then she told herself that the break had been only a passing quarrel and that he would telephone her or return to the house to make it up, and all the time she knew it was finished forever.

She wished he would return and abuse her because that would be less terrible than the flat parting which made the whole affair seem cheap and trivial instead of passionate and romantic. But she knew that when he saw her again he would bow to her politely as if she had never been any more than a passing acquaintance.

As she felt calmer she grew ashamed, telling herself that a year ago she could never have abased herself in this way or had such depraved feelings; but she knew too that a year ago she could not have imagined such passion and desire and jealousy because then she had not been in love with him. It was only since he had been her lover that she, Fanny Towner, had grown shameless and abandoned and miserable. She did not care any longer. She would do anything to have him back. Pride did not matter.

She kept telling herself it was Melbourn who had done this to her. He was responsible for her soul, and now he had left her as if she had been the dirt under his feet. And presently she began, bit by bit, to live over the whole affair from the moment she had first met him and thought him attractive.

She tried to convince herself that it was not she who had made the first advances, but she knew that in the beginning she had pursued him. She saw that at first she had not loved him any more than she loved Jim or any other man. In the beginning it was only curiosity and recklessness and boredom that had caught her.

She relived with a vicious intensity the afternoon of their first secret meeting. She remembered with a terrible vividness his love-making and the discovery that all her life with Jim had been mechanical and banal and sordid, without passion or romance.

After that day she could think of nothing but Melbourn. She could not endure it if he looked at another woman. She could not sit in the same room without watching him, although she knew it enraged him as nothing else could. She wanted to laugh hysterically when she thought of the silly, pale emotion she had once thought was love, and in the next moment she experienced a wild delight in the knowledge that in spite of all the suffering she had known something other women did not know.

She felt that she could not go on living unless she had him back and she began to make wild plans to capture him once more. But she knew that none of these plans would be of any use. When he had turned away at the door she knew that he was thinking, "I'm through. I've had enough." She began to cry again, pitying herself, and thinking, "Why must I suffer so? What have I done to deserve this? He is a selfish brute spoiled by all the women who run after him." And she hated all women and hated herself for being a woman.

Philip's Aunt Nancy

The clock struck two and then three, and slowly she knew that she had been right and that he would not telephone her or return.

He was probably sleeping quietly, or, worse, he was with that —— Mrs. Wintringham. At the thought she became wild again, and when this mood had passed, she sat up on the bed exhausted and empty of all emotion.

Then slowly she began to undress, allowing her clothes to lie where they fell, and she thought, "I'm a bad woman and there's no saving me now. I'll have a good time and go to the devil. Why should I care what people think? Having a good time is the only thing that matters. If only I'd discovered it sooner instead of wasting the best years of my life on a husband who is a lout." It was like being initiated into a mystery from which most women were excluded.

She experienced a triumphant delight in her own depravity, and looking at herself in the mirror, she thought, "This isn't Fanny Towner. This is some other woman. This isn't Fanny Towner who went to a convent. It's someone else. And what does it matter? Fanny Towner didn't know anything about living or love." And then she thought how thankful she was that she was pretty and had a beautiful figure instead of being a woman like poor old Savina.

But she saw, too, that there were dark circles under her eyes and sharp lines at the corners of her mouth, and she thought that now she was free of Melbourn she wouldn't suffer any more and look so old. Her mind slipped without reason to Nancy Carstairs, who was coming back from Europe after twenty-five years, and she thought, "She was right. She's had love all her life. It's love that keeps women looking beautiful and young. What difference does it make if she's had fifty lovers? She's probably stayed young and beautiful and charming. Nobody cares now what she did. She's lived, and I've never lived until I met David Melbourn. But I'm going to live from now on. I'm going to be like Nancy Carstairs."

At last, overcome by weariness, she put on her night clothes, and then did something she had never done before in all her life. Crossing the room, she opened the door which led through the dressing room into her husband's bedroom. The room was in darkness and she could not hear his breathing; she switched on the light.

The room was empty and the bed was turned down, but no one had slept in it. She stood for a time looking about her as if it were a strange room which she had never seen before.

For the first time she seemed to be seeing the prints on the wall. The door of the closet stood open and inside, in neat rows, stood Jim's riding boots and his shoes and his slippers—numerous, expensive and masculine.

Quickly she switched off the light and closing the door behind her went back to her own room, thinking, "He's out with some woman. Well, I can't blame him, but I didn't think he had it in him."

Her scorn of him seemed to abate and he became almost desirable to her. It struck her as odd that she should think of him in that way when he hadn't even entered her room in more than seven years. Maybe from now on when Jim entered the room she would even think of him as a lover.

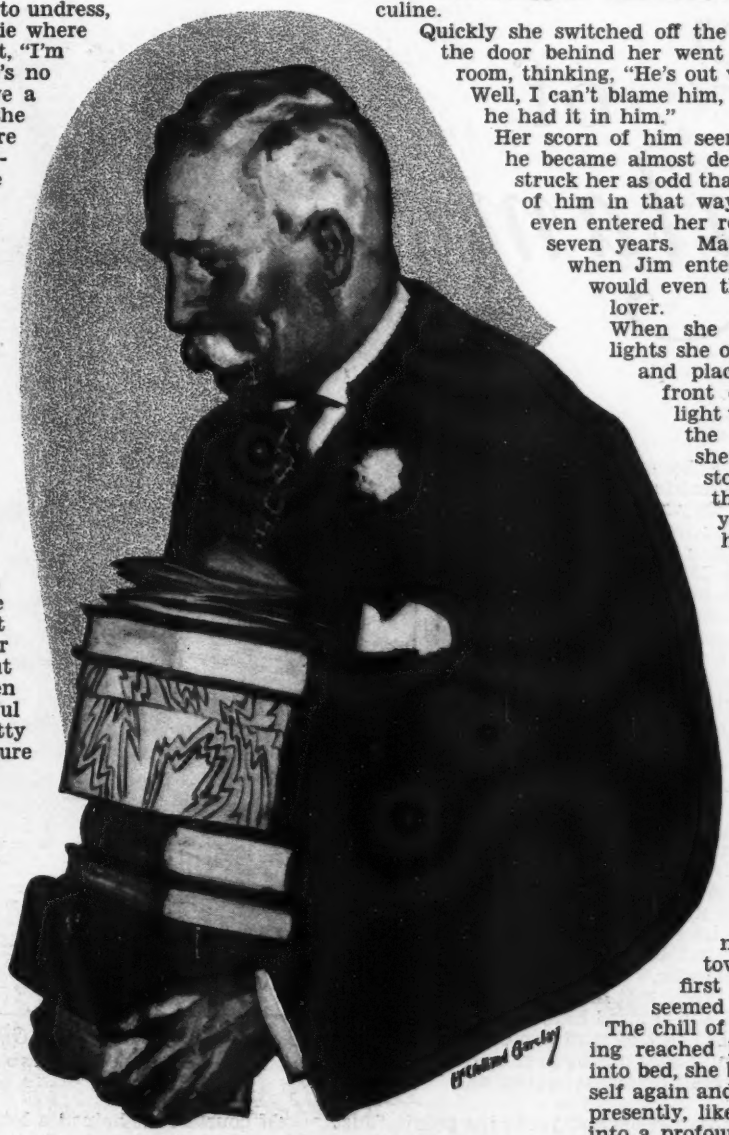
When she had put out the lights she opened the window and placed the screen in front of it so that the light wouldn't penetrate the room, and when she had done this she stood looking out of the window into the yard behind the house. Far away, through the flying snow, she saw tower after tower rising up and up until their summits were lost in the storm. Here and there lozenges of light made irregular geometric patterns in the black and gray. She had looked out of the window a thousand times before and never seen these towers. It was the first time that they seemed to her beautiful.

The chill of the winter morning reached her, and slipping into bed, she began to pity herself again and to cry softly and presently, like a child, she fell into a profound sleep.

Toward morning, as the snow ceased to fall, the cold, stealing in the window from the churchyard of St. Bart's, wakened Jim Towner. It crept in about his body, filtering insidiously through the blanket and the overcoat and the pink quilt and Rosie's mink cape, chilling and sobering him. He wakened dully with an aching head, not aware where he was or how he had come there.

Opening his eyes and shivering, he sat up on the edge of the divan and wrapped the pink quilt about his big shoulders. And then, slowly, he knew the room was Rosie's parlor and he knew that he had been drunk again.

Slowly fragments of the evening before began to return to him. He remembered (*Continued on page 158*)



Lord and Lady Elsmore

Sir John had had his love when he was young and as a comfortable widower of sixty had found exactly what he desired in Nancy, who once had thrown over everything for love of Patrick Dantry but long ago had given up love for the preservation of her beauty.

Miss Lochinvar of Kalamazoo

¶ *Traffic Officer Doyle had been vamped about two seconds," he began. But that*

Entering Lyemouth, which is in Massachusetts, motorists are greeted by a sign that suggests they keep at least one eye on the speedometer and watch their step. The girl driving the trim brown-and-tan roadster with the Michigan license plates saw the sign, but being typical of herself and her period, naturally did neither.

In other words, she was not the sort to bother much about traffic rules or to be unduly persecuted by traffic officers, they being masculine. Nevertheless, there are exceptions to every rule. For example, the motorcycle cop who, in Lyemouth, lurked in ambush ready to do his stuff.

"Didn't you see that sign?" he demanded, in a tone the girl didn't care for at all.

It assured her that he had been vamped by experts—and a lot of good it did them. He already had his notebook out.

"Or can't I read?" she added helpfully. "You forgot to ask me that one. But I can read, and I saw the sign."

"I take it you don't believe in signs," he put in, heavily sarcastic.

Her eyes, a cool green, met his. "Your line is simply terrible," she assured him. "If you are going in for that sort of stuff you ought to think up some new gags during your spare moments. That one has fallen arches and pyorrhea. It——"

His interruption was irrelevant, yet to the point. "Just let me see your license," he snapped.

"My license?" she echoed and knit her pretty brows. "Oh, yes; now, let me see, where can it be? Under the seat? Or in my bag? I know I had it only yesterday because a state trooper in New York asked to see it. But he was perfectly darling about it; just asked me to ease up a bit."

He grunted. "He may be easy, but *I'm* not."

"I know," she confided. "I'm psychic and I knew the second I saw you what you were like. But perhaps it's not your fault; it may be your glands."

He glared at her. "Pull over to the side of the road," he commanded in a manner that suggested that he was a King in Babylon and she his Christian slave.

She gave him a cool stare. "Are you speaking to me?"

"Who do you think I'm speaking to?" he exploded.

"I just wanted to be sure. And being sure, let me say this. You may have a perfect right to stop me for my license, but you have absolutely no right to talk to me as if I were a criminal. Do you get the idea?"

Of course that helped a lot. He looked as if he were about to pop a couple of blood vessels. But she didn't care. He annoyed her.

"If I don't see your license in about two seconds——" he began.

But that she had expected. The license appeared as if it had been up her sleeve, like a prestidigitator's rabbit. She held it under his nose. He blinked at it; then snatched it.

It informed him that she was Theodora Green, of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Or was she? He looked her over to verify the description.

"Age twenty-two; color white; height five feet three inches; weight one hundred and twelve," she assured him sweetly. "Eyes green; hair fair—the curl is natural, by the way. Are you satisfied?"

He was, simply because he had to be. The license checked up and told him all he had any right to know. But only half of what he needed to know.

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

By Royal Brown

by experts, and a lot of good it did them. "If I don't see your license in Jade had expected. The license appeared as if it had been up her sleeve.

She certainly should have worn a sign herself: "Traffic Officers Take Care."

To begin with, although her name was Theodora, until she had come East to college she more often had been called Teddy.

When she returned, she had been definitely "Jade" Green to everybody but her parents.

"Jade?" her father had echoed incredulously. "That is certainly a fine name to select!"

"I didn't; it was wished upon me," she had explained. "Don't you like it? Why not?"

"Look it up in the dictionary," he had suggested.

"You mean that it means, among other things, a hussy?" she had asked. "Of course, there may be something in that, but let's hope for the best. It also means a green stone, hard and compact—don't you think we're getting warmer? Capable of a fine polish—think of all college is doing for me—and used for ornamental purposes." She had flickered an eyelid at him. "Of course, being modest, *I* won't say I'm ornamental. Still——"

Her father had grinned in spite of himself. "You *are* a jade," he had assured her.

The name did not displease her. It was odd, different. It focused attention on her. Not that she needed that. This wasn't because she was so astonishingly pretty; she wasn't. But there was an air about her, from the crown of her adventurous head to the trim toe that had that deplorable habit of stepping on the gas.

She was even popular with her own sex. And prominent among them, too. When she was graduated the college yearbook had said, in part:

> Theodora Green—or Jade Green, if you please. Everybody knows her. And the things she has done! Editorial boards and Student Government Boards. Senior Guidance Committee. Athletics and what have you. The list goes on. The old college won't be the same when . . .

Collegiate hyperbole, of course. Just the same, it was enough to reveal a personality at once colorful and charming to almost anybody.

But not to Traffic Officer Doyle of the Lyemouth Police Department. It was his intention, this brown-and-scarlet October afternoon, to stick a summons on her and he should worry who she was—or thought she was.

And Jade knew it. Perhaps Richard could fix it for her.

Richard was the man she had driven from Michigan to see. His other name was Warren and he was presumably to be found in Lyemouth unless he had taken cyanide or jumped overboard since writing her. The last letter she had received from him had suggested things like that. It had been about as optimistic as a page from a Russian novel.

They had met the previous May at a Prom. Jade had not been Queen of the Prom, but two minutes after Richard had met her the Queen was dead so far as he was concerned.

It had happened just like that.

"Is there any chance of ducking all this?" he had asked Jade.

She had given him one of those direct glances that

were not the least of her charms. "Why?" she had demanded.

"It annoys me," he assured her. "Too many people; too much music——"

"And I thought it such a nice party," Jade mourned maliciously. "I'm so sorry; it's all my fault."

"It's your fault," he broke in, "because——"

"Because I'm chairman of the Prom Committee," she suggested sweetly.

Richard had weathered that well. "It's strange," he commented. "I wear a number nine shoe and yet whenever I open my mouth I can put my foot in it any time, anywhere, without the slightest trouble."

"Oh, I admire your frankness. It's refreshing."

"Really?" he had inserted deftly.

Jade gave him another quick glance. "Are you going to be personal?"

"I'd like to," he assured her, with fervor.

That was enough to interest anything feminine, yet: "I'm sorry it isn't possible to listen just now," she said. "It will have to be postponed until later."

"How much later?" he demanded. "I'm due back among the hills of old New Hampshire tomorrow. I may not be able to get down again."

"Oh, well, come back in half an hour, then. And you can tell me that my nose is too short."

But he had told her nothing like that. They had gone out under the May stars and found a car.

"Perhaps I should warn you that I'm chairman of the Student Guidance Committee," Jade murmured, as they settled themselves. "And like Cæsar's wife, I must be above reproach."

This in case he had any mistaken ideas. But apparently he hadn't. He was just nice. So nice that Jade forgot the lapse of time and stayed longer than she had intended.

"Well, is *he* your dramatic crisis?" her roommate had inquired, toward three the next morning.

"We didn't get that far in the history of his life," retorted Jade.

"I see; it's in installments. When do you get the next?"

"He's afraid he won't be able to get down again before I go back West."

"I'll bet you that pair of stockings of mine you have on now he will," her roommate assured her.

Jade had not taken the bet. And of course Richard had come again. *And* again. The second time had left them more or less engaged. More or less, because Jade had been on two finance committees and knew her credit and debit sheets.

They kissed, as Adam and Eve did in the beginning. But presently they had sat under a June moon and talked—economics.

"I suspect I'll never be a millionaire," he had confessed.

"'A being of superior intelligence, regarding humanity with an eye of perfect understanding, would discover that life is enjoyed every bit as much in the slum as in the palace,'" quoted Jade, revealing one advantage of a college education. "Not that I mean Lyemouth is any slum, but——"

"You're a sweetheart!" he had said huskily and irrelevantly, yet to the point.

He told her all about Lyemouth that night. How once it had been a port for tall ships and their masters. Of course there were no clipper ships there now save those that, in miniature, served as weather vanes on some of the ancient barns; but many of the old sea captains' houses still remained, flanking broad, elm-shaded streets.

"And then there are the summer colonies, too," he had added.

This was important to them because in Lyemouth lay their future. It had been Richard's impression, back in June, that a live young man just out of college might do better selling real estate in Lyemouth than stocks in New York or bonds in Boston.

"If you make it half as attractive to other people as you have to me you'll come through flying," Jade had assured him.

He certainly had done a good job that night. She sensed Lyemouth's sleepy charm. Pictured its cliffs and its marshes; the sea gulls wheeling in the sunshine. The mist coming in from the sea; a shimmer of gold on the harbor. The ancient houses; the lift of slender church spires.

"And we can drive into Boston for shows and symphonies and things like that, you see," he had offered her as an additional bribe.

Jade had needed none. It had been an awful wrench, that parting back in June.

"I'll write every day; will you?" he had said at the end.

"Let's not be so definite as that," she had replied wisely. "Just write when you feel like it."

"In that case you'd probably get a dozen letters a day."

"I'd love it, but you've got to work, you know."

He did. "This summer will tell the story," he had admitted.

They had written nearly every day, anyway. And at first, aside from missing her so much, he had been quite gay and optimistic. More recent letters might have prepared her for the one that brought her East in mid-October. The end of the season for all real estate operators in Lyemouth, summer being their harvest time.

The end of everything—for Richard.

It's no use kidding myself (he had written her). There is more competition and less business here than I realized.

In fact, I begin to see why my predecessor was willing to sell out. I thought he was going to retire on the money he made here. Now I suspect he is using the money I paid him for this business to make a fresh start elsewhere.

I've done my darnedest. I don't think it's just because I'm a complete crash. No one is doing much business. In fact, there are so many houses for rent or for sale here that we all got together and took down our For Sale or To Rent signs, so casual visitors wouldn't think this was beginning to be like Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

I can't understand it, Jade. Lyemouth has everything. Charm and color and accessibility. But the place is jinxed—or I am.

At that point he had paused. And then, being human and masculine and very young, with his perspective badly warped, he had set his teeth on the stem of his pipe and:

I suppose there is no use dodging the facts (he had resumed). I've sunk the little money I had in this agency. I can choose between letting it go or sticking it out another summer. Whether it will be any better here then, I don't know. My ideas about this place were all wet.

The only thing I'm sure of is that it certainly doesn't seem fair to ask you to wait for—well, for heaven knows how long. You're too much everything that's charming to waste your life waiting for any man.

From that point on it was pretty bad. He was on the toboggan and he went through to the bottom.

The letter came to Jade at the breakfast table. She read it through—twice.

"Is it—is it bad news?" asked her mother finally.

"That depends on the viewpoint," replied Jade. "I know you and Father never wanted me to be engaged——"

"You mean the engagement is broken?" interrupted her mother.

"The man has jilted me," said Jade. "Cheer if you must."

Her mother didn't. Instead: "Don't feel too badly," she said.

But Jade was not even listening. "I think I'll go East," she murmured.

Her mother gasped. "Theodora Green! You don't actually mean——"

"Are you about to say that it would be unmaidenly?" demanded Jade, direct as ever. "Because if so, what of it? Ricky is terribly in the dumps. Whether it's as bad as he thinks I don't know, and the only way to find out is——"

"B-but," began her mother.

¶ Jade had not been **Queen** *of the Prom, but two minutes after Richard met her the* **Queen** *was dead so far as he was concerned.*

Jade's eyes met hers. "If it were you or Father I'd go at once if you needed me," she said. "Ricky doesn't say *he* does, but I know he does. And I happen to care for him, you see—and I'd feel like a split infinitive if I just sat here and did nothing."

"But think of what people will say!" wailed her mother.

"We'll keep it dark," promised Jade. "You can let it be known that your dutiful daughter is driving East to attend a college reunion or to buy a new fall outfit or something important like that."

"But Jade, your father!"

"Will undoubtedly throw a fit," acknowledged Jade. "I expect that. But if he tells me I can't take the car, that will be his hard luck. I'll hitch-hike and sell post cards or something if necessary." Naturally, it had not been necessary.

Jade frankly admitted to her parents that she had no idea what she was going to do when she arrived. But a little thing like that never bothered her.

She had not even written Ricky she was coming. She took him by surprise.

"Jade!" he gasped, coming to his feet so suddenly that his chair toppled. "Where on earth did you come from?"

"I'm Miss Lochinvar—from Kalamazoo," Jade answered.

Then—the poor lamb was beautifully tanned but he looked almost desperate—she went straight to his arms. It was as well, perhaps, that (*Continued on page 124*)

The Witch's

The quarrel between Mère Tirelou and my young friend Philippe Ardet grew out of the fact that he had fallen in love with Maguelonne, the old woman's granddaughter.

Although Maguelonne was past nineteen, by far the prettiest girl in the village, she had no suitors among the local youths, for the native peasants of Les Baux, this savage mountain hamlet in the south of France which I had been visiting at intervals for years, were steeped in superstition and believed that old Mère Tirelou was a *sorcière*, a sort of witch.

Maguelonne, orphaned by the war, lived alone with the old woman in an ancient tumble-down stone *mas*, somewhat isolated from the village proper, among the ruins of the seigniorial castle close above it, and gossip whispered that Mère Tirelou had involved the girl, willingly or unwillingly, in her dark practices. They were not persecuted or hated—in fact, the peasants and shepherds of Les Baux and the surrounding mountainside sometimes consulted Mère Tirelou in certain emergencies—but save for such special consultations, paid for usually with a rabbit, a jug of wine or oil, the old beldam and her granddaughter "apprentice," if such she really was, were generally avoided if not actually disliked and feared.

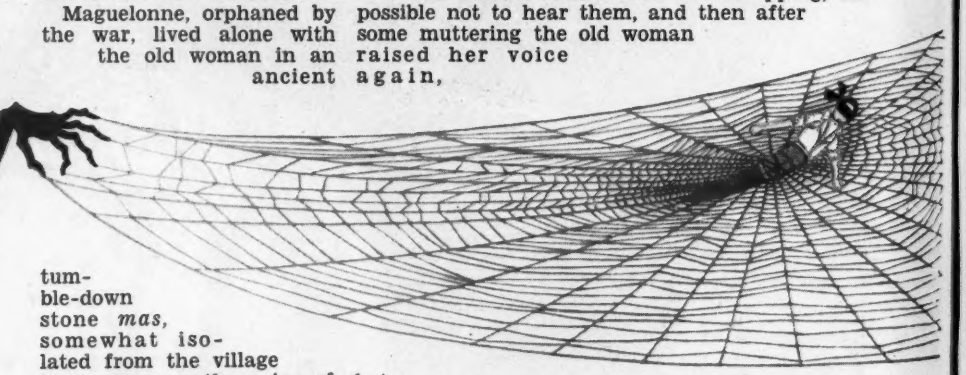
Philippe, however, who considered himself to be now of the great world—he had been to technical school in Marseille and was working in an airplane plant at Toulon—regarded all this local superstition as stuff and nonsense. He had come up vacationing from Toulon on his motor cycle. We had known each other at Les Baux the previous summer. He and I were now staying at the same little hotel, the Hôtel René, perched on the edge of the cliff, run by Philippe's aunt, Madame Plomb, and her husband Martin. And Philippe, as I have said, had fallen in love with Maguelonne.

This was the situation, briefly outlined, when the strange series of events began which first involved me only as a chance onlooker, but finally as an active participant.

They began one hot mid-afternoon when I lay reading in my room, which was in an angle of the wall with windows overlooking the valley and a side window immediately above the medieval rampart gate from which the road serpentined downward.

Close beneath this window, all at once, I heard and recognized Mère Tirelou's querulous croaking voice raised angrily, and Philippe's in reply, half amiable, half derisive.

It was hazard rather than eavesdropping, impossible not to hear them, and then after some muttering the old woman raised her voice again,



but this time in such a curious, unnatural tone that I got up to see what was occurring.

They were standing in the sunshine just beneath the window, he tall, blondish, ruddy, tousle-haired, bareheaded, in knickers and sport shirt; she gray, bent and hawk-like—bat-like, rather, in her Arlésienne *coiffe* and cloak, with arms outstretched barring his path. And she was intoning a weird, singsong doggerel, at the same time weaving in the air with her claw-like hands:

"Go down, go down, my pretty youth,
But you will not come up again.
Tangled foot will twist and turn,
And tangled brain will follow.
You will go down, my pretty one,
But you will not come up again.
So tangle, tangle, twist and turn,
Cobwebs and spider webs are woven."

She was now no longer barring Philippe's path but standing aside, inviting him to pass, so that her back was turned to me, while Philippe stood so that I could see his face and the expressions which flitted over it—first an interested, incredulous, surprised attention as if he couldn't believe his own ears, then a good-humored but derisive and defiant grin as the old woman repeated her doggerel.

"No, no, Mère Tirelou," he said, laughing. "You can't scare me off with stuff like that. Better get a broomstick if you want to drive me away. Save your cobwebs and incantations for Bléo and the shepherds."

So with a defiant, gay salute and an *au revoir* he was

A Tale of Black Magic

by W. B. Seabrook

Vengeance

Drawing by Erté

off down the road whistling, while the old woman screamed after him, "Down, down, down you go, but not up, my pretty boy; not up, not up, not up!"

I watched Philippe descending the winding road into the valley while Mère Tirelou, leaning over the parapet, watched him too, until he became tiny far below and disappeared behind the orchard wall which skirts the road by the pavilion of the Reine-Jeanne. Then she picked up her stick, called Bléo her dog, and hobbled in through the gate.

"So," thought I, "that old woman really believes herself a witch, and probably thinks she has put an effective curse on Philippe!"

But it didn't occur to me to be in the least disturbed. I knew, or thought I knew, a good deal about witchcraft technically. I believed it all reduced finally to suggestion and auto-suggestion. I had known it to produce tangible results, but only in cases when the victim himself (usually among primitives or savages) was deeply superstitious and consequently amenable to fear. I felt absolutely sure that complete, hard-headed, skeptical disbelief, derision, laughter, constituted a stronger "counter-magic" than any amount of exorcism and holy water, and therefore it did not occur to me for an instant that Philippe could be in the slightest danger.

Holding these convictions, and therefore regarding the safe return of Philippe as a foregone conclusion, I thought little more of the matter that afternoon; finished my reading, dined early, strolled to the top of the cliff to watch the sunset, and went early to bed.

Usually after ten o'clock at night the whole village of Les Baux, including the interior of the Hôtel René, is sound asleep and silent as the grave. It was the noise of hurrying footsteps clattering along the stone floor of the hotel corridor which awoke me late in the night, but at the same time I heard lowered voices in the road beneath my window, saw lights flashing, heard sabots clacking along the cobbled street.

I struck a light, saw that it was shortly past midnight, dressed and went downstairs. Martin Plomb was talking to a group of neighbors. His wife was standing in the doorway, wrapped in a quilted dressing gown.

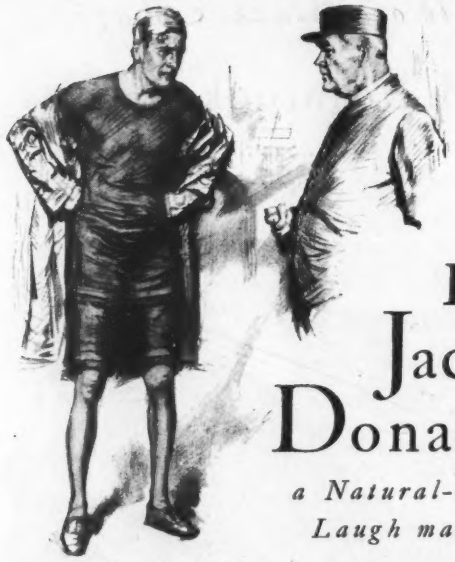
"What has happened?" I asked her.

"We are worried about Philippe," she replied. "He went for a walk this afternoon down in the valley, and he hasn't returned. They are going to search for him. We thought nothing of it that he didn't come back for dinner, but it is now past midnight and we are afraid he may have had an accident."

Already the men, in groups of twos and threes, some with old-fashioned farm lanterns, a few with electric flash lights, were starting down the mountainside. I joined Martin Plomb, who was at the gate instructing them to go this way or that and to keep in touch with one another by shouting. He himself was going to search upward on the other slope, toward the Grotte des Fées where Philippe sometimes climbed, fearing that he might have fallen down a ravine. I went along with him . . .

It was just before dawn, after hours of fruitless search, that we heard a different shouting from the head of the valley. I could not distinguish the words, but Martin immediately said, "They've found him." We worked our way across and climbed toward the road along which we now could see lights flashing, returning toward Les Baux.

They were carrying Philippe on an improvised litter made with two saplings and pine branches interwoven. He was conscious; his eyes were open; but he seemed to be in a stupor and had been unable, they said, to explain what had happened to him. No bones were broken nor had he suffered any other serious physical injury, but his clothes were (*Continued on page 103*)



"Dear

The Letters of a

By Jack Donahue

a Natural-born Laugh maker

In the first installment of these letters, you found Jack starting out on his career as a dancer and straightway meeting a French girl, Adrienne La Tour, who was on the same bill doing a turn with a dog. Jack fell for her, which worried his ma considerably. Then Adrienne's booking took her to another town, leaving Jack disconsolate, but he begged her to write him in care of his mother.

Charlestown, Mass.
May 1st, 1910.

Dear Son:

After all I told you about not using this address you went and gave it to that La Tour woman anyway. Your father says not to drag us into any of your affairs.

We both know there must be something serious between you two. Nobody is spending two dollars for a phone call just to find out how a person is feeling.

Why should you be worrying about anyone who's been taking care of themselves as long as she has? If that Bouvet woman is any older than Madame La Tour, she must be my age at least.

If I had known you were going to be in Taunton you could have stayed with your aunt Ann. She's your father's sister and I'm sure it wouldn't have cost you a penny. Her husband's name is O'Toole and I think he's in the grain business. Be sure and look him up. Your father says not to but I think it's no more than right.

I'm glad you finally got sense enough to go to a rooming house and save that money but I wouldn't pay too much attention to that landlady. Her husband may not be dead and she may not have a husband in the first place. If you remember, there was a whaler's wife mixed up somewhere in that trunk murder in Gloucester. You'll do well to forget all that French nonsense; it's English lessons you need. I can't make out a lot of things you say in your letters.

I want to ask you something, son. It's about your cousin Florrie. She's been running around with a fellow named Fred Carter and she's got her mother worried. What do you know about him?

Didn't you get paid in South Framingham? Even if you have only been working a week, you could have sent something if you hadn't been galavanting around with actresses and stopping in the best hotels. I don't see how that iron money would have bothered you so much, for the little time you hold it anyway it wouldn't be too heavy. Don't you dare to get a trunk until you pay all your bills up. Those bags were all right for your father so they should be good enough for you.

It's a wonder you wouldn't ask for the rest of your family once in a while when you write. We're having a lot of trouble with little Joe. The truant officer was around again yesterday. Write Joe a letter. You're his favorite and maybe you can get him to go to school.

Your fond Mother

New Bedford, Mass.
May 3rd, 1910.

Stopping at Bristol house.....rate (reg. $2 room) for	$1.00
Fare from Taunton.....	.44
Tips (Fresh porter—no tip) bell hop.....	.15

HATHAWAY'S NEW BEDFORD THEATER

No. 1. Ferry the Frog (Great contortionist. Good for small or big time)
No. 2. De Marr sisters (Very small timey, could never play better houses)
No. 3. Earl & Maxwell (High-class sketch)
No. 4. Jack Donahue
No. 5. Italian Troubadours. (Operatic act. Too high-class for here)

Dear Mud:

Not a word from Adrienne yet. It's got me worried sick. I called her twice last night on the phone and she

I'm walking across the lobby when one of the bags busts and there's my stuff laying all over the floor. I wouldn't have minded these yokels so much but just then the De Marr sisters came in.

"Mud"

Hoofer *to his* Ma

Illustrations by
Will Grefé

was out both times. The second time it was just two o'clock. Now you know yourself, Mud, there must be something wrong, because she always comes right home as soon as she leaves the theater. I told the clerk at her hotel to have her call me tonight and reverse the charges. All I can do now is wait.

Can you imagine me on that platform tonight, trying to make people laugh?

It's just like that sketch about a fellow called Pagliacci. I haven't seen it yet, but I hope I land on a bill with it sometime. They say it would tear your heart out.

You know I've been telling you right along that I had to get a trunk. Well, just what I was afraid of happened to me yesterday. I got off the train at New Bedford and went right to the hotel, the Bristol House, and

I'm walking across the lobby when one of the bags busts and there's my stuff laying all over the floor. At first I was going to keep right on walking like I didn't own it, but it's all my best stuff so I have to pick it up with Mr. Wrigley the owner and everybody else in the place watching me and having a good laugh. That's their idea of comedy up here.

I wouldn't have minded these yokels so much but just then the De Marr sisters came in. They're on the same bill with me and they told everybody at the theater about it. I'll sure be glad to get away from here.

They say the British nearly wiped this town out in 1778. I'm glad they didn't but it certainly would have saved me a lot of heartaches and the worst part of it is I won't be able to get a trunk this week either. I had to get a pair of shoes in Taunton and it left me a little short. They cost me eight dollars but you couldn't find a pair like them in this country. They're made of patent leather and the tops are some kind of brown cloth with mother-of-pearl buttons. They've got custom toes and the longest points I ever saw. They're a great flash and I notice everyone staring at them in the street.

The only trouble is my suit looks shabby now and I'll have to see if I can't pick one up cheap. I'm getting $20. for the three days so it won't be any time now before I can send you some real money.

I'm glad you asked me about that Fred Carter. I know plenty about him. He's one of those guys that gets fresh with every woman that plays on the bill with him. I worked with him at an Elk's Benefit and he was making a play for a little dancer on the bill.

She was supposed to go out with me after the show but she went out with him instead, and I found out later that he told her I was a married man with a jealous wife. When all the time he really is married and has two sons in the protectory. He does a rotten act anyway and the whole thing stolen from the "Bounding Parkers"—that's a real act.

No more of those rooming houses, Mud; the hotels are cheaper in the long run. In the first place I got up too late to get any breakfast and she charged me a quarter to take a bath. My room was right by the railroad tracks and I got an awful shock the first night. I woke up and saw the train coming right at me.

Of course it was really a few feet away but there was so much noise I thought it was going right through the room and I couldn't sleep any more that night. I was figuring on getting some help with my French lessons but I could never see Mrs. Bouvet alone.

I was all wrong when I said she was like Adrienne. She always has a couple of stage hands hanging around.

They have a nice bill here this week. Ferry the Frog opens the show. He does his whole act sitting on a tomato can.

Second on the bill are the De Marr Sisters: they do a singing, dancing and hoop-rolling novelty, the only weak spot on the bill. Number three is Earl and Maxwell in a sketch—"The Messenger Boy and the Grafter." These boys are great and if they had a good agent they'd be playing the small big-time at least.

I was on next to closing and just like I told you this is a pretty big town and they went wild over me. A troupe of Italian opera singers closed the show and it was the real stuff. They sang in Italian and French and very few people got it but I certainly did enjoy it.

If it hadn't been for the bag breaking everything would have been all right here. I met a cute little Portugese girl here. She works in the cotton mills; that's all they do up here. Some of those wise-guy stage hands started kidding me that she was kind of dark for a Portugese but she is; you should hear her talk that stuff.

We're all invited over to a (*Cont. on p. 120*)

Mrs. Mooney advised me to burn the letter.

¶ *"I should be very proud if I could call you my wife," said Chumley. Proud! The word just then touched something intimate in Olivia.*

The Bracelet

The Story So Far:

Lady into thief! Such was the extraordinary rumor in fashionable London concerning Olivia Mansfeld. Incredible, of course, but had not Olivia's best friend, Lady Bettine Fayne, accused her of stealing a magnificent bracelet of diamonds and emeralds?

A strange story of love and intrigue surrounded this bracelet. It had been given to Lady Bettine by her tennis partner, Brett Arden, a man who had fascinated her even as he had fascinated Olivia herself. Brett, in fact, had played fast and loose with these two who were as good friends as women could be, yet he managed things so cleverly that neither of them knew his faithlessness until he overplayed his hand.

This happened, so far as Olivia was concerned, when he confided to her that he had developed a weak heart at tennis but nevertheless went on playing in tournaments to please Lady Betty. Olivia, who had offered to sacrifice herself to help him, did not need a woman's intuition to understand that she had cause for jealousy.

Actually, with the rigid character that made her so stanch in love and friendship, Olivia seemed to have less intuition than most women. She had been slow to recognize that she had acquired a secret friend in her country neighbor, Miss Josephine Lite, and even slower to guess a secret lover in that high-minded gentleman, Captain Roger Chumley. Both, however, were to prove their devotion in the tragedy that descended upon her when she had ended her unhappy affair with Brett.

It was shortly after she had done so that Olivia paid a visit to Lady Betty, who had been ill in bed since the day she received her bracelet from Brett. Lady Betty had forgotten that she had left the precious gift on her dressing table, and when Olivia saw this proof of her friend's affair with the man she still loved in spite of herself, she departed in a rigid emotional conflict. And when she had gone, the bracelet apparently had gone with her!

It never occurred to Lady Betty to suspect her faithful Breton maid, Anne Marie, who was not supposed to know of its existence. Moreover, the enigmatic Anne Marie seemed to wish to defend Olivia's character, though actually she contrived to ruin it by informing her mistress that she had once seen Mr. Arden at Miss Mansfeld's studio. Thus Lady Betty's almost hysterical desperation over the loss of her lover's gift was turned to the despair of a woman twice deceived. Olly secretly intimate with Brett Arden! How could she know how Olivia had been forced into an intrigue she hated?

It was characteristic of Betty that she could feel more sadness over her friend's deception than her lover's, for she had always thought of Olivia as the one woman she could trust. In the circumstances, therefore, it was not strange that she should be mentally ill on the evening of Lottie Solesby's party, to which Olivia and Brett had also been invited. And at that brilliant affair something happened that not even a great lady could bear with an equable mind, for as Olivia came up to her, extending her hand in a way designed to draw attention, Lady Betty saw her bracelet on Olivia's arm, heard Olivia whisper coldly, defiantly:

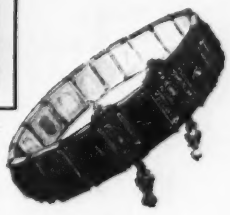
"You see! He gave me a bracelet too!"

Even then, perhaps, Lady Betty might not have spoken out to destroy her friend's reputation, but the sight of Olivia and Brett together filled her with an intense desire to tell the amazing story to her hostess, Mrs. Solesby. A few days later, therefore, when Olivia visited Mr. Blades Bircham, the editor of the society paper, Modern Days, it was to find herself incomprehensibly involved in an appalling scandal.

Dreadful as this catastrophe seemed, Olivia was not

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

¶ *"I must go to the bitter end. Win or lose, I shall go on." "I want you to win, Olivia!" said Old Jo. "But I'm afraid of an action."*



A Novel of Honor *among Women*

by Robert Hichens

immediately conscious of a sense of doom. Not knowing that Lady Betty herself had started the rumor, she argued that she had only to go to her with her story, and Brett Arden would come forward and confirm it. But then two things happened to destroy her hopes: her former friend refused to see her, and her former lover, who unexpectedly had gone to Cannes, succumbed to a heart attack before she could reach him.

From the tragic futility of that journey, Olivia returned with the knowledge that she had no one to testify in her behalf, and no evidence except a letter to Brett which she had reclaimed at Cannes, and the dubious evidence of a cigaret box he had given her after receiving it from Lady Betty. It seemed to her then that she was alone in darkness, for even her parents, Sir Leith and Lady Mansfeld, were selfishly concerned rather than sympathetic.

And yet she was not quite alone, for on opening a letter that awaited her return, she read a proposal of marriage from Roger Chumley.

In the morning Olivia wrote this note to Roger Chumley:

Dear Captain Chumley,

I had your letter on my return from Cannes last night. Why do you ask me to marry you now—just now? I have a studio at Number 2, Clarence Lane, Regent's Park. Can you come to see me there and give me your answer tomorrow at four o'clock? No reply needed if you are able to come.

Yours very sincerely,
Olivia Mansfeld

At four o'clock on the following day the doorbell of the studio rang. Olivia stood for a moment before going to open.

Not Brett! Another man! As she went slowly to open the door she felt the tragic queerness, the frightening unexpectedness of life as she had never felt it before.

Roger Chumley was standing at the door in the winter weather. His eyes met hers and she thought of Brett's light eyes—close shut forever.

Why wasn't it Brett?

They shook hands. He came in, took off his hat and coat. She made him sit down. He sat on the divan—their divan. She was possessed by the strangeness of this change of individuality; another man with her in the studio instead of Brett—and Brett underground in Cannes.

"Thank you for your letter; what it asked me. But please tell me what moved you to write it just now." She was looking at him with steady, searching eyes. "You had a reason, I know. You must tell it to me, please."

"I care for you. I admire you. I admire your character, your nature—what I know your nature is. I should be very proud if I could call you my wife."

Proud! The word just then touched something intimate in Olivia. The sound of his voice, the expression in his eyes, made her know that he meant it.

"But why do you ask me just now?"

"That doesn't matter."

"It does—to me. But I'll tell you. You ask me because I am under a cloud. Isn't that it?"

"I've been wanting to ask you for a long time."

"But if it hadn't been for this cloud you would have waited." He did not speak. "You ask me to marry you. Can't you be sincere with me?"

"Well, I knew you were in trouble and I thought I should like to stand by you if you would allow me to."

Olivia felt moisture in her eyes. "That was it! I knew."

"Will you give me the right?"

"No; I can't. I'll tell you why. I have loved another man. He's dead, but I still love him. It's Brett Arden. I went to Cannes to see him. When I got there it was too late. He had died on the morning of my arrival. It was he who gave me the bracelet which—which is being talked about."

"Yes."

The way in which he said that drew her to him in a way that was extraordinary, irresistible. Suddenly she realized that friendship could help her tremendously in this hour of crisis. But if this man loved her?

"Could you care for me enough to be my friend only?" she asked him.

"Yes; even that."

"Your friendship could be a stand-by to me, such a stand-by."

"It's yours."

"They are calling me a thief. You know that?"

"Yes."

"That's why you wrote."

"I'd been wishing to ask you for a long time. That decided me."

Again Olivia felt moisture in her eyes.

"Circumstances are against me," she said steadily. "I've been getting hold of some facts today. My greatest woman friend is able to believe I'm a thief. I can't understand that. But it is so. She has said it. It has been repeated as everything is here in London. Did you see Modern Days?"

"Yes."

"The paper I drew for! But circulation comes before everything. One mustn't expect—if it weren't for you, I think I should expect nothing fine from this world." She thought of Old Jo. "No, that's not quite true. But people believe horrors so easily. I don't know how they can. But they do. And so—today I've learned a good deal. It comes to this: I may have to defend my reputation for honesty—just mere honesty!—in the law courts."

"Oh, surely not that!" he exclaimed.

"Would that put you off—friendship?"

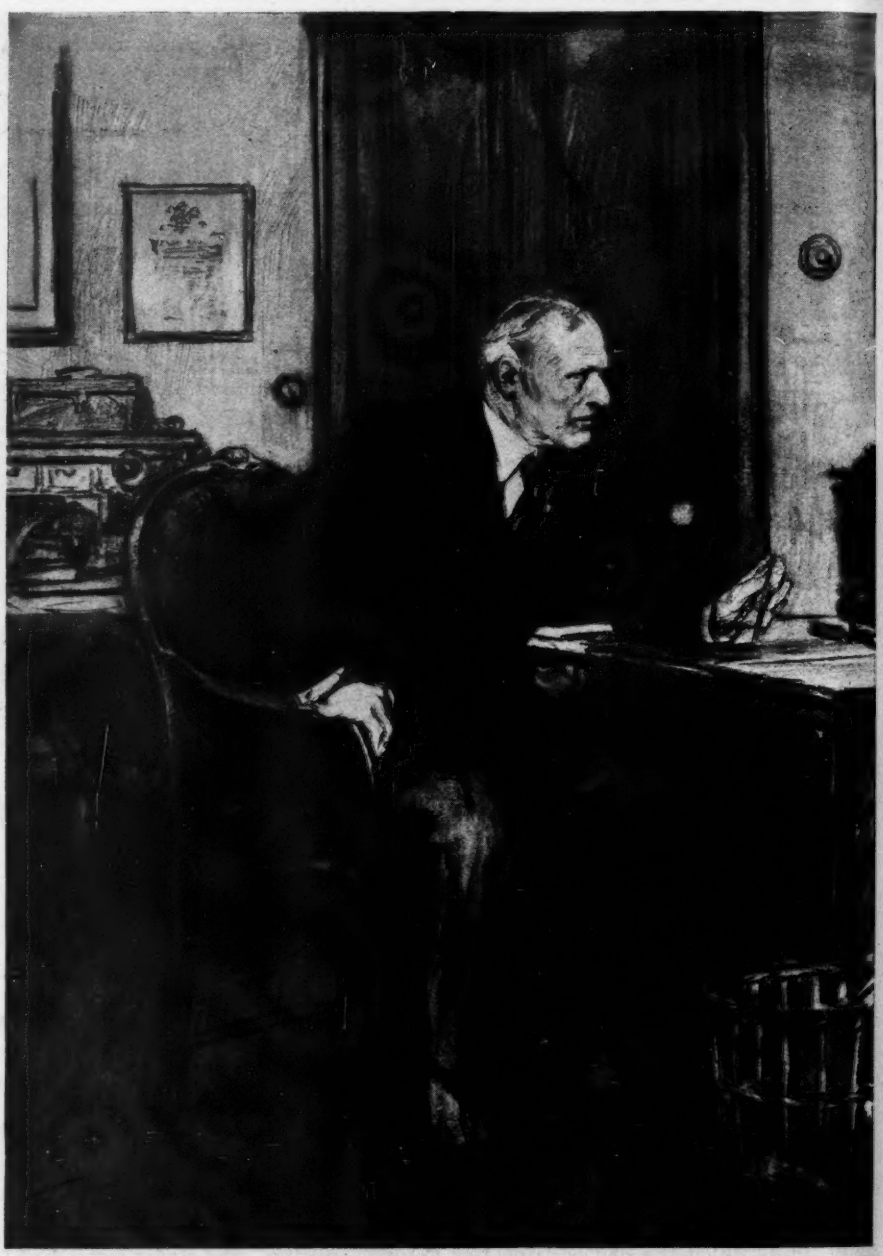
"No, no, no! I was thinking of you."

"I shall shrink from nothing that is necessary to disprove this accusation. A thief! And one who stole from a friend! Bettine—Bettine Fayne believes me to be a thief. She has said so. That I know. What can I do but give her a chance to prove it? Mustn't she prove it? Haven't I the right, the obligation, to make her prove it, if she can?"

"She'll never prove it."

"No. But it seems I must make her try to—Betty!"

"She believes it, I suppose."



Sir Benjamin Bascombe, the cleverest solicitor ciated her, but he was inclined to dispute her

"Yes. Isn't that terrible? To be able to believe such a thing of your greatest friend! That's something I shall never be able to understand. I could never have believed it of her if the circumstances had been reversed. But she does believe it. She has said so. She has said it *must* be so, that I *must* have taken her bracelet because there was no one else in the room who could have taken it. No one else was in the room."

"Who took it, then?"

"I know nothing. But that she should believe *I* could have taken it! And she thinks that I not only took it but wore it at Mrs. Solesby's, and lied about it. Betty thinks that. She has said so."

"What are you going to do?"

"My father says, and others agree with him, that unless Lady Bettine publicly withdraws her accusation against me I must prosecute her."

"What for?"

"They call it slander."

in London, was an old acquaintance of Miss Josephine Lite and evidently appre-capacity to judge character correctly in the particular instance of Olivia Mansfeld.

"That's pretty awful!" said Chumley. He looked anxious, even seriously distressed. "A case like that—they'll try to make it ugly. I hate to think——" He got up. "I don't like to think of you the central figure in a big public scandal," he said.

"No; it will be horrible."

"Will be? Have you absolutely decided to——"

"Tell me what I can do. If we are to be friends, show me a way out."

He was silent, standing in front of her. "Look here!" he said. "Shall I go to Lady Bettine and try to get her to make a public withdrawal?"

"Has she spoken of it to you?" said Olivia quickly. She saw embarrassment come into his face. "She has!"

"No. She never mentioned it."

"Why do you look embarrassed?"

"I assure you, on my honor, that Lady Bettine didn't accuse you to me. If she had, I should have told her that you were incapable of doing such a thing."

"But she did say something!"

"I gathered that your friendship wasn't what it had been. That was all."

"She spoke more plainly to Mrs. Solesby, and probably to others."

"Shall I go to Lady Bettine?"

"Not as an emissary from me."

"No, no. But I know her. Shall I go and make her see what all this is leading to?"

"Wouldn't she think I had sent you?"

"I don't see why. She knows I admire you very much."

"Yes. She——" Olivia stopped.

"Let me go. I want to do something for you."

In the end he persuaded her, and that very evening, late, he called at Berkeley Square. Lady Bettine received him. He found her in a state of feverish excitement, which she tried to cover up with a painfully forced animation. She looked haggard, desperate. In her eyes there was the ugly, painful stare of insomnia. That woman, he knew, hadn't slept well for a long time.

"Captain Chumley! You don't often call!" Her eyes examined him with suspicion. "Sit down. Don't bother about my standing."

She made him sit. It was obvious that she was too restless to do anything but stand. She put a foot on the fender.

"Nice of you to come!" Again the suspicious look. "Just to have a little talk," she added.

"No, not for that. I've come with a purpose."

"Of course. I knew it. Tell me what it's about."

"Miss Mansfeld and the bracelet."

"Of course! Of course! Nothing but the bracelet—the bracelet! Well, what have you to say about that?"

"You can't believe that Miss Mansfeld is a thief."

Lady Bettine bent her thin supple figure so that her irregular and now severe face was near his as he sat looking up at her.

"Now listen! I am alone in my bedroom, quite alone. On my dressing table there is a diamond and emerald bracelet. I am in bed, unwell. Olivia Mansfeld comes to see me. She lets herself into my room. She brings me some flowers. I ask her to put them in a jade vase. She does this and puts the vase by my bed. Almost directly she says she must go.

"I am vexed, irritated. I say that if she has come only to bring me some beggarly flowers I don't want them, and tell her petulantly to take them away, put them anywhere, on the dressing (*Continued on page 187*)

Drawings by
Herb Roth

Come have Dinner

THE mere thought of writing this piece makes me feel the way the old parlor organ used to sound when they yanked the palsy stop. I'm a-flutter. Boys in my adolescent years were bothered with such absurdities as growing pains. I had my pangs—but they were gnawing pangs of hunger.

Most of my life I've been hungry. Indeed, I'm hungry at the moment. Many of my fellows sought the adventuresome anticlimaxes of life but I have been content to chase the gustatory thrills of the kitchen. I am a hound for food and, I might add, an especial sucker for desserts.

Through the years I have been trailing old John J. Epicure himself—never catching up with him but snapping dangerously at his heels. For twenty-five years I have been constantly "eating out" and have seldom eaten in the same restaurant twice in succession.

I have dined *alfresco* in a tree top in Paris, shared Mulligan stew in a tramps' jungle near St. Louis, dallied with a five-cent dinner at Mr. Zero's on the Bowery, tried a native Chinese repast with chopsticks in San Francisco and tickled my palate with *poulet nouveau avec jambon Virginie* cooked and served by George Rector in person in his Chicago apartment.

I have attended a freak dinner for "the strange people" in the Ringling side show—the only place, incidentally, where my appetite ever failed me. I have partaken of a sheep herder's mess of chili beans on a lonely stretch of Mexican pampas.

I was a fortunate guest at a hundred-dollar gold-plate dinner at the Biltmore in New York, and I came under the wire third in a midday breakfast contest featuring sausage, fried venison and flapjacks at Will Hogg's apartment on Park Avenue.

The other contestants were Irvin Cobb and Robert H. Davis. And there, *mesdames et messieurs,* are a couple of two-fisted eaters. They fill a mean paunch, if you know what I mean. Compared with those birds, I am a mere amateur.

The meal that looms largest in my memory was not served in particularly magnificent surroundings but across the counter in a short-order depot restaurant in San Antonio. It was served by a pert red-headed waitress whose patter was as bright as her gold tooth. I had for six weeks endured the fiery fare of old Mexico, and then faced a platter of ham and eggs—sunny side up—a towering stack of wheats, French-fried potatoes and a thick cup of coffee. It was milk and honey from Olympus.

The second most memorable meal was at a nameless fried-catfish shack at Key West, Florida, after a nine-hour automobile ride without food. The catsup bottle was gummy and several despondent flies had ended it all in the mustard, but the fried catfish bulwarked by a collection of blond and brunet waffles covered with black-strap molasses is a bright culinary spot.

Paris is reputed the cuisine capital of the world but only a few of its dishes would inspire me to circle the Place Vendôme in handsprings. The famous tagged and pressed duck, dripping with blood, at the Tour d'Argent gives me the ork-orks.

The *crêpes Suzette* at Foyot's have the smoothness of a bride's own rhyme and I can eat a hatful of snails at l'Escargot—but the sour whipped cream they give you with their dinky strawberries! And the insipid chicory-laden coffee!

The *canapé astracan* at Voisin's, the *escalope de veau milanaise* at Lapérouse and the crayfish soup at l'Ecrevisse are divine, but most of the sauced-up atrocities of Brillat-Savarin and his fellows remind me of strips from the southeastern section of an old gum boot sprinkled with bug powder. And most fish in Paris are deservedly dubbed *"poisson."*

Indeed, after a week of following the culinary trails in the French metropolis, from the *hors d'œuvres* at Ciro's in Rue Daunou to the *petite marmite* at Mère Catherine's in the venerable Place du Tertre atop Montmartre hill, I find myself making haste toward the hot-biscuit and pork-chop palace of the American darky, Willis Morgan, near the Eiffel Tower.

English cooking, to my taste, has the heaviness of lead. The only dish I ever really relished in London was meat pudding washed down with rich October ale in a pewter mug at that illustrious yokel hangout—the Cheshire Cheese.

The most delicious dessert I have ever tasted is *cœur flottant merveilleux* at the Ritz in New York. This is a frozen heart of double cream swimming in crushed fruits. The next best is a concoction known as *ekmek kadiaff* with *kaymak* served at Arakel's Armenian café on Lexington Avenue.

It is a slice of bread cake cooked in a honey sirup with a puff of delicious beaten cream perched on top. I might venture here that one of the best restaurants in America to my notion is not in New York but in Los Angeles—the Café Victor Hugo.

Unhappily I brought to New York a pronounced midwestern taste for food and my appetite is never quite satisfied. Midwestern cooking, I believe, is largely of southern origin. It is, I suppose, to those trained to

By

O. O. McIntyre

Five cents on the Bowery.

Chili con carne.

A real freak dinner.

with Me Sometime

caviar and soufflé a rather decadent state of gastronomy.

No dish appeals to me more than pig jowls and turnip greens—and pig jowls and turnip greens should never be separated any more than Tom and Jerry, or fair and warmer. That delicacy I have never been able to find in New York. Neither can I find real corn bread—I mean corn bread made of water-ground meal obtained only from a miller as white as the moth named for him.

I, too, have a perverted taste for pot liquor, country sausage with lye hominy, cracklings and sweet-potato pie. These also are denied me in my prowls through Manhattan's cliffs. I have searched vainly for real fried chicken with rich cream gravy.

I am not speaking of the lazy halves of fried chicken one may order almost anywhere. Chicken, to be properly fried, must be separated into its natural parts of leg, second joint, neck, back and what grandpa used to call "the bishop's nose." Unless these physiological rites are observed, fried chicken is merely fried chicken—and not a dish for the gods.

In a bumptious moment I once asked an imperious waiter in a Park Avenue café if his place served pot liquor. He departed for the kitchen and returned presently and solemnly placed at my plate the address of a near-by speak-easy.

Not a single head waiter of whom I have inquired has ever heard of spoon bread, catfish steaks, quince preserves, dandelion greens, martino pickles or salt pork in cream gravy. Fried mush in this town resembles a discarded rubber sole from Bobby Jones' off golf shoe. They even fry—and where is the government at Washington?—cold boiled ham.

The average New York pie has the appearance of just having been ejected from an overcrowded nursing home. But the biggest laugh of all is the New York version of strawberry shortcake.

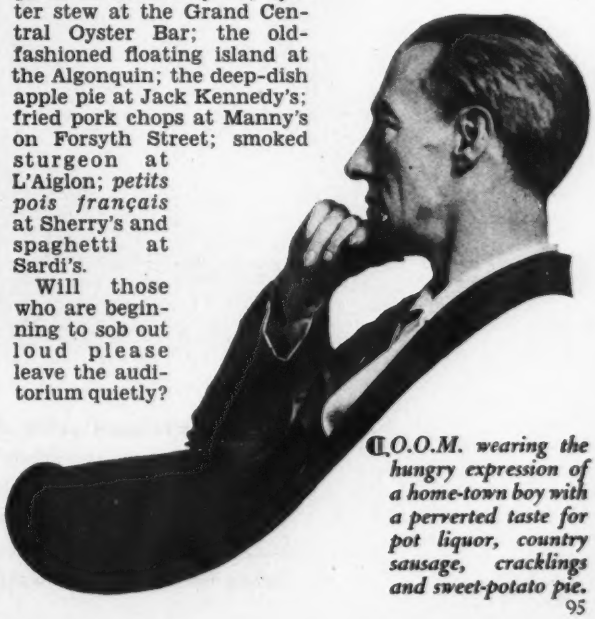
This is, with few exceptions, sponge cake with pale pink spots in it and a dab of whipped cream with an actual cross-my-heart strawberry coyly embedded in the top. For those of us who know strawberry shortcake made of thin biscuit dough smothered with berries it is a terrific heart wrench. On second thought, it is a crime.

One could ramble on in this antiquarian fashion for several more thousands of words but it is only just to chronicle that, with all of these sins of omission, New York more than any other city in the world appeals successfully to a polyglot appetite. There are many dishes to be found here that would shame a two-hundred-pound cook with a red bandanna around her head out among the brier patches.

My mind is flooded with pleasant memories of the savory items I have discovered on New York menus. I think, as I write, of the minestrone soup at Moneta's in Mulberry Street; the beef *à la mode* at Fraunces' Tavern, where Washington bade farewell to his officers; the frog legs at Ben Riley's; the pig knuckles and sauerkraut at Lüchow's; the fillet of sole at Pierre's; black bean soup at Lebus Reynolds, Inc.; the rainbow parfait at Whyte's and the combination salad at Beefsteak Charlie's.

Also—and try to bear up—the sea-food dinner at Tappan's at Sheepshead Bay; pickled watermelon rind at the Ship Grill; coffee ice cream at Schrafft's; coffee at Lindy's; chili and *enchiladas* at Chili Villa; iced fish at the Ritz-Carlton; *pigeonneau en compote* at the Colony; fried chicken Italienne at Mori's; the special sandwich at Reuben's; *aubergines à l'orientale* at the Marguery; the Coney Island hot dog at Feltman's; the breakfast sage-tangy sausage at the Biltmore; the roast goose at Gansemayer's; oyster stew at the Grand Central Oyster Bar; the old-fashioned floating island at the Algonquin; the deep-dish apple pie at Jack Kennedy's; fried pork chops at Manny's on Forsyth Street; smoked sturgeon at L'Aiglon; *petits pois français* at Sherry's and spaghetti at Sardi's.

Will those who are beginning to sob out loud please leave the auditorium quietly?



O.O.M. wearing the hungry expression of a home-town boy with a perverted taste for pot liquor, country sausage, cracklings and sweet-potato pie.

Ship Shapes

Americans going abroad. Mainly because everybody's doing it. In knickers, because everybody's wearing 'em.

But it's all very thrilling to Mrs. Alan Moore, who was Nancy Meller, of Flatbush. Eloped and sailing for Europe. "Ship Shapes" is her title for these people along the rail, which tickles Alan Moore, her lawfully wedded husband. He's been abroad before but is seeing things differently now through her eyes. In their deck chairs,

By David Robinson

A Story *in* Pictures—*the* Adventures *in Love and Marriage of Early and Nanny*

their hands entwined, their feet tucked cozily together under one steamer rug, life for them is a happy dream.

And it all started by his calling her "Nanny" and her calling him "Early" because his initials are A. M. How old is the world?

Our next picture will be "Nothing Like an Ocean Voyage for Your Health." Early never noticed it just that way.

Fun

Illustrations by J. Henry

¶ *"Mr. Kalman," asked Mackenzie, "do you get much fun out of life?" To David's surprise the old man smiled. "Lots," he answered. "Do you?"*

Itzik Kalman spent most of his time amid the gilded splendors of his expensive apartment, sitting quietly by the window thinking. His son, Samuel, had died. Likewise Samuel's wife. They had been congenial to old Itzik. He had taken pleasure in building up his silk business largely for their sake. Now there was no one left of the family but David, the son of Samuel. David was twenty and was not congenial.

But the ties of blood are strong, and grandson and grandfather lived together, surrounded by servants, in outward harmony but with a high wall between them.

As Itzik sat thinking he occasionally would chuckle softly to himself. "Silly giggling" was David's term for this habit. David had a clerkship in his grandfather's business. The old man had determined that the lad should learn the business from the bottom.

Every morning, after David had gone to work, the old man went for a ride in his automobile. David never knew where he went. Itzik had a curious habit: when anyone asked him a direct question, he would tell some irrelevant story of his younger days.

"Where do you go every morning, grandpa?" David asked him one day.

"Out," replied the old man, with a giggle.

"Don't be cuckoo," said David. "Do you just go for a ride in the park or are you leading a double life?"

Itzik smiled in silence for a while, and then began: "A friend of mine, Rosnofsky, came over from Russia with me. That was many years ago. He is a smart man. How the times have changed! He used to——"

"If you'll excuse me, grandpa," said David, "I've got a date. Tell me the story some other time. Could you let me have ten dollars?"

Grandpa often began some story about his old friend Rosnofsky but never finished it. David was too impatient to listen to antediluvian tales. David was full of the surge of youth. Only, unfortunately, youth cannot surge far without cash. And grandpa was the source whence all financial blessings flowed.

¶ *Letty*

Grandpa knew nothing about Letty. Letty was born on a Fourth of July. Young Mackenzie, a fellow clerk with David, knew all about Letty. And the Fourth of July was three days in the offing.

"You're a fine piece of cheese," said Mackenzie to David. "Letty called up while you were out and said you're giving her a birthday party on the Fourth. She wants me to come because she's got a kid that she's sure I'll fall for. Why didn't you tip me off?"

"I don't think there'll be any party," replied David, in a surly tone. "You're broke, aren't you?"

"Sure," said Mackenzie cheerfully.

"So am I," said David. "I tried to touch the old man this morning but he had a grouch on—and that's that."

"Hm!" said Mackenzie. "It's tough. Let me think."

"Well," asked David, when closing time came, "did that wonderful bean of yours produce anything?"

"It did. I'm going home with you."

"What's the idea?"

"Nix," said Mackenzie. "Tell you about it later. Say, is Letty's friend a blonde or a brunette?"

Itzik recognized Mackenzie as one of his employees and it was he who invited the young man to remain for dinner. David was nervous. He had not the faintest idea of his friend's plan.

"Mr. Kalman," asked Mackenzie, at an unexpected moment, "do you get much fun out of life?"

David gasped. "What business is that of yours?" was the reply he expected. But to his surprise, the old man smiled and gazed at Mackenzie over his spectacles.

"Lots," he answered. "Do you?"

"Well, you see," replied Mackenzie, with studied awkwardness, "I get some—me and David, I mean—but we're always tied down because, when the right time comes to have fun, we're usually broke. F'rinstance, here's the Fourth of July coming. A legal holiday. And Dave and I would like to celebrate but we can't afford it. So we just give it up. The reason I asked the question was that you can afford to do anything you like and have all the fun you want. I just wondered whether you were having a good time yourself."

The old man's eyes twinkled. He gazed alternately at the bright countenance of Mackenzie and at his grandson's gloomy face.

"I got a friend," he began. "His name is Rosnofsky. He used to——"

"Oh, grandpa," interrupted David, "spare Mack if you won't spare me. Why don't you answer his question? What kind of fun are you getting out of life?"

by BRUNO LESSING

Rosnofsky, the Cobbler

"Dave," said Mackenzie, "if I were your grandfather, I'd give you a kick in the slats. Shut up! Won't you please tell us about your friend, Mr. Kalman?"

The old man did a lot of giggling, glancing now at one of the young men and then at the other.

"No," he replied. "We old people like to change our minds. Tell me. What kind of fun would you like to have on the Fourth of July?"

"Oh, a lunch with a couple of nice girls," replied Mackenzie. "A dance, music, listening to some singers. Maybe going for a ride with the girls afterward. Holding hands. Maybe kissing. You went through that in your time, didn't you, Mr. Kalman?"

"**Yes,**" he said. "I did. But how can I know that it is real fun? Not trashy. Not time-wasting. Nice girls. Nice music. Nice dancing. I mean the fun you are thinking about. How can I know it is the same kind of fun I had when I was young?"

"I'll tell you what," exclaimed Mackenzie, slamming the table with his palm. "You come along with us. David wanted to give the party but I'll give it. You pay for it. If you don't have fun with us, take the money out of my salary. That's fair. Isn't it?"

"For heaven's sake!" cried David. "Mack, you've——"

But now it was Itzik Kalman's turn to slam the table.

"Young man," he said, "you have intelligence. Please give the party and let me be a guest. The Fourth of July! Ah, yes. Rosnofsky and I landed in America on that day. You have a cousin, yes? You asked the shipping manager to give your cousin a job. Yes? He will get the job. Good night, young men."

David accompanied his friend to the door. "Of all the pieces of cheese in the world," he said, "I think you're the worst."

"Oh, shut up," said Mackenzie, grinning. "You got your party. I'll bet the old boy will have a good time. Anyway, you can slip him the check. Good night, Gorgonzola. I hope Letty's friend is a blonde."

Yes, Letty's friend was a blonde. Letty herself was a decided brunette with big, fine eyes. There were two other couples, nice young people who chattered a great deal without saying anything noteworthy.

When the old man arrived—he had insisted upon coming alone and had asked David to give his chauffeur the address of the place—a pall fell upon the party. David had done his best to explain the situation and had blamed it all on Mack. Mackenzie had eyes and ears only for Alice, the friend of Letty, and gave no heed to his friend's sarcasm.

Itzik Kalman found himself in a strange atmosphere. A night club that had introduced a holiday luncheon as a novelty. Much bustle and noise and rattling of dishes and clinking of glasses and incessant laughter and chattering.

In its own peculiar private-madhouse fashion, however, this young generation of ours is polite. And the young people at David's table exerted themselves to make the old man feel at ease. All but Letty.

Mackenzie asked him if he would like a cocktail and whether he preferred a cigar or a cigaret.

"I don't drink," said Kalman, with a giggle. "And I only smoke my own cigars which come from Yugoslavia. Also, I don't eat in the middle of the day."

He lighted one of his cigars and presently a waiter opened a window. The orchestra struck up a tune and dancing began. Mackenzie nodded to the little blonde and both rose from the table. The others followed them. All but David and Letty.

"Don't you want this dance?" asked David.

"No," said Letty. She looked at the old man. "Do you enjoy this, Mr. Kalman?" she asked.

He did not reply. He kept his gaze upon her face and she did not resent it. Then, without even turning to his grandson, he addressed him.

"A fine girl, David," said he. "Lovely eyes. Sensible. You will be lucky if you marry a girl like that."

"What can I marry on?" retorted David angrily. "The salary I get?"

"**I married** on nothing," said the old man, with a couple of giggles. "And I ain't saying you're a disappointing result. But if I was a nice girl like—what's your name?"

"Letty Levy," replied the girl.

"Well," said the old man, "if I was Letty Levy, I'd marry a smart young fellow like that Mackenzie, only I don't believe in mixed marriages."

The dance ended and the others returned in time to hide David's embarrassment.

"Enjoying yourself, Mr. Kalman?" asked Mackenzie.

Itzik Kalman peered at him for an instant over the

rim of his glasses. Then he turned his gaze upon the room. A crowded room. Mostly young people, huddled together at small tables. A babble and confusion of voices. Much clinking of glasses and gurgling of liquids. Occasionally a scream or shriek of laughter.

"No," said Kalman. "Are you?"

For an instant, Mackenzie was embarrassed. He was somewhat afraid of this old man, was Mackenzie, because, being Scotch and being canny, he possessed a certain instinct for recognizing merit. And in Itzik Kalman's cold blue eyes he read a cold-blooded conviction which appealed to him.

¶ *Alice*

"Yes, Mr. Kalman," he replied bravely, "I think it's a lot of fun. Of course it's silly. But you know how it is with young people. They like noise and music and dancing and—and all that sort of thing. I suppose there's no sense in it. But—you know how it is. It's the kind of fun we like. I guess, when we get older, we won't care for it so much. And you've had so much experience that you probably think it's all cuckoo.

"What I mean," he went on, "is—well, you remember the other night I asked you whether you get much fun out of life. Now, if you don't like this sort of thing"—Mack's gesture included the material and spiritual outfit of the Golden Owl—"don't you think you ought to suggest something better? I don't mean lectures and improving one's mind and going to art galleries and uplift joints and that sort of thing. But I'm talking about fun. What's better?"

The old man and the young man were gazing at each other, the former with a silly smile upon his wrinkled face, the latter with a set and earnest expression.

"What's better?" Mackenzie repeated. "For us young people."

All eyes were turned upon Itzik Kalman. Slowly he shook his head.

"My friend Rosnofsky," he began. Then he stopped. "I guess you are right," he said.

All turned to Mackenzie with expressions of congratulation and approbation. All but Letty, whose eyes were fixed upon the old man's face.

"So why don't you join in our fun?" asked Mackenzie.

Kalman shut his eyes for a moment. Then he opened them and beckoned to a waiter.

"The bill, please," he said. There was a gravity in his voice that startled them. What startled them more was the lavishness of the tip he handed the waiter.

"I thank you very much," said Kalman, turning to Mackenzie. "I'm glad you are a friend of David." He took an old-fashioned watch from his pocket and consulted it carefully. "David," he said, "get a taxicab."

David stared at him. "Your car is outside, grandpa," he said.

"Yes. It only holds five," replied the old man. "Please all come with me. Only for a little while. You can come back here and have your fun afterward."

Without a word, amazed, they followed him.

The automobile and the taxicab came to a stop in Delancey Street, close to Essex. Kalman, bidding both wait, led the way down the street. Letty and Mackenzie walked beside him. The others followed. Kalman pointed to a sign which read:

SHUS MENDID SOLE & HEALS.
A. ROSNOFSKY.

They followed him into the place. They beheld a wrinkled old man with a long gray beard pegging away at the sole of a dilapidated shoe. His eyes were blue and there was a merry twinkle in them.

"Hello, you old *gonof!*" cried the cobbler. "What brings you here at this hour?"

"Why, you old loafer," retorted Kalman, "I want you to take a look at the shoes of my young friends here. I'm bringing you trade."

"Let's see the shoes," said the cobbler.

It was Mackenzie who held out his foot first.

"Phoo!" exclaimed the cobbler. "It just needs a little filing off."

"How about mine?" asked Letty, raising a dainty foot. The cobbler stretched out his hand but could not quite grasp it. He smiled at the girl and she sensed something beatific in his smile.

"You must come closer," he said. "When I was a young man I would have jumped up to hold such a pretty foot. But now I cannot move."

There was a general gasp.

"He has a paralysis," explained Kalman cold-bloodedly. "Don't be afraid, Letty. Show him your shoe."

"Hm!" said the cobbler. "You better let me put a patch of leather on or maybe you'll break your neck. My! Those stylish shoes! Say, Itzik, you big crook, why didn't you bring this young lady here before? Is this the way you're getting trade for me?"

The cobbler was busy for an hour patching and pegging and filing and sandpapering soles and heels. And during that hour all were quiet, strangely quiet. All but Kalman and the cobbler, who kept up a badinage of jest and recrimination.

When it all was finished, Kalman asked the cost.

"Seventy-five cents," said the cobbler.

"I knew it," said Kalman. "What does the Talmud say? Give a crook a chance and he proves to you that he is a crook. You get fifty cents and not a cent more."

Kalman took them to a little café where, without consulting their wishes, he ordered tea. To their amazement they found a flavor in their tea entirely incompatible with the Volstead Act. And then he spoke. He spoke to them all, but his eyes turned only to Mackenzie and to Letty.

"It is not nice," he said. "I should not, but I must. There are times, as Rosnofsky says—you like Rosnofsky?"

He was looking straight into Letty's eyes. Letty found herself gazing into an ocean of thought and sentiment and felt both soothed and troubled.

"I think he's a dear," she said. Kalman giggled and then became grave.

"It isn't nice," said he, "but I must tell. We came to this country together. He is sweet and dear to me but he has no business sense. The more money I made, the more he lost. I tried to put him into business. But it was no use. Always a failure. And very proud. So for a long time I did not know what to do.

"But, I thought, he loves his trade. So I started him in his shop. Then he became sick—and—well, you saw him. He cannot walk and an old woman helps him from his bench to his bed. I come every day to see him and I always bring a pair of shoes for him to mend. I get a commission from him. It costs me more to get the old shoes than the wages I pay you, Mr. Mackenzie.

"I bought the house but he doesn't know it. He pays ten dollars a month rent, just like he did thirty years ago. I could get sixty dollars a month for his shop. But he doesn't know it."

All were quiet. Letty's blond friend wiped a tear from her eye. Itzik Kalman nodded his head slowly.

"I think," he said, "you all better go back and have your fun. I told you how I have mine." He suddenly raised his hand. "David," he said, "take all back to that Golden—what do you call it? Send the automobile back for me. I want to be alone." A bright smile illumined his face. "You know how it is," he explained to Letty. "We old people get cranky sometimes. Please —all—go away."

Letty threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. But she said nothing. Mackenzie shook him by the hand, but said nothing.

"I'll send the car right back," said David. And he stooped and kissed his grandfather on the forehead.

And on the sidewalk, by mistake, Letty's blond friend kissed Mackenzie and burst into tears.

The Witch's Vengeance *by W. B. Seabrook* *(Continued from page 87)*

badly torn, particularly the knees of his knickerbockers, which were ripped and abraded as if he had been dragging himself along on hands and knees.

They all agreed as to what had probably happened: he had been climbing bareheaded among the rocks in the heat of the late afternoon and had suffered an *insolation*, a prostrating but not fatal sunstroke, had partially recovered and in seeking help, still delirious, had lost his way. He should be all right in a day or two, Martin said. They would have a doctor up from Arles in the morning.

Of course I had thought more than once that night about Mère Tirelou and had considered mentioning the matter to Martin Plomb, but this explanation was so reasonable, adequate, natural, that it seemed to me absurd now to view the episode as anything more than a pure coincidence, so I said nothing.

It was dawn when we reached Les Baux and got Philippe to bed, and when I awoke toward noon the doctor had already come and gone.

"He had a bad stroke," Martin told me. "His head is clear—but there's still something the matter that the doctor couldn't understand. When Philippe tried to get up from the bed, he couldn't walk. Yet his legs aren't injured. It's queer. We are afraid it may be something like paralysis. He seemed to twist and stumble over his own feet."

Sharply, as he spoke, the belated certainty came to me that here was an end to all coincidence; that I had been wrong; that something as sinister and darkly evil as I had ever known in the jungle had been happening here in Les Baux under my very eyes.

"Martin," I said, "something occurred yesterday afternoon which you do not know about. I am not prepared to say yet what it was. But I must see Philippe at once and talk with him. You say his mind is perfectly clear?"

"But assuredly," said Martin, puzzled; "though I can't understand what you're driving at. He will want to see you."

Philippe was in bed. He looked depressed rather than ill, and was certainly in complete possession of his senses.

I said, "Philippe, Martin tells me there is something wrong with your legs. I think perhaps I can tell you what——"

"Why, were you ever a doctor?" he interrupted eagerly. "If we'd known that! The fellow who came up from Arles didn't seem to be much good."

"No, I'm not a doctor. But I'm not sure this is a doctor's job. I want to tell you something. You know where my room is. I happened to be at the window yesterday and I heard and saw everything that occurred between you and Mère Tirelou. Haven't you thought that there may be some connection?"

He stared at me in surprise, and also with a sort of angry disappointment.

"*Tiens!*" he said. "You, an educated modern American, you believe in that fantastic foolishness! Why, I came from these mountains, I was born here, and yet I know that stuff is silly nonsense. I thought about it, of course, but it doesn't make any sense. How could it?"

"Maybe it doesn't," I said, "but just the same will you please tell me as well as you can remember what happened to you yesterday afternoon and last night?"

"Confound it, you know what happened. I had a stroke. And it has left me like this. Lord, I'd rather be dead than crippled or helpless."

He lapsed into somber silence. But I had heard enough. There are people who have lain paralyzed in bed for life through no organic ailment but only because they *believed* they couldn't arise and walk. If I helped him now, it could be only by overwhelming proof. My business was with Mère Tirelou . . .

Neither the old woman nor her granddaughter had been near the hotel that morning. I climbed the winding cobbled street and tapped at their door. Presently Maguelonne reluctantly opened. I made no effort to enter, but said:

"I've come to see Mère Tirelou—about a serious matter."

She looked at me with worried, guarded eyes, as if uncertain how to answer, and finally said, "She is not here. She went over the mountain last night, beyond Saint-Remy. She will be gone several days." Sensing my doubt, she added defensively, almost pleadingly, "You can come in and see if you wish. She is not here."

The girl was obviously in great distress and I realized that she knew or suspected why I had come.

"In that case," I said, "we must talk. Shall it be like this, or would you prefer to have me come in?"

She motioned me inside.

I said, "Mam'selle Maguelonne, I beg you to be honest with me. You know what people say about your grandmother—and there are some who say it also about you. I hope that part isn't true. But your grandmother has done something which I am determined to have undone. I am so certain of what I know that if necessary I am going to take Martin Plomb into my confidence and go with him to the police at Arles. Mam'selle, I feel that you know exactly what I am talking about. It's Philippe—and I want to ask if you——"

"No, no, no!" the girl cried pitifully, interrupting. "I had nothing to do with it! I tried to stop it! I warned him! I begged him not to see me any more. I told him that something dreadful would happen, but he only laughed at me. He doesn't believe in such things. I have helped my grandmother in other things—she has forced me to help her—but never in anything so wicked as this—and against Philippe! No, no, Monsieur, never would I help in such a thing, not even if she——" Suddenly the girl began to sob, "Oh, what ought I to do?"

I said, "Do you mean there is something you could do?"

"I am afraid," she said—"afraid of my grandmother. Oh, if you knew! I don't dare go in there—and besides, the door is locked—and it may not be in there."

"Maguelonne," I said gently, "I think you care for Philippe, and I think he cares for you. Do you know that he has lost the use of his legs?"

"Oh, oh, oh!" she sobbed; then she gathered courage and said, "Yes, I will do it, if my grandmother kills me. But you must find something to force the lock, for she always carries the key with her."

She led me to the kitchen which was at the rear, built into the side of the cliff almost beneath the walls of the old castle ruins. While she was lighting a lamp I found a small hatchet.

"It is through there," she said, pointing to a closet whose entrance was covered by a drawn curtain.

At the back of the closet hidden by some old clothes hung on nails was a small door, locked. It was made of heavy wood, but I had little difficulty forcing the lock, opening the door to disclose a narrow flight of steps, winding downward into the darkness.

(There was nothing mysterious in the fact that such a stairway should exist there. The whole side of the cliff beneath the castle was honeycombed with similar passages.)

The girl went first and I followed close, lighting our way with the lamp held at her shoulder. The short stairway curved sharply downward, then emerged directly into an old forgotten rectangular chamber which at one time must have been a wine cellar or storeroom of the castle. But it now housed various strange and unpleasant objects on which the shadows flickered as I set the lamp in a niche and began to look about me. I had known that actual witches, practicing almost in the direct medieval tradition, still existed in certain parts of Europe, yet I was surprised to see the definite material paraphernalia of the craft so literally surviving.

No need to describe all of it minutely—the place was evil and many of the objects were grotesquely evil; against the opposite wall an altar surmounted by a pair of horns, beneath them "I N R I" reversed with the letters distorted into obscene symbols; dangling near by a black, shriveled Hand of Glory—and there on the floor, cunningly contrived with infinite pains, covering a considerable space, was the thing which we had come to find and which, for all my efforts to rationalize, sent a shiver through me as I examined it.

Four upright wooden pegs had been set in the floor, like miniature posts, making a square field about five feet in diameter, surrounded by cords which ran from peg to peg. Within this area and attached to the surrounding cords was stretched a crisscross, labyrinthine, spider-weblike maze of cotton thread.

Tangled in its center like an insect caught in a web was a figure some eight inches high—a common doll, it had been, with china head sewed on its stuffed sawdust body; a doll such as might be bought for three francs in any toyshop—but whatever baby dress it may have worn when it was purchased had been removed and a costume crudely suggesting a man's knickerbocker sport garb had been substituted in its place. The eyes of this manikin were bandaged with a narrow strip of black cloth; its feet and legs tangled, fastened, enmeshed in the crisscross maze of thread.

It slumped, sagging there at an ugly angle, neither upright nor fallen, grotesquely sinister, like the body of a wounded man caught in barbed wire. All this may seem perhaps silly, childish in the telling. But it was not childish. It was vicious, wicked.

I disentangled that manikin gently and examined it carefully to see whether the body had been pierced with pins or needles. But there were none. The old woman had at least stopped short of attempted murder.

And then Maguelonne held it to her breast, sobbing, "Ah, Philippe! Philippe!"

I picked up the lamp and we prepared to come away. The place, however, contained one other object which I have not thus far mentioned and which I now examined more closely. Suspended by a heavy chain from the ceiling was a life-sized, open, cage-like contrivance of wood and blackened leather straps and iron—as perversely devilish a device as twisted human ingenuity ever invented, for I knew its name and use from old engravings in books dealing with the obscure sadistic element in medieval

sorcery. It was a Witch's Cradle. And there was something about the straps that made me wonder . . .

Maguelonne saw me studying it and shuddered.

"Mam'selle," I said, "is it possible——?"

"Yes," she answered, hanging her head; "since you have been here there is nothing more to conceal. But it has always been on my part unwillingly."

"But why on earth haven't you denounced her; why haven't you left her?"

"Monsieur," she said, "I have been afraid of what I knew. And where would I go? And besides, she is my grandmother."

I was alone with Philippe in his bedroom. I had brought the manikin with me, wrapped in a bit of newspaper. If this were fiction, I should have found him magically cured from the moment the threads were disentangled. But magic in reality operates by more devious processes. He was exactly as I had left him, even more depressed. I told him what I had discovered.

He was at the same time skeptical, incredulous and interested, and when I showed him the manikin crudely dressed to represent himself and it became clear to him that Mère Tirelou had deliberately sought to do him a wicked injury, he grew angry, raised up from his pillows and exclaimed:

"Ah, the old hag! She really meant to harm me!"

I judged that the moment had come. I stood up. I said, "Philippe, forget all this now! Forget all of it and get up! There is only one thing necessary. Believe that you can walk, and you will walk."

He stared at me helplessly, sank back and said, "I do not believe it."

I had failed. His mind lacked, I think, the necessary conscious imagination. But there was one more thing to try.

I said gently: "Philippe, you care for Mam'selle Maguelonne, do you not?"

"I love Maguelonne," he replied.

And then I told him brutally, briefly, almost viciously, of the thing that hung there in that cellar—and of its use.

The effect was as violent, as physical as if I had suddenly struck him in the face. "Ah! Ah! *Tonnerre de Dieu! La coquine! La vilaine coquine!*" he shouted, leaping from his bed like a crazy man.

The rest was simple. Philippe was too angry and concerned about Maguelonne to have much time for surprise or even gratitude at his sudden complete recovery, but he was sensible enough to realize that for the girl's sake it was better not to make a public row. So when he went to fetch Maguelonne away he took his aunt with him, and within the hour she was transferred with her belongings to Madame Plomb's room.

Martin Plomb would deal effectively with old Mère Tirelou. He was to make no accusation concerning the part she had played in Philippe's misadventure—an issue difficult of legal proof—but to warn her that if she ever tried to interfere with Maguelonne or the impending marriage he would swear out a criminal warrant against her for ill treatment of a minor ward.

There remain two unsolved elements in this case which require an attempted explanation. The belief which I have always held concerning malevolent magic is that it operates by imposed autosuggestion, and that therefore no incantation can work evil unless the intended victim believes it can. In this case, which seemed to contradict that thesis, I can only suppose that while Philippe's conscious mind reacted with complete skepticism, his unconscious mind (his family came from these same mountains) retained certain atavistic, superstitious fears which rendered him vulnerable.

The second element is, of course, the elaborate mummery of the enmeshed manikin, the doll, own cousin to the waxen images which in the Middle Ages were pierced with needles or slowly melted before a fire. The witch herself, if not a charlatan, implicitly believes that there is a literal, supernatural transference of identities.

My own belief is that the image serves simply as a focus for the concentrated, malevolent will power of the witch. I hold, in short, that sorcery is a real and dangerous force, but that its ultimate explanation lies not in any supernatural realm, but rather in the field of pathological psychology.

The Better Things of Life!

(*Continued from page 75*)

all kinds—not artists and philosophers only but straight friends of humanity—as never the world has seen. It suggests not so much the Venice of the Doges, nor the Athens of Pericles, nor Byzantium, the New Rome, as it does a beatified combination of all of these."

I stopped for a moment to note the effect of this quotation on Marshall. He looked not only dazed, but positively limp. So, feeling that I had him exactly where I wanted, I went on.

"Marshall," I said, "I'm going to get down to Hecuba. You, as a writer, have a peculiarly pessimistic style which, while clever in its way, is not in rhythm with the True Spirit of Hollywood. We all seem to feel that you are not in tune with the better things of life here, and I think we are right in that feeling. This being the case, I should like to broach to you the matter of a generous financial offer to get out of town."

Marshall began to look interested, so I went on and outlined to him in a few well-chosen words, the fact that a committee of especially selected citizens, for whom I stood as spokesman, had authorized me to make him a proposition to take leave of Hollywood in exchange for a sound pecuniary settlement.

For a moment he thought in silence. At last he replied:

"My dear old boy, I couldn't think of leaving Hollywood—not for *anything!*"

Now, this reply, in the negative though it was, might have seemed like defeat to some thinker of mental restrictions. But to me, with my keen powers of reasoning everything out, it was just what I had hoped for, because it showed his hatred of Hollywood to be *mere pretense.* He would not leave Hollywood for *anything!* He *loved* Hollywood! Now, to spring my trap, make him admit it, and Victory was mine.

"Marshall," I said, "you *pretend* to despise Hollywood! Yet you deliberately choose to spend your life in a place which you *claim* you do not enjoy!"

"Who said I didn't enjoy it?" he asked.

I answered with yet another question, demanding: "How can a man enjoy what he despises?" And, like Socrates, I felt I had him on the hip.

Well, Lansing Marshall's answer to my Socratic question was not only rather lengthy, but it somewhat scattered my line of attack, in a manner of speaking.

"Listen, pal," he exclaimed, "don't ever make any mistake about my *enjoying myself* in Hollywood! There isn't another spot on earth where I could obtain one-tenth the mental, moral, spiritual and æsthetic joy that I get right here!

"To begin with," he went on, "when I wake up in the morning and open my daily newspaper, I find that such a distressing and universally devastating event as, let us say, the collapse of the stock market has been crowded off the front page by the exhilarating news that all of southern California has spent the foregoing day wallowing in sunshine, while it's been snowing in the East. This arrangement of the news helps to take a fellow's mind off the financial crash, and it cheers him up no end to contemplate that, however the economic structure of America may collapse, we in Hollywood are warm without even having to get up and turn on the heat.

"Then," continued Marshall, "perhaps I turn to the section of the newspaper devoted to the Arts, and find that some bit of distressing news, such as, let us say, the death of Eleonora Duse, has been crowded into two lines at the bottom of the page by the breath-taking announcement that Tony, the Horse, has just signed his new movie contract, with a large picture of Tony, pen tied to hoof, doing it. And I begin to feel that Art has overcome the handicap of Duse's death, and that all is well in the world of the Æsthetics.

"These and scores of similar soothing items cast about me an aura of sweet satisfaction as I realize that the blithe spirit of Hollywood cannot be dimmed by the sordid realities of the outside world, and by the time I have finished my newspaper I am so cheered up and happy that I wouldn't exchange my humble back bedroom at the Roosevelt Hotel for a love nest on Park Avenue.

"And that brings me to yet another advantage of life in Hollywood," he continued. "In any ordinary American city there is a limited supply of negotiable girlhood. But here it is different. The movies have drawn to Hollywood thousands of beauteous girls from every quarter of the globe. A small percentage fills up the requirements of the cinema, and what are left over flow into business channels, so that a man cannot go into a drug store, restaurant, cigar stand, or even an oil station, without having his eye tickled by ravishing womanhood.

"And you suggest that I don't enjoy myself in Hollywood! Why, my dear man, your ignorance of simple, uncomplicated psychology in a case like mine is actually irritating!"

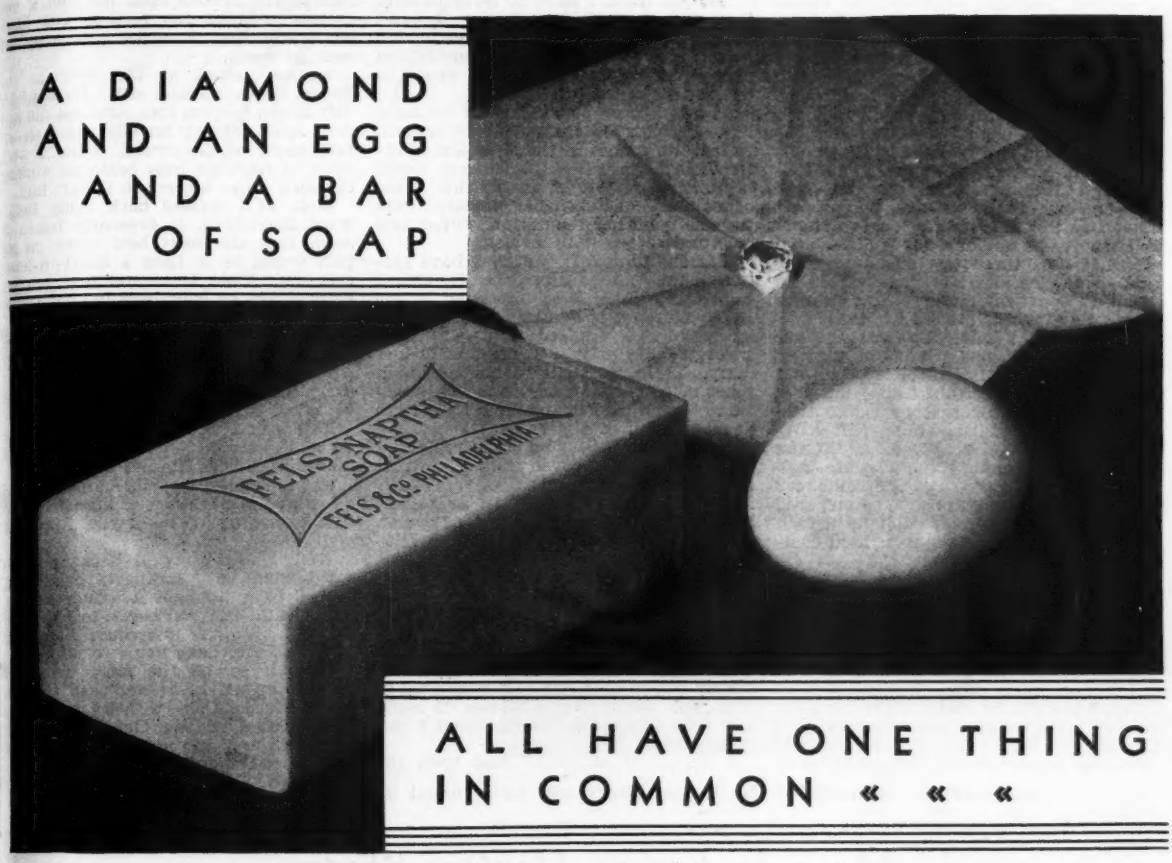
As Marshall came to the close of this ridiculous tirade, it gradually began to come over my consciousness that my method of attack had not exactly led me to the point I had wished to attain. At any rate, it seemed rather advisable to change my tactics. So I decided to make an appeal to his better nature, in the faint hope that perhaps he had one.

Looking him squarely in the eye, I asked, "Marshall, have you no scruples about *earning a living* in a community which you daily deride?"

"Scruples?" he exclaimed. "Nonsense! I don't have to *earn* a living *here.* It forces itself on me! You don't think that a normally intelligent mug like myself has to *work* in this town. Why, with a mental equipment which allows me to tell the main difference between hot and cold, I stand out in this community like a Disraeli.

"Dropped into any other city of the world, I'd rate as a possibly adequate night watchman. And let's be fair, old

A DIAMOND AND AN EGG AND A BAR OF SOAP



ALL HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON « « «

If you were buying diamonds, you'd want the finest stones, not the greatest number of stones, that your money would buy. You'd look for a bargain in *value*.

When you buy eggs, you want the freshest, not the "most for your money." For freshness means *value*, and that's what you're after.

In buying soap, you again have your choice between a bargain in price and a bargain in value—between ordinary soaps and Fels-Naptha. The first may save you a penny or so at the store—the second will save you a great deal of work in your washing. And after all, isn't that the most important thing in a soap—the work it will do—the help it can give you?

Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help. It brings two active cleaners to the washing job—good golden soap and naptha, instead of just soap. And there's *plenty* of naptha in each golden bar—you can smell it. Working hand-in-hand, these two busy cleaners loosen dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing. Your wash goes to the line clean through and through, with the fresh, sweet odor of home-washed clothes.

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help, no matter how you use it. It's one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it washes best in hot water—all soaps do. But it also washes beautifully in lukewarm, or even cool water—whether you soak your clothes or boil them—whether you use washing machine or tub. And Fels-Naptha does its work so swiftly that you don't have your hands in water so long, which helps to keep them nice.

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Fill in completely—print name and address.

pal, you yourself, a leader of Public Thought in Hollywood, wouldn't have sufficient mental acumen anywhere else to hold down a place in a bread line!"

I bridled, but thinking of nothing to say, I said nothing. Marshall continued.

"Why, I wouldn't leave Hollywood for anything you could possibly offer," he said. "So you can go back to that noble line-up of Modern Venetians, Twentieth-century Athenians, New Romans and Present-day Bethlehemites and report that Lansing Marshall is here *to stay!*"

In short—he wouldn't go. Well, so be it! In that case there was only one thing left to do—let him stay, but get him to drop all comment on the Barco murder case. So into this matter I launched.

"Marshall," I said, "the crux of our whole desire to get you out of town is really contained in the Barco murder case. There are certain things likely to crop up when this case comes to trial which we—well, I'll be frank with you—we wish to have 'soft pedaled' in the newspapers. Among those who are worried are the executives of the Goldmark Film Corporation, and they are prepared to pay you ten thousand dollars in cash the day you abandon your printed comment on the Barco case!"

"Look here, Bliss," he exclaimed, "do you realize that this offer has all the earmarks of a bribe? I resent it, as an affront to my moral status!"

Knowing full well that the "moral status" of anyone with *his* attitude toward *our* ideals must of necessity be nihil, I thought he was angling for more money. So on my own authority I raised the offer to fifteen thousand dollars, but strange to say, he still refused.

"Do you think I have no sense of duty toward my job?" he asked. "I can't abandon the Barco murder case and leave my trusting readers in unfulfilled expectation, just as Barco is about to be brought to trial!"

At this, I knew there was but one hope left. Perhaps Marshall could be brought to feel the pathos in the situation of little Viola Lake, whose film career would be finished forever if the searing flame of his brand of newspaper comment were to seize upon her reputation, wither and sear and scorch it to an ash.

"Marshall," said I, "you may have surmised that the reason the Goldmark Film Corporation is so interested in the Barco murders is because Viola Lake is likely to be dragged into the trial through the existence of the Geiger diary. Now, Marshall," I continued, in tones of earnest appeal, "will you promise to bar all mention of Viola Lake from your account of the case?"

"Look here, Bliss," he made reply, "as a newspaper man you know what it means to 'let down' your paper by selling it out. Naturally, I'll be as gallant as I can to the little lady, but as a man of honor I've got to publish my philosophical reactions to everything that comes out in the Barco trial."

I recoiled. "Marshall," I cried, "have you no feeling at all for that poor little film star?"

"Why, I'm very fond of little Vi," he replied. "But with me, old pal, it's simply a case that can be summed up in a paraphrase of the old lines, 'I could not love Vi Lake so much, loved I not honor more.'"

I went cold all over. And then the fact slowly dawned upon me that it was useless to argue any further with Marshall and that I might just about as well go home.

So we parted at the door of the Brown Derby enemies still. He went his way to dip his pen into poisoned ink and once again take up his vile attack on the fair name of Hollywood, while I went mine to start my busy brain on working up some other scheme to thwart him.

Well, as I walked back along Hollywood Boulevard, it presently began to seem that the next best move on my part would be to have a heart-to-heart talk with Viola Lake and find out just what might be contained in that Geiger diary.

Then came the idea, why not ask Miss Lake to come out to our home to dinner? After dinner I could get her to tell me everything she had ever done that might be misconstrued and used against her.

I stepped into a drug store, called her up at the studio and asked if she could take dinner with Mother and me.

Yes indeed; she would be delighted to do so and she ended our little telephone talk by saying: "Thank you, *Elmer*, for your lovely cordiality!"

Well, I found myself back on Hollywood Boulevard, strangely exhilarated. For a brief moment I wondered why. And then a question began to form itself in my mind: "Is it because I am going to have Viola Lake home to dinner?"

Well, if so, all the more reason for hurling myself heart and soul into this Barco Murder Case, with its unfortunate complication of the Geiger diary—and fighting tooth and nail for the honor of Hollywood—and Her.

The disturbing contents of the Geiger Diary will be revealed in Next Month's Cosmopolitan

Shoot the Moon *by Eugene Manlove Rhodes* (*Continued from page 39*)

a lucky one. I've thought better of him ever since."

"I know. And Charlie See, I've seen him in action up at Hillsboro. If Hopper takes after him any——" Spinal broke off short, reined up and pointed. "Gee whiz, Andy, what's that?"

Bates grinned. "That, sir, is New South Hell. Baronial residence of Jake Hubbard, Esquire, horse thief and liar."

"Looks like a fort—up there on the bare mesa, lookin' down on the town. No trees up there, nor water. What's the idea?"

"You ask Jake. I never been able to cipher it out, myself. He's spendin' a heap of money on it—more than I ever thought he had. He's pumpin' some water with a gasoline engine and projectin' on catchin' more in a tank, and he's settin' out saplin's and makin' a lawn. Jake, he aimed to call it Lookout, but public opinion calls it otherwise, spontaneous. New South Hell.

"Why he put it there, all alone, with all the fine shade there is in Tripoli, I'll never tell you. Unless he takes after the celebrated bee that wanted to swarm by himself. All wrapped up in it, Jake is. Up there, generally, bossin' the job."

"Fellow," said Maginnis, "let's go up there for one long look. I want to see Jake, anyhow."

"Washout below here a ways," said Andy. "Cloudburst on the mesa, and she cut a deep gully. We'll cross over on the bridge."

The gully was some eight feet wide and twice as deep. The bridge was a rude structure of logs, covered with earth and unrailed. Just beyond, a new road forked off and led quartering up the hill. Tripoli lay below and to the right, flecks and patches of yellow walls under and between the green arches of guardian trees, dear to the desert heart.

From the sentinel willows of a high and straggling street a man rode, forded the High Ditch and climbed the hill to meet them. It was Joe Gandy.

"Hello, Joe."

"Hello, you old scalawags. That fellow was right," said Joe. "He said it."

"What fellow? Said what?"

"Don't know his name. But he said life was just one thing after another. Here I'm in misery up to my neck—and then I meet you two together. Sure sign of trouble for someone. Say, pass me up, will you—this time? My sorrows are breaking my back, right this very now."

"Tell it to Papa, honey," said Spinal cooingly.

"Some lummox is runnin' guns across to Pancho Villa, high, wide and handsome—that's what. From this county, I'm judgin'. The Federal men captured one batch of guns. Packed on mules and horses, they were, and they followed the tracks back to the border.

"The muleteers, they quit and took to the hills when they saw trouble overtakin' them. But they got those guns from this county. We're gettin' called down from all sides, unanimous. And we can't find hide nor hair of 'em. Where they come from, how they got here—I haven't even a guess."

"This may not help any," said Aforesaid Bates. "But it may interest you to know that up beyond Rincon some several wagons are wanderin' west from the river and keepin' well to the north of us, and then squanderin' off southlike. They missed our peaceful valley, but we took a note that there's more travel on them roads than ever before."

"Yes," said Joe Gandy, with exceeding bitterness. "We've been tipped off about that. I've been out there a week, holdin' up them wagons. Near got my fool head shot off, too."

"That would have been inconvenient," said Bates.

"Wouldn't it? No place to carry my hat but the horn of my saddle, or else in my hand. And they was all just Mex families siftin' down to the Hachita mines, or lookin' for jobs. Not enough evidence in the whole bunch to convict a hungry dog for stealin' a bone."

"I could have told you that, Joe," said Spinal. "I heard about this remarkable outburst of wagons and made a little look-see on my own. Saddles, I was curious about. Everybody ridin' bareback up Hillsboro way."

"Yes—them saddles, too," said Joe. "If it wasn't so plaguy far to the ocean I'd jump in and end it all. Every mail brings complaints from north, east and west; their saddles is stolen plumb opprobrious and wholesale, and won't we get 'em? Why do they pick on us? I haven't seen no saddles loiterin' around at random, and we've had no saddles stolen around here."

"That's what we heard—that no saddles are stolen in Tripoli or San Lucas. And we thought," said Spinal simply, "that your people had saddles a-plenty, like enough."

Joe considered this thought. His face darkened. "I believe you're right. Not bein' experienced, like you, I hadn't thought of it that way. Come on, let's go put it up to Jake."

"It looks," said Aforesaid Bates, "like an ant heap in a cider mill. This is sure one busy scene."

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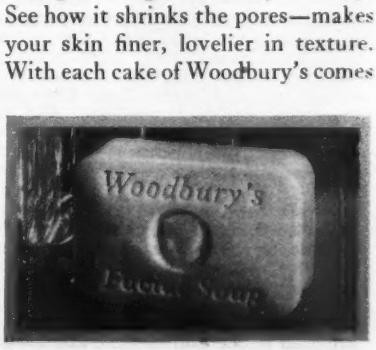

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Big Jake's heavy face was lighted up for once; his large pale eyes warmed with pride and pleasure. "That long room that's finished is to be the storehouse. Is now, but we're using it for bunkhouse and cookhouse, too, while we get started."

"All this gang stay here?" asked Maginnis.

"Lord, no. Just me and Murphy, Steve Greenway, Yocum and the cook. Murphy's the boss—when I'm gone, that is—and Greenway he doles out a nail, a shingle or a hoe and suchlike for the commissary and takes care of the teams, night and morning. Yocum, he runs the truck. The carpenters eat dinner with us, and young Dial from the scraper gang, them being the only Americans on the job. But they sleep in Tripoli, Mexicans and all. Just us five stays here overnight—us and the mules."

"Dial?" said Aforesaid. "Is that the one Red Murray was tellin' me about?" His eye turned to Gandy. "Boy that wanted to shoot the moon?"

Gandy grinned. "That's the one. Him in the barrow pit yonder, holdin' the scrapers."

Jake scowled. "He's had words with Greenway twice already. He won't be here long. Only that we're pushing the work on the dam to get done before the rainy season sets in. I'd fire him now. Good worker, but too big for his breeches."

Carpenters hammered; busy Mexicans laid adobes to new walls beyond; the big gasoline engine chugged stolidly, pumping water through a glittering pipe line to fall musically into a glittering steel tank. Beyond, three teams plodded in a weary circle, dumping great scrapers full of loose earth on a brown embankment which formed three sides of a square, two hundred feet to a side. From the upper rim of this square, a newly made ditch, twenty feet wide, led away to a ridge end, curved behind it and was gone.

"You tap the arroyo for flood water, I see," said Maginnis.

"Yes. Got a concrete diversion dam all done, and a head gate. Got to put on more teams, too, and rush this tank. Rains due to start 'most any day now."

"Mister Jake," drawled Maginnis, "how come you didn't build your little old dam farther up the hill?"

"What for? This house is going to turn its back to the desert and front down towards town. Want my greenery and gardens below me to look at—yes, and the tank, too, where I can see it. Water looks right nice in this country. That gap on this side, there's where we're going to lay a big outlet pipe, when we get the pit nearly deep enough. Then we'll fill the gap and open the head gate. It won't hold water very good at first, of course. But we'll puddle it good. Come two or three years, and I'll have the sightliest place in the valley."

"You might, too. Only you got your horse sheds right in your front yards. And where are you goin' to build your mint?"

"Jake's been runnin' a saloon in Tripoli for eighteen years," said Aforesaid Bates. "He don't need no mint."

"I'm goin' to quit drinkin'," said Maginnis.

"It does cost a lot," said Jake. "But not so much as you might think, either. I ship in from Kansas City—carload lots. Saves about half. These local people will take your eyeteeth. Got a car of stuff in now. And I send the truck to El Paso for lumber and lime. Saves a lot."

"I like to save, too," said Spinal. "On saddles and such. My idea of economy is to buy an A-number-one saddle and make it last me a long time. But I don't seem to make it work. Somebody stole my saddle from Hillsboro night before last, and here I am, wonderin' what the sheriff will do for me."

"Why don't you go to your own sheriff? Am I responsible for every thief in New Mexico? What do you want me to do? What makes you think your saddle came this way?"

"I don't think anything about it. I know it came this way. This is that same saddle. I found it down here."

"You—*what?*" said the sheriff. "You found it?"

"Last night at sundown. Just at the edge of the Barela Bosque. I was lookin' for it at the time," explained Maginnis. "It was on a dead horse. Just newly so. Looked like he might have run into a bullet, that horse did."

The sheriff's face went mottled. "Now listen, mister—you may be a big man in your own country, but you can't come down here and be law, witness, judge, jury and sheriff. Are you telling me you've killed someone on suspicion?"

"I'm afraid not. He was movin' perceptibly when he went into the brush. Here's another thing, too. It isn't only my saddle that strayed this way. Every saddle stolen from Socorro south comes to this county.

"They go on through to Old Mexico, I expect. But it is high time for you to come alive and act curious. Some large number of citizens have organized into a smooth-workin' combination that I think you might be lookin' into, before they come here and carry off your dam, and it not done yet.

"They've got it down to a system. They steal everything north of a given point—saddles most especially, saddles and guns. Seems like A makes a quick dash, turns the stuff over to B and returns to his blameless couch before day. B rushes the loot to C. C passes it on to D—and D loads it on his wagon, ties a tarp over it, and takes a load of fruit and garden truck to El Paso.

"And as all traffic goes through a bottle neck at American Bend, it occurs to us that a right brisk, up-and-comin' sheriff might make a large name for himself by well-timed tyranny and oppression around about American Bend. Not unlawful search of every wagon, you understand, but just lookin' through every one of 'em—friendly curiosity about how's crops. Or else a desperate criminal has escaped, neighbor; he might maybe have sneaked in your wagon and hid."

The sheriff's eyes grew cold. "Are you telling me how to run my office?"

"Yes," said Spinal Maginnis. "To be perfectly frank with you——"

But Aforesaid Bates rode between. "Don't do that, Spinal. Don't be frank. That spoils everything, everywheres."

"Eyes like a salt mackerel!" Spinal's voice was tense and deep. "Tell you how to run your office? You try any big behavior with me and I'll tell the coroner how it happened."

Bates caught his rein. "Take your sheriff into the house, Joe. Keep him there till mornin', if you can. And me, I'll toll my frank friend out to my ranch."

"Fish-eyed four-flusher!" said Maginnis, over his shoulder.

Joe soothed his outraged chief and left him with the carpenters. When he came out the two ranchmen were already at the edge of the town. Joe sat on the dam to watch it grow, fishing a tobacco bag from his shirt pocket. Steve Greenway came from the commissary and squatted beside him; a lithe and slender man with snapping brown eyes and a silken brown mustache.

"I'll roll one with you," said Steve. He sat cross-legged beside the deputy. "From what I heard, Jake bit off more than he could chew," he said.

"I left him talkin' to a sawhorse. He knew he was wrong. When a man gets his saddle stolen, he naturally expects we'll want to do something about it. Oh, well—Jake had just been blowin' me up about lookin' through the wagons out west. Then Maginnis springs it on him to search some more wagons, and Jake gets mulish. Teamsters vote, and he figures these bold wagoneers will be hostile. Just the same, what Maginnis proposed is the one only thing to do, and Jake knew it. That was half of it and the other half is this. Spinal Maginnis is one salty jasper."

Steve shrugged his shoulders; his eyes were hot. "He talks pretty big."

"He backs up his talk," said Joe. "That's one fine man to treat right." Then he began to laugh and pointed toward young Dial, toiling in the pit. "There's another lad that talks large and stands back of it." He raised his voice. "Hi, Moon-shooter! Got you a new hat, I see. How about that promise?"

Grigsby Dial straightened his aching back, turned and smiled warmly. "That promise wasn't for always. Just for when I didn't have no hat."

"Don't forget that you and me are dated up for five years from now."

"You jog my memory, in case I don't name it to you," said the boy, and bent to his work again.

"I heard about your date," said Steve. "The kid wanted to crawl my hump, too. Said he didn't mind me riding him, but he didn't like the spurs . . . So I hung 'em up. Doubt if I could handle him barehanded. And I didn't want to hurt him. But we had to pull him off Oaks."

"Oaks? Don't know him."

"He's the new cook. Scrub Oaks. Blowed in from Sonora. Dirty dog. Then Oaks wanted to get his gun, and so him and me had words over that. I explained to him what would happen. Then Jake comes bustling in and was going to fire the kid, so I had more explanations to make. Oh, we're one sweet-scented outfit here! Here comes the truck; got to leave you."

"I'll help you unload," said Joe.

Yocum backed the truck into the commissary, where boxes and barrels were piled high on either side. Yocum was a strapping young man, who welcomed Joe's assistance.

The cook came to help; a big pasty-faced man with a mouth full of foul words. They began to unload. Big Jake joined them.

"Joe," he said, "I guess we'll have to humor old Spinal. You go down to San Lucas and deputize Jim Green and old Fletcher, and the three of you light off up to the Bend and keep cases on what's coming through. Bill can take care of the office. And for Mike's sake, go easy, or we lose the next election eighteen months before it happens.

"Tell 'em how it was—that it was forced on us. You'll have to keep watch at night, of course. If there's any dirt being done, that's when it will be." He turned to the truck driver. "Yocum, how long will it take to unload this car?"

"Get her done tomorrow, sometime."

"Hustle it up. Get a man to help you load. Got to send you to El Paso tomorrow to get more lumber. Carpenters are beginning to howl."

Jake rode to Tripoli with his lieutenant. When Joe rode on to the county

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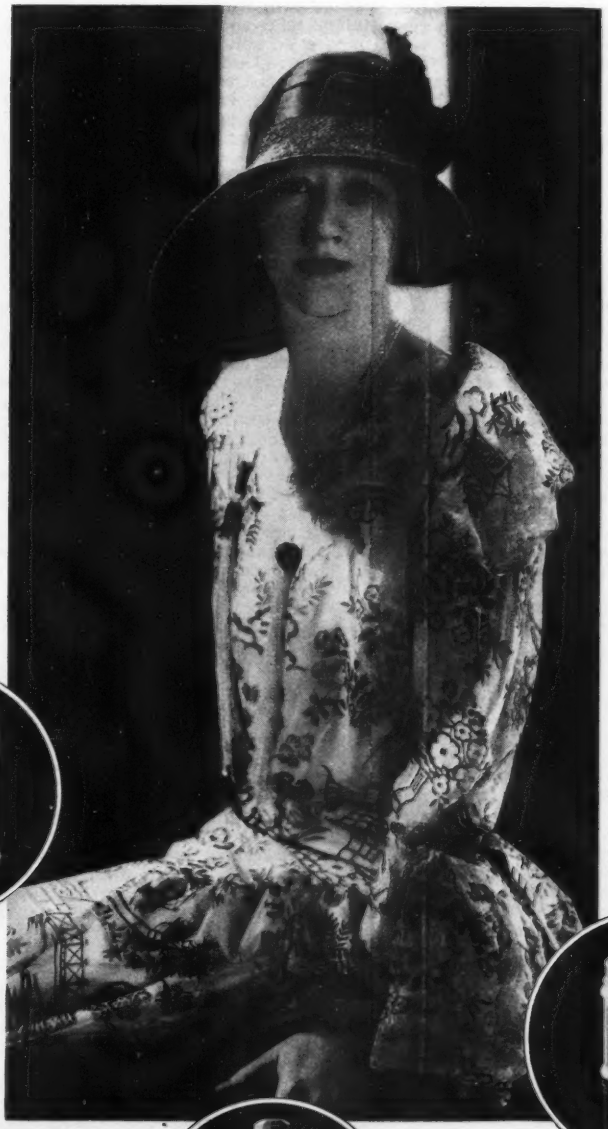

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seat, Jake sought out one of his humbler constituents.

"Saddle and ride, Domingo. You take this note to Rincon and give it to Jesus Hernandez. Put it into his hand. Hear me?"

Turn and turn about, Joe and his aids watched in American Bend that night, the next day, the second night; finding nothing amiss, except indignant argument from drivers. Rising at noon of the third day, he left his comrades on guard and rode to Tripoli. He cooked a hasty supper in his little two-room house in the south of town, and set forth about sundown to report at Jake's Place.

The El Paso road led by Joe's door; he saw the tracks of Jake's truck, the only truck in town. He noted where it had turned out on the right to pass a wagon, as it went down; where it had turned out again on the return trip. Then he came to a bridgeless ditch that led from the Acequia Madre to his field, and to the fields of Nicolas Vigil, his neighbor.

There was water in the ditch; Nicolas had irrigated both places during Joe's absence. And here Joe reined in the Tony horse and bent to stare at what he saw there. When he raised his head, his face was flushed and angry.

"This truck goes to El Paso empty," said Joe, speaking slowly and carefully, "and it comes back loaded. Yes. And it makes deep tracks in the mud goin' down empty, and light tracks in the mud when it comes back loaded—in a pig's eye, dear Kate! The wheyfaced, double-crossin', white-livered son of Judas! By the nine gods of war, I'm goin' to see what's in those big boxes in the commissary. Here goes to shoot the moon!"

He turned up the slope to New South Hell.

The lumber wagon squeaked merrily, with jounce and jolt. A doubled tarp, frayed and thin, was spread over the rolled bed and the pint-sized chuck box; box and bed slid and shifted with every up and down. Slouched in the spring seat, feet on the dashboard, a goatskin for cushion, Red Murray looked over a world dear and desirable, if somewhat excessively besunned.

Spot and Speck shuffled lazily; he chirruped to them and slapped languidly with the slack of the loosely held reins. Tripoli grew large on the green headland; Jake's new buildings loomed high on the upper mesa; Red came to the newly torn gully. As the wagon topped the crown of the humpy bridge, an apparition rose from beyond a thicket on the farther side, and said:

"Hi, Mr. Murray! You got any water?"

It was Grigsby Dial. His hands were gashed and gouged, splashed and spotted with gouts of dried blood; cheek, chin and forehead scratched across, smeared with dust and blood; his thin shirt was torn and split; he limped to the wagon.

"Sufferin' humanity, boy—what you been doin'?" Red threw back the tarp. "Canteen in the chuck box."

The boy climbed in painfully. Crouched under shelter of wagon box, seat and driver, he drank eagerly and deep.

"Water was sure one bright idea," said Dial, then. "You drive on, slow. I'm crawlin' under this tarp. They're after me. I'll tell you while we go."

The wagon creaked on its way. "We're goin'," said Red. "Tell it to me."

"Not much to tell. Don't know what it's all about. I board down by the depot. Got up, had my breakfast and started to work. Just barely out of the door, I was, and here comes Scrub Oaks—Poison Oaks, that cook of Hubbard's—and a big bar-fly they call York, and three or four more. They didn't say aye, yes or no, but they begin shootin' at me—Oaks and York.

"I seen that was no place for me. A freight train was pullin' through. I overtook it and hopped on. Rode up a ways, dropped off at this gully.

"When I quit rollin', I sneaked up the gully and hid under that bridge. Plenty people been ridin' fast over that bridge, talkin' big and loud—lookin' for me, in case I'd quit the train. I don't know what for. Didn't you meet 'em?"

"No. I just come in from a side road. Sure you haven't been doin' anything?"

"Not a thing. And if I had, they never said stop, or offered to arrest me, or nothing. Just cut down and began cuttin' up the dust around my feet, and sayin' *Zing-g!* around my ears. If it had been Scrub Oaks alone, I could understand it. But those other fellows had nothing against me."

"Why didn't you stay on the train? Looks like you would."

"Well, they would have wired ahead. And some of 'em might have climbed on and come a-lookin' for me. A guy on a ladder and a man on top shootin' down at him—that would be ridiculous. Most of all, I was curious. I want to go back and see why and how and can they do that. So I hid under the bridge; got dry, crawled up and hid like a rabbit; watched everybody; saw you and knew you. That's the works."

"What's to hinder me givin' you up?" said Red.

"Don't make me laugh—my lip's split. If you'd been that kind of a man, I'd still be under that bush. See?"

"I see. Well, kid, there's some mighty mean people in Tripoli. And some mighty good people. Best in the world. You leave it to Red. Cuddle down now. We're turnin' into town."

Red hitched before the New York Store, and stepped up on the blistered and splintered sidewalk. The street was empty, but the New York Store was well filled—not with customers but with eager conversationalists.

They were divided into three buzzing groups, speaking in guarded undertones, and, as it seemed, bristling with mutual hostility. Red smiled to note these groups as friends to the courthouse, foes to the courthouse and, in the rear, business and respectability.

Johnny Judd detached himself from the nearest group and met Murray at the doorway. "Here a minute, Red." He led the way outside. "Where's Charlie See?"

"I don't know. At his ranch, I guess. Why? What's the excitement?"

"Ain't you heard? Joe Gandy, he's missing. They found his saddled horse at his gate this morning at sunup—but no Joe. And they're blaming it on Charlie. They always been crosswise. Ugly talk. Felipe Lucero and Bull Pepper, they rode out, first thing, to tell Charlie about this tall talk and to side him.

"Since then, posses boiling out, north, south, east and west. Didn't you see any of 'em? Looking for Joe, looking for Charlie See, looking for a kid that's been working on Jake's dam. Him and Joe had been snarling some, it seems. York and Church and Oaks, they claim they tried to arrest this kid, and he took a shot or two at 'em and then lit out. They're known liars—but the kid is gone. They say he hopped a freight."

"Felipe and Bull started before the posse did, you say?"

"Oh, yes. Two hours ahead of 'em. You see, folks thought Joe's horse might have fallen with him, and they looked to see could they find him. Then they begun to talk murder. Joe has been up to the Bend two or three days, they say, trying to find some of those stolen saddles we have been hearing about. Looking through wagons, willy-nilly—and some says that a coupla drivers have been talking big about what they was going to do."

"Well," said Red, "if Joe got himself murdered by Charlie See, and this boy you speak of, and one or two teamsters, all in one night—why, that's what I call hard luck. Well, Bull and Felipe will surely have sense enough to bring Johnny Hopper and the Aforesaid Bates. And Bates will bring his guessin'-sticks along. So that will be all right."

Red went back into the store. Group one gave him hearty greetings; group two fell silent as he passed, and followed his progress with evil glances; Respectability drew aside, rustling primly with conscious virtue. Red bought tobacco and sauntered out to the street. As he untied his team, young Bernabel Chavez came hesitatingly to the wagon.

"If I could ride with you a little?" said Bernabel. His face was anxious. "To tell you some small things, quiet."

"Sure. Crawl in and speak up. What's on your mind?"

"We are working on Jake's dam, but Jake he sends us word not to work today, but all to look for that poor Mr. Joe Gandy. We are working with thees boy Grigsbee, on the dam altogether—me and my uncle and my brother-in-law Diego. And he is a good boy—Grigsbee. And it is not true what they say, that Joe Gandy and Grigsbee make bad words to each other. We hear them well. Jokes, friendly—no more."

He lowered his voice. "And this morning earlee, this cook and some peoples, they say they try to make arrest of Grigsbee. That is one lie, and this cook is a he-goat. My cousin Federico, he is in the nex' house, and he tell me they say not Stop! or *Alto ahi!* or Arrest—not one word, but shoot at once at that *pobrecito*. And Eusebio, my uncle, he say to tell thees to your friends and you. It is not good to do so to thees boy. And that cook is a he-goat."

Red checked the team. "Here's where you help, Bernabel. Get you a horse and slip out to Halfway House. Tell Bates to get the gang and come in a-snuffin'. Ease along, now!"

He drove leisurely down a quiet side street and drew up before a long low adobe, bowered about with cherry and plum. Ambrosio Lucero rose from the porch and came smiling to the gate.

"Hello, Ambrosio. How's everything?"

"*Bien, gracias.* It is good to see you, *amigo*. Drive in."

"Is the house mine?" asked Red.

"*La casa es suyo.* I laugh, but it is true, that word. Enter, then."

Red drove in, and climbed down. "Such bein' the case, I want you to meet my friend. Come out, youngster." He raised the tarp. "Grigsby, this is Ambrosio Lucero. Ambrosio, this is Grigsby Dial. You may have heard his name today. They've been dealin' 'em to him from the bottom. And so I am puttin' him under the shelter of your good house—the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"The good house is honored by your trust," said Ambrosio. He put out his hand. "Welcome, then, my guest. Here you will find safety and sure friends." He raised his voice. "Procopio!"

His youngest brother came shyly

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Her own case bore out what doctors say

(BELOW) "A lot of the peppiest girls I knew ate Fleischmann's Yeast," *writes* Miss Jeanne Johnson, *Los Angeles.* "So I tried it, too—and my indigestion was forgotten."

(BELOW) "I couldn't eat without indigestion," *writes* Willard Davis, *Atlanta, Ga.* "I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and my indigestion soon disappeared."

through the vines. Ambrosio introduced the new guest with stately ceremony.

"And now, Procopio, you will send Juan to care for Mr. Murray's team. Then you will find your brothers, your uncles and your cousins and tell them I would have speech with them."

In the house, Grigsby washed up his scratches and told the story, with note and comment by Red Murray. The Luceros dropped in, by twos and threes; grave, quiet, unquestioning, ready to do the will of their chief.

ALL through the night, weary and disgruntled posses returned to Tripoli. They had found no trace of Joe Gandy, living or dead; no trace of the fugitive Dial. Most hapless of all were the fortunes of Murphy's men. It was Mr. Murphy's thought that his posse would kill Charlie See first, with inquiry and arrest to follow.

The fact that See had resisted when summoned to surrender for the murder of Joe Gandy would be conclusive evidence of his guilt; the incident would be closed. A time-tried plan; tested on the Euphrates and the Nile; it is so that history is made. Murphy's posse was hand-picked for his purpose.

"Me? Me go with that bunch?" Steve Greenway had jeered. "Why, you white-livered coward, if I wanted to kill Charlie See, I'd ride out and try it. He's one good little man and I hope he gets you between the eyes."

Mr. Murphy's posse had the misfortune to find Charlie See at Halfway House together with Aforesaid Bates, Maginnis, Felipe and Bull Pepper; making a royal straight flush. Worst of all, it came to light that on the night of Gandy's disappearance, See had stayed at Halfway House not only with Bates and Maginnis, but also with Joe Foraker, county assessor and wheel horse of the Hubbard faction.

It was not feasible to hang Gandy's disappearance on See. They would have to fall back on young Dial. Halfway House made no mention of supper or bed; had not even invited the posse to light and look at their saddles. When they came wayworn and cursing to Tripoli it was nearing midnight, and the stars were dimmed by drifting clouds.

Hours later, another party came by a roundabout way to the back door of Tripoli. Quietly, for this was the royal flush in person, all of one mind to see what made Tripoli tick in this curious fashion. The sky was black with rushing clouds; the air was fresh with the scent of far-off rain: and Felipe led them to the long house of the Luceros.

At ten in the forenoon, Aforesaid Bates rode softly through town to Jake's house on the hill. His way led through a rejoicing world. Clouds hid the mountain tops; rain was coming.

Calves knew it in the pastures and ran frisky-fashion, tail up, in pleased excitement; children knew it, as they played shrieking in Tripoli streets; Andy's Bally horse knew it and pranced tiptoe, with arching neck. Andy himself rode jauntily, young in all but years.

Five scrapers worked now on Jake's dam where three had worked before. So much Bates noted as he rode by; noted, too, that not one of the Chavez men, who drove the scrapers on his previous visit, was now on the job. The gap was closed and the crew worked feverishly, under Murphy's supervision, to round it up.

Murphy was gloomy, red-eyed; he cursed the men, flicked with a blacksnake at the straining mules. His eye rolled anxiously to the lowering sky. Already thin gusts and needles of rain were beginning to fall. He growled a sulky answer to Andy's gay salutation.

Jake sat gloomy on the roofed porch of his new home.

"White flag!" called Andy, one hand held up in the peace sign.

Greenway looked out from the doorway of the commissary; Poison Oaks, putty-faced, peered through a window. Bates dismounted, unbidden, climbed to the porch and perched on a box, bright-eyed.

"I'm a dove of peace," he announced cheerfully. "Downtown, your simpletons are struttin' stiff-legged on one side of the street and my simpletons are paradin' on the other, proud as a pawn in a king row. They're fixin' for war. No need of it—not a mite.

"Le's you and me, as the old bell-wethers, go prancin' down and have a large drink at your bar, makin' oration that Charlie See is fully accounted for, so he couldn't have had anything to do with Joe's disappearance; that it's goin' to rain for certain-sure, and they might as well go home and wait for a more fav'rable opportunity. What say?"

"Why, that's a good idea. Sure. Charlie's out of it. It was that cussed boy, I guess."

"You missed a bet on that boy, Jake," said Bates brightly. "I been talkin' to the train crews, all mornin'. That train didn't stop till it reached Rincon. If you'd 'a' wired up to have about six men scattered on each side of the track where she slowed up, you'd 'a' got him.

"Instead o' that, there was just Lee Elliot, waitin' on the platform. Of course the kid got away. Guess I'd better take on the sheriff job next time. What with those saddles and all, you won't have no chanct."

"Shucks, that boy jumped off, of course."

"Maybe he did," agreed Bates pacifically, but doubtfully. "I wouldn't, and me with a man killed behind me. I would have been honin' to be still further—me. Nobody has found any track of Joe's body yet?"

"Not a thing. Dial throwed him into the river, I reckon."

"He would," said Bates, nodding. "Weighted down . . . Say, Jake, you got your little old dam done just in the nick of time, didn't you? You'll be fillin' her up this afternoon. Reg'lar old he-storm comin', or I miss my guess."

"There'll be more storms," said Jake. "That dam ain't settled yet. I got the head gate shut off."

Bates felt his eyes narrowing and kept them wide with effort; kept his face wooden by the use of all his will power. Never yet had he seen a man so old that he was not a boy, eager to play with a new toy. This was not normal.

"Well, it's your dam, I guess," he conceded, "though your spillway looks plenty ample to carry off all the water that's likely to come. If she did break, it would be on this side, wouldn't it? That's the weak spot, where you filled it last. And it would litter up your yard and stables and all. Maybe you'd better have it your own way." He looked out placidly at the busy workers. "That new crew of yours is sure makin' the dirt fly," he added. "What's become of them Chavez men? Got drunk on you?"

"Naw. I fired 'em. Dawdling around, plumb worthless," said Jake, rising. "Come on, le's go ca'm down the warriors before we get soaked. Them scraper men will have to quit work at noon. She's going to rain down on us."

A carpenter's head popped out from a doorway down the porch. "We'd like to lay off, too, Mr. Hubbard—if it's all right with you. Everything snug here."

Rain came in showers and drizzles; it came in long drenching shudders; it came, briefly, in a black, impenetrable storm. This passed, in turn, and gave place to a slow, steady downpour.

Aforesaid Bates rode slickered and slow, splashing through a roadway of brown water. His way led once again up the hill to Jake Hubbard's house.

"What the Sam Hill do you want now?" Jake demanded. He sat alone on the porch of the big house, looking out into the storm. "More trouble?"

"You guess again. Good news, Jake. That Dial boy has come in and give up. Too wet for him out of jail. Guess we'll have to let you sheriff it another term, maybe. Claims he never done it, it seems, and he's got the Luceros to believin' it. They sent me up to see about them goin' on his bond."

He unbuttoned his slicker and fished out an old pipe and a tobacco sack. "After a while. That'll keep. I'm not goin' back till it slacks up—me."

"What made him run away, then?"

"Claims he was scared."

"The Luceros are good, of course," said Jake.

"Anyhow, we can't do much with him unless we find Joe's body," said Bates. He lighted his pipe and cast his eyes over the new-made reservoir, the bottom of it not covered with what little water had fallen on the first slope above the ditch. "This boy, he says that if he run off he'd always carry the blame for killin' Joe. So when his first scare was over, he decided to come back. So he says. *Hark!* What's that?"

A trembling roar was in the air. The sheriff sprang to his feet, shouting. Down the wide ditch came a rushing wall of brown water. It plunged into the deep barrow pit, roaring, and swirled there to swift, angry, foaming circles of brown and bubbling white.

"Some cussed kids have opened the head gate! My dam'll go out!" cried Jake. His face was white and twitching.

He made for the steps, but Bates caught his arm and pointed. Under the sheds of the horse pens, Murphy and Yocum saddled at top speed.

"Your men will shut it off," said Bates. "You don't want to go out in this rain, at your age. Lord, man, it would take hours for that ditch to fill your tank. They'll have it shut off in a jiffy."

JAKE pulled and snarled; his hand moved back toward his gun belt; Bates released him.

"Oh, if you're bound to go, take my slicker, anyhow," said Bates. "I'm never goin' to shoot you to keep you from gettin' the grippe, if that's your idea."

Yocum swung to saddle first. Murphy followed, shouting as he raced by. Jake turned and sat down heavily.

"That's better," said Bates approvingly. "I declare, your legs are all a-tremble. Listen, fellow, you mustn't take life so hard as all that. Why, I've had dams a-plenty break on me, before now. You get used to it. I worked a year on one and saw it go out in ten minutes."

"That's what I don't want to see," said Jake, forcing his lips to a ghastly smile. "I'd like to bend my gun over the fool's head that opened that gate."

"You made me spill my pipe," Bates grumbled. He filled it afresh. "Gosh, see that lightnin', will you? . . . Read much, Jake? No? I read a right smart, myself, and it tickles me to see how many folks think you hit a man over the head with the butt of a gun, like it was a hammer

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and the barrel was the handle of it.

"You know and I know that when we hit a man with a gun, it's when we don't want to shoot him—not unless we have to. And if I do have to, I want the business end pointed his way and the handle cuddled in my hand—like this." He pulled a long-barreled .45 from under his slicker; he rose and struck at an imaginary foe.

"Of course if I went after a man this way and he closed in on me sudden, I might hit him with the butt end, and it would likely hurt him. But the other way—shucks! He'd grab it and shoot me! That would never do. He'd grab the butt end of it; he'd have the leverage on me; he'd twist it away; the front sight would cut my hand; he'd shoot me in the gizzard! Plumb foolishness!"

"They ought to have that water cut off by now," said Jake nervously.

"Oh, it'll take a long time after they close the gate before the water stops comin'. Besides," said Aforesaid Bates, pushing the muzzle of his gun into Jake's neck at the hair roots, "they're not cuttin' that water off. Just move one finger, Jake! Please! Call for help! It wasn't any boys that opened that water gate. It was the Luceros—and a few friends—and they've done gathered in your two thugs by now.

"We're shootin' the moon! Your dam will break and we'll find where you put Joe Gandy when you killed him—when he found your boxes full of guns to smuggle over the border and your grub house full of stolen saddles. You murdered him, five to one, and you run your scrapers all night to cover him up.

"You hung yourself when you got a new gang that wouldn't know how much your dam had grown overnight. That Chavez outfit wasn't dawdlin'. I saw it with my own eyes. You overplayed your hand!"

Lightning split the sky. Jake sat motionless, all vestige of color drained from face and lips, shuddering. A little moaning sob came from his parted lips—inarticulate, horrible. The whirling water leaped high against the soft earth of the dam. Slickered in the driving rain, Charlie See and Spinal Maginnis came around the house and made straight for the commissary. Steve Greenway met them at the door, alert and smiling.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"We're lookin' to see what's in your boxes. Put 'em up!"

Their guns were out, but Greenway did not falter. His hand flashed back and up; his gun fell, flaming harmlessly, from a shattered hand. He stood poised as if listening, his eyes incredulous. The lids drooped slowly.

Charlie See ran in and caught him; they sank together to the ground. Maginnis sprang through the door and came back herding a corpse-like and babbling cook before his gun.

Charlie ripped away Greenway's shirt. Three bullets had crashed through his chest. Tigerish vitality and strong purpose stayed the parting spirit. His lips moved, his eyes beckoned, and Charlie bent to hear.

"Stop the water," whispered Greenway. "Dig him out. Don't let his poor body be tumbled about . . . any more!" His long lashes drooped to his rain-wet cheek. Then they slowly opened and dying eyes looked up to Charlie—clear eyes, steady and unwavering. "Yocum wasn't in this. He wasn't here . . . Just us four," said Steve Greenway, and died.

The Barbarian *by Rex Beach* *(Continued from page 53)*

discussion. Later that morning Arthur received a contract note showing that one thousand shares had been bought for his account. The sight of it appalled him and he telephoned the broker that he had decided to sell as soon as he could do so without a loss. The market closed that day two points off and Arthur did not sleep well.

Steadily the price fell and a panic seized Crenshaw; fearfully he waited for the directors' meeting. The day came and the dividend was not raised. It was suspended. Arthur was sick; the broker was apologetic.

Crenshaw's shares were sold at a loss of more than nine thousand dollars and the broker's firm refused to accept payment over a period of time. Their client would have to raise the money somewhere, somehow.

In desperation, Arthur put the matter before Calthorpe Burkett but the catastrophe left the elder man unmoved. Burkett showed no sympathy; on the contrary, he declared that he had foreseen something of this sort and his firm could not keep in its employ a man who speculated beyond his means.

It was peculiar, but the East played havoc with most Europeans. It rotted their fiber. Not one in ten could survive. Tickets to England would be provided and Arthur and his wife could sail on the next steamer.

Crenshaw was staggered. He argued, he pleaded, but Burkett was adamant.

Finally in heat the younger man confessed, "I made a fool of myself, granted. But I'm hanged if I'll be run out of this place like a criminal. I'll get another job and pay off my debts before I budge."

Joan was aghast at the calamity but she took it bravely. The blame, she asserted, was more hers than Arthur's; she should have realized their extravagance. But she would cut expenses and they would make good the debt.

The code of the East is liberal but ironbound. Once a European is discharged from a job, it is hard to get another. In Arthur's case he found it next to impossible. At first he was angry; then he grew resentful.

By the time they had been obliged to move out of their bungalow and into a shabby hotel he had grown gloomy, vindictive; he cursed the tropics and said they had betrayed him. In an effort to drug himself into an easier frame of mind he began to drink.

Joan watched the change in her husband with the same terror with which she would have watched the creeping advance of some slow disease, and her every effort to check it failed. More than once she urged that they return home and offered to sell her few valuables—there were still enough left to cover passage on a cheap boat—but the man refused. The country had robbed him; he proposed to make it pay. Plainly, the insidious poison of the East had soured his blood; his wife feared that it would wholly destroy him.

He returned home one evening with his breath smelling strongly of liquor; there was a smoldering rage in his eyes as he announced:

"Well, I've landed a job at last. I'm a warehouse clerk in Roeter's godown." When Joan stared at him uncomprehendingly he explained, "Any half-caste could hold it, but I couldn't refuse. We'd have been thrown out of this filthy hotel before long."

"It's better than nothing, old boy," Joan managed to say, "and it will lead to something more substantial."

She maintained an air of cheerfulness during the evening but in the black hours of the night she wept. Three months ago they had been people of consequence; now they were ostracized and Arthur was taking a paltry position. Even more appalling than this comedown was the alteration in the man himself.

Life soon became a nightmare to the young wife, for instead of bucking up Arthur brooded and drank the more. Joan realized that he was indeed mentally ill.

Of necessity he had resigned from his clubs; hence they had no social contacts whatever. In fact, it was only by the exercise of the strictest economy that they managed to live at all.

One day, after several months had dragged by, Arthur announced sullenly that he had lost his position and in answer to his wife's words of sympathy he broke out:

"Oh, it was coming to me! I took chances and—got caught."

"Took chances?"

"I sold a bit of stuff now and then."

"Arthur!"

"Why not? I had to make ends meet. The swine didn't pay me enough to live on . . . Everybody's on the make, out here. Look what that broker did to me! I've learned the whole thing was crooked: they made a false market and unloaded their own shares on their friends. Burkett's as bad as the rest. Fired me after I'd worked myself dizzy for him."

"But we can't go on this way."

"I tell you I'll get even, one way or another."

"Not by stealing, surely."

"For Lord's sake, don't lecture!" Arthur seized his topee and strode out of the room, leaving his wife crushed.

Joan was thoroughly terrified now. Arthur a thief! . . . And yet there was a certain courage about that confession, for he could have hidden the truth from her easily enough. Or was it courage? Perhaps it was defiance. Perhaps he had grown wholly indifferent to her. But she could not believe the latter; it seemed more likely that he had collapsed under his load of humiliation. Whatever the truth, the future was dark indeed and she faced it with dread.

That affair at Roeter's turned out to be the first of several similar "misfortunes," as Arthur termed them. He and Joan left Singapore finally and drifted to Malacca, then on to Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh and Penang. Crenshaw worked at one thing and another—he tallied cargo; he was a clerk at a tin mine; he recruited labor in kampongs—but he was always fired, and Joan suspected why.

Husband and wife had fallen steadily in the social scale, of course. The time came when they were considered a menace to the white man's prestige. This was death to Joan, but when she mentioned leaving the East, Arthur flew into a rage and refused to stir.

Not many women would have stuck to a man under these circumstances, but Joan was not the quitting kind. What is more, she still loved her husband and believed in him. He was a sick man, she told herself; if ever he had need of her it was now.

Three years of anguished watching and waiting wore around, at the end of which time Arthur could pick up nothing better than an occasional odd job. He and

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Joan found themselves living in the half-caste quarter of Penang.

It was there that their fortunes turned; there that Said Abdul Buraala came into their lives again.

Joan recognized him as he stepped out of a gharri and swung open their tumble-down gate.

"Mrs. Crenshaw," he began, "I am delighted that you remember me. I have had a long search for you."

Color mounted to Joan's forehead. She was acutely conscious of her appearance and the story it told; she could only murmur a polite greeting.

"You are embarrassed," he said gravely, "but so am I. I understand everything; there's nothing to be said. Please sit down." After a pause he continued speaking, "It may seem an impertinence for me to intrude, but you were once kind to me. A friend is one soul with two bodies. May I not be of assistance to you and your husband?"

"Why, thanks. You're very kind, but Arthur went out after tiffin and——"

"So much the better. We can speak with less constraint. I was in Singapore recently and I tried to look you up, hoping to see you and Mr. Crenshaw—at your convenience, of course. I made inquiries and I heard a story that made my heart swim in tears. Was it true? . . . You may tell me, for the bosoms of the wise are the tombs of secrets."

Joan answered in a low voice, "Every word was true, Mr. Buraala. But—they treated Arthur abominably. We've gone down steadily. Arthur has changed dreadfully. He's sick—sick, but he'd never accept charity."

"Nor would I offer charity," the Said declared. "Mrs. Crenshaw, a diamond with a flaw is preferable to a common stone without imperfection, and there are customers for all sorts of goods. I can use your husband. I have large interests. At this moment I need a manager for one of my pearling fleets. He would have to live on the water much of the time, but you would have a bungalow in Dobo. It is not a nice place, but I guarantee your safety. The salary would be liberal. In a few years it would lead to independence."

Joan stared at the speaker, silent, dazzled, breathless. "I can't believe you mean it!" she gasped. "Why should you be so generous?"

"I never ignore an injury; neither do I forget a favor. You gave me bread when I was starving. Don't decide for your husband. I shall return this evening and talk to him."

When he met Arthur that evening Buraala must have been struck by the sad deterioration in the white man, but he gave no sign. Cordially he renewed his offer and when it was accepted, not without a suggestion of sullenness, he voiced his pleasure and outlined Arthur's duties. They were not arduous. In addition to handling the boats and crews in his charge, Crenshaw would be expected personally to open the shells and extract the pearls.

The responsibility was considerable, but the pay was proportionate. Buraala was leaving at once for Dobo and would meet Arthur and Joan there when they arrived. Meanwhile his agents would arrange their passage and advance whatever money was needed.

"Do yourselves well," he urged them. "Have a good time for the next few days. *Chelaka!* One does not remain young forever and beauty passes." With an admiring glance at Joan, he bowed and went out into the sultry night.

It was a moment before Arthur spoke; then he said gratingly, "Well, I've hit bottom at last. Hired by a colored man!" In answer to Joan's protest he cried angrily, "He isn't doing this for me! It's for you."

"Really, dear, what's the dif——"

"You're a white woman. A beautiful white woman."

"Arthur!"

"I know the breed. Friendship! Gratitude! My eye!"

"Oh-h, but you're—rotten!" Joan cried. "If you feel that way we won't go."

"Indeed we will. We can't help ourselves."

More calmly the wife said, "Mr. Buraala is the first person, white or 'colored,' who has offered us a helping hand. And he knows your record, Arthur; every chapter of it. Whether we go or whether we stay, this is the turning point. You've got to start over again and start clean." When he mumbled something she went on, "We'd be mad to turn this down, but I won't stir until you promise to pull yourself together. For heaven's sake, promise. We're drowning, don't you understand? And the Said has flung us a plank."

The husband took his head in his hands. "I *am* rotten," he admitted hoarsely. "But you're so lovely, Joan. That's what made a beast of me in the first place. Other and better men looking at you, wanting you. I'd rob, steal, murder, to keep you. And when I think what I've done to you!" He choked; his shoulders heaved. "I'm a filthy specimen, no mistake. But I promise . . . Anything to see you safe and comfortable, with good clothes and a decent home once more . . . All the same, I can't forget who Buraala is. He's a potentate. He has money, power, wives, concubines. Dobo's pretty fierce, from what I hear."

"It can't be worse than some of the places we've been."

"Very well. It's settled. I'll see his agents in the morning."

On a blazing hot afternoon the Dutch steamer dropped anchor off an uninviting huddle of wooden stores and dwellings, apart from which stood some half-dozen bleached bungalows fronted by a strip of sandy beach. It was Dobo. The village had been hewn out of the jungle; each end of the shore terminated in a tangle of snaky mangroves and coco palms.

A motor launch came weaving through the maze of *prahus* and up to the steamer's side; Buraala climbed the companion ladder to welcome the Crenshaws. Soon they were ashore and he was showing them through their home. It was tastefully furnished and immaculately clean. Joan was entranced.

The Said, as the young people knew, lived in great style at Amboyna but during the pearl-fishing season he occupied a bungalow here, and thither they went that night for dinner. As a mere temporary quarters it surprised them, for it was large and it was filled with Oriental treasures. There were twice the ordinary number of servants.

Buraala himself welcomed his guests in the dress of his country, and Joan's eyes widened at sight of him. He had presented a commanding picture in European dress but in his native attire he was regal, overpowering.

Dinner consisted of an amazing turtle soup, dugong steaks, roasted New Guinea pigeons, strange tropical fruits and vegetables and tiny cakes. The courses were accompanied by appropriate vintage wines. Coffee and brandy topped off the feast.

Buraala proved to be a gracious and an impeccable host. There was no mention of business; the evening was spent renewing that acquaintance so agreeably begun on shipboard.

The Said addressed himself more to Joan than to her husband, and an occasional smile, a flash of his eyes, betrayed his interest and his appreciation of her wit, her intelligence or her common sense. He seemed to be exploring her, drawing her out, weighing her, and the task pleased him.

Crenshaw entered into his new work with a zest that filled his wife with optimism. True, Dobo was a miserable place, the climate was horrid, the surroundings were wild, and the people were wilder, but the spell of Buraala's name was magic and under his protection she felt secure.

It was a trial to have Arthur gone for weeks at a time but there was no help for it, and she pretended to be overjoyed at their happy situation. As time went on she devised means of occupying her time. She fished; she collected orchids; she went on exploring trips with her head house boy. Being the only white woman on the island, she had little companionship, even though the Said arranged for her to visit the women of his harem, but she managed well enough.

Buraala was absent from Dobo considerably, nevertheless the magic of his name was potent; it covered her like a prophet's mantle, and she realized that the women of his household were no safer than she. It gave her a comfortable feeling.

His courtesy, his deference had not lessened but he no longer analyzed her; it seemed that he had measured her and was satisfied. As for Arthur, he put his own construction upon the Said's behavior and when Joan referred to her occasional visits to the harem he listened silently, cursing himself the while for having walked into this trap with open eyes. While away with the pearling fleet he brooded much, and during his visits to port he saw less and less of his wife. There was much to be done, he explained, and he was working hard.

As the season drew to a close he confessed that the jinx was still on him, in that the shells found by his divers had yielded few pearls—poor ones, at that. It was a pity.

Joan believed him at first; then suspicions, of which she was ashamed, took form in her mind. Was he lying? Had the worm bored too deeply? She refused actually to voice these questions but her intuitions were keen and certainly there was something wrong with Arthur. What else could it be?

The very effort to answer made her miserable.

If indeed he was so mad as to play the Said false, there could be but one outcome. Buraala was kindly but merciless. He had paid his debt; betrayal by the beggar whom he had stooped to lift would, in his eyes, call for vengeance swift and terrible, and rightly so. Arthur would merit any punishment.

But what would happen to her if the crash came? Buraala's word was law: he held the power almost of life and death here. A white woman alone and penniless in this Mohammedan hell! Joan grew faint at the contemplation.

Buraala stopped her one day at the entrance of her compound and said, "You are worried, Mrs. Crenshaw. What is troubling you?"

The woman felt her lips whiten as she denied the charge; her heart sank at the curious smile that flickered over the Said's face.

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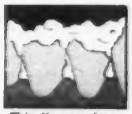
How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



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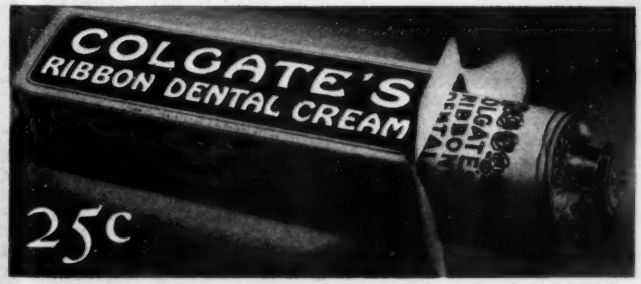

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"Do not permit yourself to be disturbed," he told her. "A bird can roost on but one branch. A mouse can drink no more than its fill from a river."

"I don't know what that means."

"Never mind. I, too, have worried, for it is easier to know how to do a thing than to do it, but we Malays have a saying that if one ferries at all it is best to ferry right over. Be assured of one thing: your happiness is dear to me."

With quaking knees Joan made her way up to the bungalow and sank into a porch chair. For a long while she remained motionless, her eyes staring blindly out into the blazing tropic noon.

Then it was true! Poor Arthur! Poor sick, mad creature! She wondered if he would listen to her warning; if there was time to make restitution. Well, when the blow fell she could probably buy his freedom. And why not, since this was her fault?

THE monsoon began to blow a few days later and the pearling boats came pelting home. Arthur's schooner anchored late and he went straight to the office to pay off his divers and coolies. It was dark when he left for his bungalow.

On his way a Malay in European whites stepped out of a shadow and spoke furtively: *"Tuan!* May I have a moment?"

The fellow was a stranger, and Arthur inquired gruffly: "What do you want?"

"It is something private. I room at Nastasia's house. We could talk there."

Crenshaw was instantly on guard. "If you have business, blurt it out."

The Malay stepped closer. "I am a dealer in pearls. I buy from anyone. I ask no questions."

"Indeed?" A cold perspiration broke out upon the white man. "You've got a nerve to tell *me* that!"

"You have pearls."

"The devil I have!"

"Do not pretend anger, *tuan*. I know what I know. I do not call it a crime to rob those who rob others. Big fish eat little ones, the little ones eat shrimps and the shrimps are forced to eat mud. Is it not better to sell to me at a fair price than to have the Controleur search your house? The rich are avaricious; they are vindictive. But who can trace guilders?"

Arthur felt an impulse to strangle the scoundrel; on the other hand, if he refused to do business with the man—then what? One buyer was like another.

"How much money have you got?" he inquired finally.

"Oh, plenty, *tuan!*" The Malay patted his breast pocket significantly.

"Very well. Come along."

There was an unused storehouse at the back of the Crenshaw compound; thither the owner led his visitor. Once inside, he switched on his pocket flash light. Reaching inside his shirt, he unbuckled a belt from his waist and drew it forth. From one of the pockets he removed three small cotton-wool packages, which he opened one by one. At sight of what lay inside the Malay massaged his hands and made strange clucking noises with his lips.

A half-hour later the two emerged from the storeroom and silently separated.

While the Crenshaws were still at their coffee a messenger arrived. He salaamed; he presented the respects and the apologies of Said Abdul Buraala, who begged that the *mem-sahib* come with the utmost speed. There was trouble in his home. His youngest wife was ill and frightened and calling for her.

"Of course I'll come," Joan promised. To Arthur she explained, "She's only a child and it's her first baby."

"I'll go along, too," the husband said; "but frankly, I don't like the idea of your visiting that harem."

"No time to think about that. Let's hurry." Together, they set out.

The Said was profuse in his thanks to Joan; he turned her over to the wrinkled old eunuch whom she had often seen and said, "You have a heart of go'd. Again you put me in your debt, Mrs Crenshaw."

When she had left the room he turned to Arthur, saying, "What a treasure you have in that benevolent woman. She is as beautiful in soul as she is in face and in body.

"One can demand but four things from a woman: that virtue dwell in her heart, modesty adorn her forehead, sweetness flow from her lips and industry occupy her hands. I have taken occasion to study your wife carefully—— But let me mix you a whisky and *ayer blanda*. I have a matter to discuss with you." Returning from a side table, Buraala handed Arthur his drink, then seated himself. "The matter is—this."

Uncovering a lacquered box, he took from it three small cotton-wool packages, at sight of which Crenshaw's eyes dilated. Slowly the Said opened the packages. In the heart of each there was a nest of pearls and some were of extraordinary size and fineness.

Crenshaw sat like a man transfixed. "What have you there?" He managed to set down his drink without spilling it.

"Just some of my pearls. Will you kindly hand over the money you received for them?"

"What the devil!" the white man exploded.

"A fool admires himself most when he has committed some folly. The money is counterfeit and I obtained it for this occasion from my friend the chief of police of Amboyna. It was formerly the property of a half-caste gambler.

"How could you hope to hide your footsteps when you walked in snow?" the Said inquired. "That pearl buyer is a distant cousin of mine, likewise imported for the occasion . . . You are a foolish man to put yourself so utterly in the hands of a—stranger, an alien."

A change had come over Crenshaw; his eyes were blazing. Hoarsely he cried: "Is your wife really sick? Or was that just a trap to get Mrs. Crenshaw here?"

Buraala stared at him curiously. "What do you surmise?"

"I think it was a lie; a part of this—this filthy trickery."

"Correct! . . . Trickery, yes? We have a saying that he who leads an ox to drink must wet his own feet."

On the Mohammedan's desk lay a slender *kris*. Arthur made a move towards it but the Said swept it up, dropped it into a drawer.

"Hm-m! Realization of Mrs. Crenshaw's—danger stirs you to action." Buraala nodded. "That is creditable, and you have little to your credit. What a pity you did not think of her sooner!"

The speaker went on, "I have studied you both. I think I understand you as thoroughly as I do her."

"You can't get away with this!" Crenshaw chattered. "I don't care what you do to *me* but——"

"Permit me to read your thoughts and correct me if I am wrong. Shame at your deed is forgotten. You have no regrets. You are thinking only that your lovely wife is now the prey of a wily Oriental and that you delivered her to him, bound hand and foot.

"My attentions to her have meant but one thing—— Oh, you are transparent, and I know the white mind! I am not of your faith; therefore I am a barbarian. My motives are evil. My religion is a sham. Be silent until I have finished! . . . Crenshaw, your life is in my hands. I am the head of my people here. I am the law: the high justice and the low. My enemies wither."

"I'll take my medicine, but it's not her fault I went bad. I'd do worse than steal for her."

"No doubt. And she would sacrifice herself, body and soul, to save you . . . Oh, miserable man! Have I aroused you, or are you at heart wholly rotten?"

Arthur stared inquiringly at the speaker.

"To persecute the unfortunate is like throwing stones on one fallen into a well," the Said resumed. "I hired you with my eyes open. I knew your whole history and I had little faith in your honesty, but I reasoned that it is not the defect of the branches or the leaves that causes a tree to perish; it is the decay of the root. This man is not bad at the core, I told myself, or that brave, gentle woman would not cling to him.

"I warned you when we first met that the East puts an evil spell upon white men. You lack our moral fiber, perhaps. I said, 'Crenshaw has become a rogue elephant' . . . You have heard of our rogue elephants? Sometimes one is cast out of the herd and becomes solitary; he broods and anger frets him until he destroys for the joy of destruction. Strange to say, if these rogues are caught and tamed they turn out to be the best animals. Men can be like that.

"Crenshaw, you and your wife did me a kindness when I lay sick and despised among strangers. You put a fetter upon my neck. *You* are sick. You are a rogue and I have tried to tame you. Have I succeeded?"

"Do you mean to say you—you'll give me another chance?" Arthur spoke from a daze.

"More than that. I invite you to start again. I could not do less, for regardless of what you have done or may do to me, you have honored my name and you and she are guests in the house of my fathers. It is written."

"Oh!" Crenshaw took his face in his hands; his shoulders heaved.

OUTSIDE, the palms rustled faintly. In the silence came the voice of Joan. She was approaching. She was chatting with the old eunuch.

Arthur rose and went to a window, where the light was dim.

"Well, everything is all right, Mr. Buraala. She's feeling much better," Joan announced.

"You bear healing to the sick and the unfortunate," said Buraala. "My gratitude is deep. While you were gone Arthur and I laid our plans for next season."

"Next season?" Joan shot a startled glance at her husband, and for the first time in months he met her gaze frankly.

In his face she read a message that caused her heart to leap. Poor Arthur! How she had wronged him!

In a voice low but steady he told her: "Things went badly with me this season but Mr. Buraala understands and—they'll go better from now on."

"I'm so glad!"

"Yes, we understand each other fully." The Said nodded and beamed upon the couple. "Now away with thoughts of pain and pearls and profits. Sit down and let's talk about books and pictures and friendships and—well, about shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings."

"Sorry, Mrs. Warner, I'm afraid you'll have to have the valves ground"

She has always bought just "oil"

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

MAKES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	...	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...
" Model T	...	...	...	...	...	...	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	...	...	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-75	...	...	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
" 8-80	...	...	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
" other models	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 4, 490, Adv.-6, Sp.-6, Twin Ig.-6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	...	...	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" 60, 69, 80	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'dor 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" President 8	BE	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-70, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...

If only your car could tell you when troubles are just *beginning*. Underneath the hood, the engine may be struggling with silent, hidden mischief which in time will show up as sharply as a toothache.

Then—you may have cause to exclaim, "Where *did* that noise come from?" Or your husband remarks, "This car doesn't take the hills the way it used to." Or the garage man says, "Better have the carbon removed . . . and the valves need grinding."

The wrong oil will inevitably cause troubles like these sooner or later. And every time you ask just for "oil", you are risking the dangers of the *wrong* oil.

Yet it is so simple to be sure of the right oil.

The Mobiloil Chart shows you at a glance the correct oil for *your* engine. This chart is the most authoritative guide of its kind in the world. Before your car was listed in it, Mobiloil engineers studied every detail of your engine and recommended an oil for it, as a baby specialist prescribes a formula for a particular child's needs.

So you *can* be *sure* about your oil. Indeed, when you buy Mobiloil, you are buying the *very* oil which automotive engineers use in their own cars, two to one. And the maker of your car approves your choice—no other oil comes even a close second to Mobiloil in the recommendations of car manufacturers.

The Mobiloil Chart can make you as certain of buying the right oil as if you were an engineer yourself. And it is convenient, too, to know—if you are planning a motor vacation—that you can buy Mobiloil anywhere. Here or abroad. On any continent. Wherever cars travel—for Mobiloil is the world's leading motor oil.

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"Dear Mud" *by Jack Donahue* (Continued from page 89)

dance at the Eagles tonight. All the beer we can drink free. That's one of the nice things about being a performer. You get invited to the best places and it doesn't cost you a penny.

If that's the way you feel about my mail I'll have it sent in care of the "Clipper." You can do more by talking to Joe than I can by writing him. Tell him to be a good boy and you'll bring him down to see me when I play the Palace next month.

And oh, yes, I looked up Dad's sister and I wish you wouldn't send me around to any more relatives. She asked me if I could pass a couple in to see the show and she brought down seven. I had to pay for five of them out of my own pocket. She kicked about the seats and thought that the De Marr sisters were the hit of the show. So I'm through.

Your loving son,
John

Charlestown, Mass.
May 4th, 1910.

Dear Johnny:

So you spent five dollars trying to get that La Tour woman on the phone. Well, she's written you here though I didn't think she'd have gall enough to do it, and just as I suspected there's nothing wrong with her at all.

She says her dog had a little touch of rheumatism in Martha's Vineyard and she's going to stay in Lynn with some friends till it gets better. I have my doubts about any woman who isn't in her room at two o'clock in the morning and as far as coming home right after the theater, just remember that she was glad enough to go out with you after the show and help you get rid of the few dollars you make.

There's no doubt now that she's the same woman I used to see and she should be ashamed of herself, to be stringing along a silly boy who can't support himself. I didn't mean to open your mail, son, but I thought it was for your father. Mrs. Mooney is coming over tonight; she teaches French and she's going to tell me what some of this French stuff says in the letter and then I'll send it to you.

Tell her not to write you here again and for heaven's sake don't ever bring her out here. I'll never forget the time you brought that fat blonde home from the Golden Dollar Bar and your father almost had a stroke.

Stay away from that Portugese woman; that's all we need is a scandal like that. You know that janitor next door claimed he was from Portugal but he never fooled me for a minute.

What did you do with that bag? I hope you didn't throw it away. Your grandfather brought that over from the Old Country and your father doesn't know it's out of the house.

I told Florrie what you said about Fred Carter and she carried on something terrible. She says he isn't married at all, just some more of your lies, and that you're jealous because he took a girl away from you. Of course I believe you, son, but I hope you're telling the truth as I have nothing against the young man, except he's an actor.

Why did you take a room by the railroad tracks? Why didn't you look around a little first? If I was paying for my breakfast I'd make it a point to get up and eat it.

Now, son, I don't want to keep reminding you, but you haven't even mentioned money in your last two letters. If you can throw away four dollars for a phone call and eight dollars for a pair of shoes you can well afford to send me something to pay on your bills. What kind of heels have those shoes? It sounds like they were woman's shoes. Kitty White got a pair like that in Filene's basement for three.

Your father's saying some nasty things about you, son, but I don't like to believe him. Don't blame me for what the O'Tooles did to you. They're your father's people not mine.

There's no use talking to little Joe. I told him I'd take him down to see your act but he says he remembers it from the Austin and Stone Museum and that it smelt bad.

That sounded like a very nice bill. I think it's wonderful that they can train a frog. I suppose that La Tour woman will have one of those next.

Love,
Mother

Newport, R. I.
May 5th, 1910.

Stopping at Cleveland House (didn't ask)	?
Fare from New Bedford	1.05
Tips, etc	.25

NEWPORT OPERA HOUSE

$20. for 3 days.

No. 1. Picture (Gold Seekers).

No. 2. Alex Wilson, Ventriloquist—great act.

No. 3. Jack Donahue—Perfect for Newport.

No. 4. Harrison & Giles—great comedy act, will go better in the smaller houses.

No. 5. On the Campus, School act. 7 people—four girls—two blondes, very pretty.

No. 6. Feature picture—Love's Awakening—very sad.

Dear Mud:

It's an awful thing when a fellow's own people turn on him. I always thought you were for me and just didn't know how to show it, but when you pull that stuff, opening someone's mail which is practically sacred and passing it around to the neighbors to read, I don't know what to say. From now on my mail goes to the Clipper. Don't believe what Mrs. Mooney says; she only teaches in the grammar school and this is deep stuff.

Now you don't have to send me the letter. She called me this morning at six o'clock. The poor little thing has been wandering around the streets in a daze. There's something eating her heart out and she can't even tell me what it is.

One thing I know that's worrying her is the dog. Rheumatism is a terrible thing for a dog when it gets around Zaza's age. She thinks so much of him that she's got him insured for $10,000. He's worth more dead than our whole family is alive. So you can see she's really got something to worry about.

But as smart as people think they are, fooling around with people's mail and persecuting a girl they never saw, I'm going to be with her again in a couple of weeks. I've got myself booked in Lynn for the week of May 16th, and believe me, I'm going to make up to her for the hard knocks she's been getting. There's just one thing I wish, if you could only meet her yourself and see what kind of a girl she really is.

I'm among my own kind here and look forward to a pleasant engagement.

You've heard about Newport, Rhode Island, Mud; the place where all the real swells have their summer homes. I'm glad I got those shoes. Another thing I feel good about is that they only play the very best of acts here. Like this week, they've got Alex Wilson the Ventriloquist and Harrison and Giles, the "Kizotsky Kids," so you can see how I must stand in the office.

I just checked in the Cleveland House and you should see it, Mud. Class all over. The clerk knew me when I came in and I'm getting a rate. I don't know what it will be yet but I wanted to get upstairs quick with this bag. He just said, "Don't worry, Donahue; we know you and we'll take good care of you." I think it may be a dollar and a quarter but it's worth it. I can see the ocean from my window and the bath is right in the room. They give you soap with the name of the hotel carved in it and the telephone is right by the bed. The Opera House is just across the street.

To give you an idea of the kind of place it is, they charge a straight .35c in the orchestra so I hope I haven't got any relatives in this town. They have a regular concert orchestra, seven pieces in the band, and you should hear them play my opening. This is real show business, Mud.

The only thing I've got to buy in this town is a bathing suit. I've heard about this Bailey Beach and I'm going to try it, probably tomorrow.

I think I'll surely be able to send you something this pay day. I got some raw deals in New Bedford and was certainly glad to get out of there. I couldn't save that bag, Mud; one side was right through, so I had to put everything in the other bag and I'll make it last the week out but I've got to get a trunk.

You remember I told you we were all invited to the Eagles. A fine deal they gave us; not that I cared myself, but the boys were expecting a few drinks and all they gave us was a pitcher of warm beer apiece and cheese sandwiches. Some guy had the nerve to ask me to get up and do something. I said, "Certainly, I'll be glad to. What's in it?" and he said, "Well, you're having a good time, ain't you, everything you want to eat and drink?" and I said, "You just pay me, and I'll buy my own."

I was sore, anyway; tired out and my feet hurt me. I ain't got them broke in right yet. You never saw a pair of shoes like these in Filene's. This pair was made up special for some big interior decorator in New Bedford.

So anyway, I'm standing there drinking a glass of beer, minding my own business, when I notice a couple of guys looking at me and acting like sissies. One of them pulls out his handkerchief and waves at me. I never like to start anything at a racket but that got me. So I walked over to the smallest one and let him have it, and out he went.

They told me afterwards that I still had the pitcher in my hand when I hit him but I don't think so. Just my luck the guy was on the committee and I had to beat it.

I used to think little Joe was a nice kid but I'm disappointed in him, too. What do I care what anyone thinks about my act? I'm getting real money for it, ain't I?

Ferry the Frog isn't a real frog, he's a back-bender; in other words a contortionist but he works in a frog's suit. He gets very big money and is very well known. I'm surprised you never heard of him. He took a liking to me and showed me his contract. I'd like to tell you what he's getting but I can't do it. That's something that's sacred with

"Let's play a round of golf" says MR. HACKETT

"Let's stay home and rest" says MR. HACKETT

More vigor per spoonful... GRAPE-NUTS

IN every one of us, two sides of our nature are struggling for supremacy. "Let's lick the world," says one side. "Sit down," says the other, "you can lick the world tomorrow."

To play hard and work hard—to greet each hour with zest and draw from it the utmost pleasure and profit—that's living! And that's what we want most. Vigor, energy, to make life every day a glorious adventure.

Why don't we always have this vigor, and energy? What happens to us when we can't "get up steam"—when we haven't even enough initiative and enthusiasm to grasp the pleasures we long to enjoy? *Look for an answer in the food you eat.* For food, day by day, must rebuild the body and recharge it with vital energy. And only the right kind of food can do the right kind of job!

If you want all-around health, exuberant energy and vitality, see to it that your food, every day, gives you all the building, energizing elements your body needs.

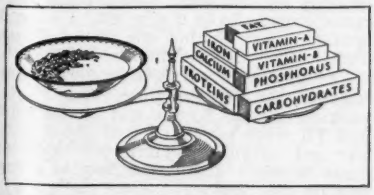
There is one food long known for the contribution it makes to building and fueling the body—a food which gives us a tremendous amount of energy in proportion to the amount eaten. This food is Grape-Nuts—purposely designed to give you the nourishment that produces healthful vigor, buoyant energy—and to give it to you in a form that is temptingly delicious.

Grape-Nuts is made of choice wheat and malted barley. It is abundant in dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, which are the chief producers of *energy*.

In addition Grape-Nuts provides vital elements often lacking in the modern diet—iron, for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite.

And Grape-Nuts *invites* eating. Its golden-brown kernels, tinged with purest malt sugar, are crisp and crunchy. Not only does this crispness add to deliciousness—it also encourages thorough chewing to help better digestion. And also gives to teeth and gums the brisk exercise they need to remain sound and healthy.

Start *now* to make breakfast build vital health and energy for you. Buy Grape-Nuts today for breakfast tomorrow! Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts, a product of General Foods Corporation. Or send coupon below for free trial offer.



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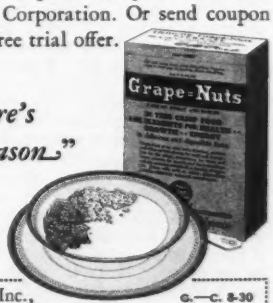

"There's a Reason"

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actors. I'll give you an idea though. It's better than $35. for three days.

Well, I'm going to jump in the old tub now and then back to the theater. I know a girl on the bill. She's with a school act called "On the Campus."

Your loving Son.

Charlestown, Mass.
May 6th, 1910.

Dear Son:

As I told you before I didn't know that letter was for you and anyway if you didn't have a guilty conscience you wouldn't be afraid of me reading your mail. Mrs. Mooney wouldn't tell me what was in the letter but advised me to burn it up, so I cut out that part of the letter and am sending you the rest. Mrs. Mooney says she doesn't understand how you could get that familiar with a woman in three days.

Since you're so anxious for me to meet her, I suppose I'll have to try and get over to Lynn. I don't know what I'll do about the boys' luncheons, but I feel that it's my duty as your mother to try and stop you from getting into any more trouble than you're already in. She'll not be able to handle me like she has you and that dog.

Walking the streets in a daze, was she? Just let her tell that to me; the very story your father pulled a week after we were married. A nice hour for the dog to be out with his rheumatism if he really has it. It's a wonder the poor thing is alive at all with her having that much insurance on him.

Two weeks you've been working and not a penny have you sent home. I thought sure you would send something from that last town. What do you need of a bathing suit? You say you've got a bathtub right in your room. The airs you put on, on the little money you make, I don't see how you'll ever get out of debt. The hotel sounds very fine but it's not for you, son.

I should think you'd be glad to do something for the Eagles. Uncle Jerry is an Eagle and they were very nice to him when that horse stepped on his chest. They paid all the bills. I warned you about those shoes, son, and you'll get yourself in a lot of trouble hitting people with pitchers.

Your father's been having a lot of trouble. He pulled a hair out of his nose last week and it must have got infected. It's as big as your fist and to make it worse little Walter hit it with a bean-bag. Of course he didn't mean it but it must have been painful.

I think I remember that Wilson man. The little fellow that sits on his lap is very cute and he's the dead spit of you when you were a little boy, especially when he talked. I don't see why you can't put on a frog suit if there's that much money in it. Your father says you'd better get rid of those shoes before you get to Westerly; they're all hard-working folks up there and you'd probably get in trouble with them.

Little Joe is getting worse; he didn't come home last night. He walked in at ten o'clock this morning and said he slept with Willie Connors but we found out this afternoon that he wasn't there. Your father says if there's a woman mixed up in it he'll break Joe's neck, but I think he's too young for anything like that although you were only a year older when you gave that Italian girl my Paisley shawl for a birthday present.

Well, I've got to stop now. It's time for another bread poultice for your father's nose. The doctor said to use white bread but I've only got rye in the house and I guess that will be all right for one time. You must send me some money, son; you know your father will be docked for this time off.

Love,
Mother

Westerly, R. I.
May 9th, 1910.

Stopping at the Hotel Martin, rate	1.00
Fare from Newport	1.70
Tips, etc	.25

STAR THEATER

No. 1. Capt. Flaud, in Satan's Dream.
No. 2. Natalie Normandie—Queen of Operatic Change Comediennes.
No. 3. Jack Donahue, America's greatest eccentric dancer.
No. 4. Musical Simpsons. James & Flora. Xylophone & Drum. Musical Mélange.

Dear Mud:

About your coming to Lynn, I've been thinking it over and I don't think you'd better; with Dad's nose and the kids coming home for lunch, I think it would be too much for you. Adrienne's so upset anyway, you wouldn't be seeing her right, and I think it's best we let it go this time. The dog has Sinus trouble now on top of everything else.

I got a letter from her today and there's no telling when she'll be able to work again. All I had was four dollars, so I sent her that but I felt like a piker. There's one girl that can have anything I've got.

Look at the bill here this week; only four acts but the cream of the circuit. We're booked here for a solid week, this is a pretty big place and famous all over the world for its granite. All the men here work in the quarries and get big dough. I'm getting $37.50 for my end this week. I've got to send my agent $3.75 in a lump for commission.

It cost me 1.70 to come here from Newport but anything I paid to get out of that town would have been cheap. I got the worst deal in that town that a white man ever got anywhere.

In the first place, you know that clerk in the hotel told me not to worry about anything, that I'd be well taken care of, and you could've knocked me down with a feather when he handed me a bill for $7.50 for the three days. And on top of that three phone calls for a dime apiece when you can phone for a nickel anywhere.

At first I thought they had me mixed up with some guy that had been there for a week but it was mine all right. 2.50 a day they were charging me and they claim it was a 3.50 room and I was getting a rate, no less. And I couldn't do a thing about it. There I was in a strange town. I tried to get the clerk to come out from behind his counter but he was yellow, too . . . And when I called the manager he had the nerve to say "We don't want any hams here anyway."

I was just measuring him to let him have it when I saw a cop standing in front of the hotel so I couldn't get any satisfaction at all. So I went back to my room and broke the water pipe and took all the towels, three bath and three face and whatever soap there was and made a package. You ought to get it tomorrow or the next day.

Don't be giving me any arguments about me doing wrong. Don't forget they swindled me out of 3.05 but believe me I learned my lesson. I've got to know what everything is going to cost me from now on. Wouldn't that make you lose your faith in human nature?

You know I told you I was going to buy a bathing suit and try that Bailey's Beach? What a fake that is! My feet have been bothering me anyhow, and being a hoofer naturally I've got to take good care of them, so I got myself a pair of slippers at the same time. The suit alone was 1.50 and the slippers .35 and I got a bathing cap, too, on account of not wanting to get the wave out of my hair; that was another .25.

I tried the whole outfit on the night before in my room and I certainly looked my best. So in the morning I'm up real early, it couldn't have been more than 11, hop in a cab with a topcoat on over my bathing suit and shoot right out to old Bailey's Beach. And what do you think they pulled on me?

There's an old guy in a uniform standing at the gate and he asks me where I'm going. So I said, "Why don't you use your head; where do you think I'm going with this outfit on?" "Are you a member?" he asks me, very stuck-up. "No," I said, "but I guess this will do the trick," and I whipped out my White Rats card. "Very sorry, sir," he said, still on his high-horse; "this is a private beach and only members are allowed to use it."

So they had me. I could have gone on to a public beach but I was too disgusted. I've always wanted to go to Bailey's and then they have to pull something like that on me. So I took a cab back to my room.

I was so sore about it I just walked through my act, the worst show I ever gave, but I did pull some ad lib. stuff about Bailey's. If there were any members in the audience believe me they heard plenty. And I was just getting ready to send you some money too, when this stuff came up.

I hope, Mud, by the time you get this letter Dad's nose has gone down some. He must look awfully funny but I don't think Walter hit him on purpose. If it was little Joe it would be different. If that was the bean-bag I used to use, it had pebbles in it. He must have got an awful smack.

There's nothing the matter with my shoes, and besides, I threw the others away so I'll have to make them last now. I'll just get the tops dyed black and they'll be all right.

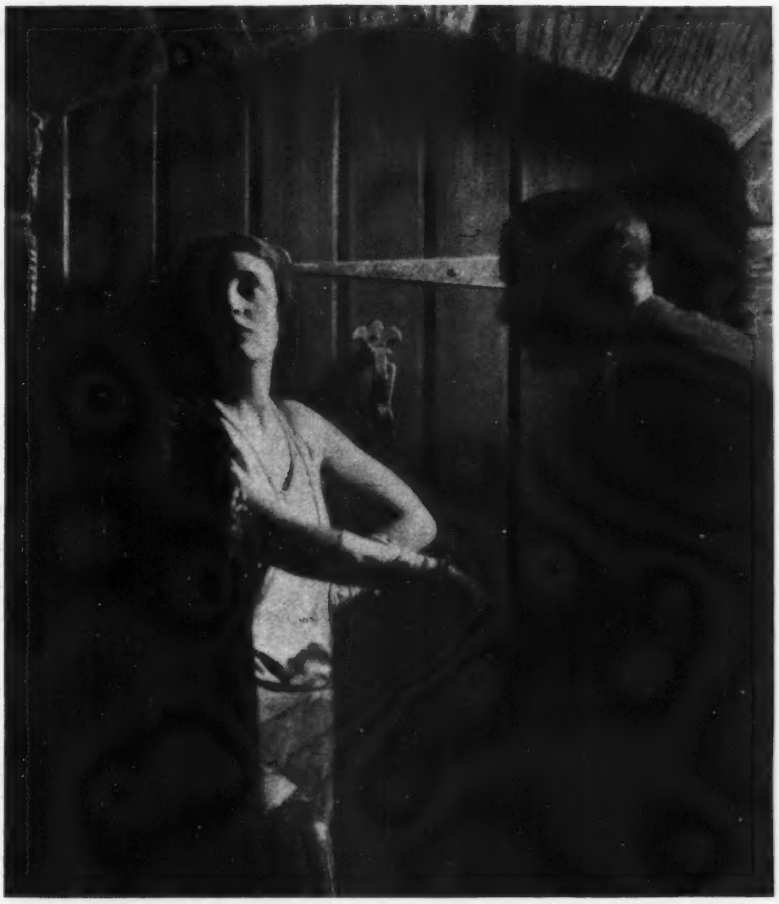
That's a fine thing to wish me, that I should do a frog act. Of course he makes good money now but that's as far as he'll ever go, where there's no limit to what I can make. In those big shows in New York they pay anywhere up to three hundred dollars a week for a good comedian and there's no doubt I'm headed that way. You see where I say at the beginning of my letter Jack Donahue, America's greatest eccentric dancer; that line is right from the Daily Express and the guy that wrote that is the toughest critic in the state.

Uncle Jerry wasn't an Eagle in the first place; he's a Woodmen of the World. They may be all right but after that trouble in New Bedford I'm not doing nothing for nothing. This Natalie Normandie seems to be a nice kid. I haven't spoken to her yet but she smiled at me and I've got an idea she may be French.

I'm paying a straight dollar a day here at the Martin Hotel and I'll be back on my feet by the end of the week and I'll start taking care of those bills. I've got to run out now and look at some trunks. The other bag is going bad on me, too.

Love,
Johnny

The unexpected happens when Jack's ma meets Adrienne La Tour—Next Month



"IT'S funny how life treats a fellow. I had knocked around a long time and I'd about come to the conclusion that I would never fall in love.

"And then, one night, a friend of mine asked me up to the Westchester-Biltmore.

"'I've got a girl for you that you'll like,' he said.

"Well, I'd heard that story before. There's always somebody in every city in the world that's got a girl that was just made for you. Somehow, they never click. And although I had a splitting headache, I went because Jim was a friend of mine.

"I met the girl and as I was introduced I thought, 'Tricked again!' That just goes to show you the folly of first impressions.

"I don't know what there was about this girl but she attracted me and fascinated me as no other woman had. I can't remember when I have ever spent such a pleasant evening. Everything she did struck me as just right. Every movement she made seemed graceful to me. I felt humble in her presence, yet eager to win her regard. But all the while, I was conscious of a sort of haughty reserve on her part.

"I took her home in Jim's car and I asked if I might call. She hesitated, as though turning the matter over in her mind, and finally agreed.

"I don't flatter myself that I'm any Don Juan with women, but at least I have seen enough of life to make my conversation moderately interesting. It couldn't have been that I bored her—and yet I could not understand that distant air of hers. I thought about it a long time as a fellow will, and finally dropped off to sleep.

"The following Wednesday I called upon her at her home. I have listened to a lot of love-sick men in my time and I wrote them all down as chumps but I want to tell you that the first time in my forty years, I knew how they felt.

"This woman upset me, disturbed me, and captivated me completely. It was just one of those things that happen to a man—one of those things for which there was no explanation. I knew that if I lived to be a thousand years old, that there would never be another woman that could win me as she did.

"That second meeting was pleasant enough—wonderful in fact—but all the time I had the same feeling I had experienced before—that she was holding aloof from me, that something vaguely displeased her. But down in her heart, I felt that she at least liked me.

"That night when I went home, I racked my brain in an attempt to recall something I had said or done to irritate her. It bothered me, because I felt that she was the most important thing to me in life. I would gladly have given all I had to make her happy.

"Business called me to Cuba and I flew down and back so that I might spend as little time as possible away from her. It sounds foolish for a man of my age, doesn't it?

"Once back in New York, I called her immediately. One of her servants informed me she was out of town. But one hour later, I saw her driving down Fifth Avenue. That hurt! I resolved to say nothing about it and called her again in the evening.

"She was very pleasant but said that she was busy. Thereafter, it was the same story. I knew she didn't want to see me. I was simply sick about it.

"I couldn't understand then why I should be unwelcome to her and I never would have understood unless a friend of mine—my oldest friend, in fact—had told me.

"'Leonard,' he began in a sort of abashed way, 'this isn't a thing that I could say to many people. Old friend as you are, I have hesitated even in your case. It's not easy to talk about. But I feel that I can help you more by telling you about it than by not telling.'

"I didn't know what he was driving at, but I'm the kind of a fellow that likes the bad news quickly and over with.

"And then he told me. It was a horrible thing to hear. I flushed—and thanked him. I only wish to heaven he'd had the courage to tell me five years ago. I could understand now why Louise had sent me away a discouraged, unhappy man three years before."

. . .

She SAID
"Good Night"
but she MEANT
"Good Bye"

Full strength Listerine instantly ends halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. A germicide, it kills the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000, in 15 seconds.* Naturally it attacks infections and decay—each a cause of odors. Being also a rapid deodorant it overcomes the odors themselves. Gargle with it every morning, every night and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

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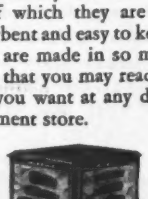

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Miss Lochinvar of Kalamazoo (*Cont'd from page 85*)

he was as yet unable to afford an office attendant.

Presently, "I had no idea," he babbled, "that you were East."

"I wasn't. But I got your letter——"

"You don't mean you just drove East!"

"I did; and 'through all the wide border her steed was the best,'" Jade assured him. "I'm pinched, by the way."

So much for romance nowadays. Imagine Juliet rushing to Romeo's side and then plunging into a story of some traffic cop of Verona!

"Oh, so Doyle nailed you," he said. "He's hard-boiled and he has to make a certain number of arrests to keep his job, you know."

"I didn't, but I do now," she retorted. "And it seems a funny system to me. You have a tourists' booth on the state road which cordially invites visitors to Lyemouth and if they come, they're arrested."

"Only if they ignore a sign that sets a speed limit. Didn't you see it?"

"Now you're talking like Doyle!" she protested. "But he's not consistent. Another car shot by at much more than twenty-five miles an hour while he was taking my name, and he didn't do a thing about that."

"It was probably somebody he knew; one of the townspeople."

"I see: home industries protected," commented Jade. "Is it just tourist trade that Doyle is after?"

"Not wholly; some of the summer people are apt to speed up on that stretch," he amended. Then: "How long can you stay?"

"I suspect that depends on whether I'm engaged or not," said Jade.

"Oh, Jade, please don't!" he protested. "If you knew how I feel——"

"I can guess. I—I feel rather that way myself. Now tell me all about it—the business, I mean."

There wasn't much he could add to his letter, however. "I seem to have bought a gold brick," he concluded. "Of course I can check out, start the Horatio Alger from another angle. But it didn't seem fair to ask you to wait."

"You talk as if it were something that could be turned on and off like water; perhaps I can't help waiting."

He almost went into a clinch at that, but he restrained himself. "If so, that's your hard luck!" he said.

"Your first impulse was better," Jade said coolly. "And you might at least say you are glad to see me."

"It's sweet of you to come; sweet to have you here," he said. "Only——"

"Only it won't do any good," Jade finished for him. "Perhaps not. But shameless as it may sound, I plan to stick around. I think I'll engage board and room by the week. And as you're not busy perhaps we can play around a bit. I'd like to see Lyemouth and get to know it better."

A room was found for Jade easily enough. Lyemouth was practically deserted at this time of the year, for her past was buried at sea; her present and her future now depended on the summer folks. They, arriving in late May or early June and departing in September, increased the normal population of not much more than one thousand to nearly ten. In good years, that is.

Richard outlined all this to Jade as they drove.

"I want to see all the summer places you have for sale or rent, just for the fun of it," she had announced.

He showed them to her. All vacant now, as some had been all summer.

"And that hits everybody," he explained. "If the summer colonies were wiped out, this town would go on the rocks. Their taxes help pay the town expenses—schools and streets, fire department and police. They also give the all-the-year-arounders a living. The grocers, carpenters——"

"I can see that, but do *they?* The all-the-year-arounders?"

"Naturally. That is why the Chamber of Commerce set up the tourists' booth."

"Who set up Doyle?" she demanded.

Richard grinned. "I see that still irritates you. I'm sorry Doyle refuses to be nice about it, but I was afraid he wouldn't."

"He wouldn't," acknowledged Jade. Then, abruptly, "When does your Chamber of Commerce meet?"

"Next Tuesday; the fifteenth."

"I'd like to meet the president, or whatever you call him."

Richard's grin widened. "I usually call him Ed, and you've already met him," he replied. "He sold you a compact yesterday. He runs the drug store. Our Chamber of Commerce is like that, you see."

Jade did. "Then I've probably met some of the other officers too?"

"Well, the man who sold you ten gallons of gas yesterday is the treasurer. The vice president is one of my competitors, but the secretary is the plumber I interviewed yesterday about the Evans house."

Jade's thoughts took another turn. "I *love* that house," she assured him.

"It's a bargain for somebody," he said.

They were both seeing it, in mind. It looked out across the harbor and was a remodeled colonial. It had a heating plant and was suitable for an all-the-year-around home. And such a home!

"I've a good mind to buy it, Ricky!" said Jade.

"Buy it?" he echoed. "What for?"

"To live in. What do people usually buy houses for? I could wheedle it out of Dad for a wedding present. It would be such a nice place for us, don't you think?"

"Don't!" he begged. "It's torture to think of that now."

"Oh, marriage, even with me, may not be so bad," she assured him. And then, impulsively, she put her slim hand over his. "Lyemouth *is* ducky—and so are you, Ricky. I feel ever so optimistic about you both. I'm going to rent half a dozen houses for you myself next summer. I know just the people who should occupy them."

So *that* was what was in her mind. Half a dozen houses? Why, he ought to rent half a hundred to make any sort of living. But he had not the heart to tell her so then.

Anyway, like quicksilver, she was off on another tangent.

"I'm so glad I brought my typewriter, and so sorry I'm going to be awfully busy the next few days," she said. "I hope you'll miss me a lot although of course I'll see you *some*."

"You're going to be busy?" He was baffled. "You—you don't mean you are going to write your friends now?"

"Hardly. It's not the season for that, I know. They're part of next year's crop. But you know—or do you?—that farmers, for all they plant in the spring and harvest in the fall, are not idle in the winter. They make plans for the next year. Do a little fall plowing."

"I wish *I* could," he cut in grimly. "Show me where to plow!"

"Let's not talk business any more,"

she suggested. And snuggling up to him—her car was parked overlooking Massachusetts Bay—she changed not only the subject but all his thoughts.

It was after five when she appeared at his office the next day.

"Behold the tired business woman," she announced, though she looked as crisp as ever. She seated herself and added, "I'd like a list of people who have sold their summer cottages here within the last year or two, and also of summer residents who have rented for a season or so and then shifted elsewhere. Can you get it for me?"

Ricky could. "But what do you want it for?"

"Statistics," she retorted coolly, and added: "Do you think there will be a woman president of the United States in our day, Ricky?"

"Thinking of running?" he asked.

"It would be rather fun, and I begin to think I have a flair for such things."

"What are you up to now?"

"Don't you wish you knew?"

Evidently she had no idea of telling him. But it didn't matter. Lyemouth is a small place, Argus-eyed. He felt that if Jade had actually started anything he'd get echoes. But the only clue he got proved blind. It came that night after he had left her.

On his way home he dropped into the drug store. The proprietor—and president of the Chamber of Commerce—grinned his greeting.

"Say, are you engaged to that Miss Green?" he asked.

Ricky stalled. "Why?"

"I was just wondering," said Ed. "She was in here today and pretty near talked my ear off."

Evidently he did not hold that against Jade, however. Ricky's impression was that he'd be glad to risk an ear again any time.

"She's smart; nothing green about her but her name," Ed went on. "And what she says sounds like a lot of sense."

"What did she say?" asked Ricky, too quickly.

"Don't you wish you knew? But that's a secret between us. I just thought I'd tell you so that if you found us with our heads close together you wouldn't get any wrong ideas." Ed chuckled. "You see, I'm president of the Chamber of Commerce and I've got to be progressive and listen to everybody."

Was this what Jade meant by having a flair for politics? Was she trying to bring pressure on Doyle?

Ricky considered that but the answer seemed a negative. For Jade appeared in court the next morning and paid a ten-dollar fine without a murmur. In fact, when she encountered Doyle outside she smiled sweetly at him.

Doyle, however, merely glowered.

"What ails the man?" she asked of Ricky, when they were back in her car. "Has he dyspepsia? Or just a naturally mean disposition? Or is it what you might call the traffic-cop complex?"

"If you don't go easy on that accelerator you'll get a chance to probe that question further," Ricky retorted.

Jade slowed down. But they were entering Lyemouth, anyhow. "It's such a lovely place," she said. "Have you ever considered a slogan for it?"

"The Chamber of Commerce considered several but none of them showed much originality."

"I've a good one in mind."

"Yes? And what is it?"

Instead of answering she glanced at her wrist watch. "I'm going to stop at the drug store for a moment," she said.

It was just after twelve. Ed had apparently just left his store and had

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paused to chat with Doyle, who was now on duty in Harbor Street.

Jade prepared to bring her car to a standstill.

"Hey, look out for the hydrant; there's Doyle!" Ricky warned her.

Instead, as if deaf to him and blind to Doyle and the hydrant, Jade stopped right in front of the latter.

Doyle came to life. "Say, are you looking for another ticket?" he bellowed.

"Ticket?" echoed Jade indignantly. "Why, I've been going less than fifteen miles an hour."

"How about that hydrant there?" demanded Doyle. "Are you blind?"

Jade looked at it as if thunderstruck. "Why, I'm so sorry. I didn't notice it."

"You'd better next time," he told her grimly. "Move along now, and no argument or else——"

JADE promptly shifted back into gear, ready to obey. But she paused. "Do you never, *never* smile?" she asked. "I suppose the question sounds silly to you, but really you ought to practice it. Twenty minutes a day until you've mastered the trick, if you can. If you can't you *may* find yourself out of luck." She was off before he could answer.

"Good Lord!" expostulated Ricky. "You must have seen that hydrant."

"Of course," acknowledged Jade sweetly. "And isn't it a lovely day? I might be tempted to suggest a slogan for Lyemouth right now—'Where Every Prospect Pleases and Only Traffic Cops Are Vile.'"

"You asked for it," he persisted.

"Invited it," agreed Jade insouciantly.

He gave her up. "I suppose you realize you're on Doyle's black list for fair now," was the best he could manage.

"That's fifty-fifty; he's on mine," retorted Jade.

"But he's in a position to make trouble for you. A traffic cop can."

"I'd like to get a list from Doyle too; his black list," said Jade.

Richard eyed her. "You seem strong for lists. What do you want them for?"

"You come around next Tuesday night and I'll tell you," promised Jade.

"Next Tuesday night? But that's the night the Chamber of Commerce meets."

"Why, so it is—and I'm going, too."

"You?" He could not fathom her. "Why won't you tell me what you're doing, Jade?"

"Because I'm selfish, I suppose. And because it's such fun doing it myself. Besides, you might say I couldn't put it across."

She stopped the car in front of the post office, smiled at him and went in. She returned with a number of letters.

"If it weren't for you I think I'd go into advertising," she remarked, as she slipped into the seat beside him. "I'm getting almost one hundred percent response to the letters I've written—and that's going some. But of course it's a subject that most people are just busting to air their views on."

Ricky knew she would tell him no more. She had said he must wait till Tuesday and he knew she meant it.

They went together to the Chamber of Commerce meeting, held in the town hall. It began with reports from various committees; a good deal of talk and not much action.

Then the president rose again.

Jade slipped her hand over Richard's. "Pin down your ears so they won't stick out and don't let your eyes pop," she whispered.

"There's a young lady present tonight who has something to suggest that interested me a lot," Ed announced. "I think it may interest the rest of you and I'm going to let her speak for herself. We are all here for one thing. We want to see Lyemouth grow. That means more business for all of us and that means better homes, better everything." He paused. Then: "Will you please come forward, Miss Green?"

It took Ricky by surprise. Eyes turned toward them as Jade rose and started for the platform to the clapping of hands.

Ricky traced the sources of applause. The chief of police; the treasurer of the Chamber, who sold Jade her gas; Luigi, who ran the fruit stand. And others with whom she had come into contact. They all gave her a friendly greeting.

Then one other face suddenly caught Ricky's eye. Doyle's. Goggle-eyed.

But Jade made no reference to him at the beginning. She spoke of the charm of the town and its appeal. She touched on the tourist booth on the state road as a publicity device.

"It's a good idea, I think," she said, without adding that it was hardly original. "Even if a tourist only stops to ask directions, there is a chance to put your printed matter in his hands and perhaps persuade him to visit Lyemouth, which is what you all want."

She went on to speak of her surprise that a town so lovely and so accessible should have so many houses for rent or sale, particularly summer houses.

"It seemed to me there must be some reason for that," she said in her easy, conversational manner. "And there must also be some reason why people who have summered here go elsewhere. It seemed to me that the best way to discover the reason was to write and ask the deserters please to tell me *any*thing they didn't like about Lyemouth."

"So that is what she wanted the list for," realized Ricky.

"I've had quite a few replies," Jade went on. "But before I discuss them I want to speak of a second list I wrote to: a list of people who neglected to slow down as your sign asks them to, to twenty-five miles an hour, and so found themselves in court."

She paused and smiled at the chief of police. "If it hadn't been for your chief I shouldn't have been able to get that list," she acknowledged. "He was very helpful and I want to thank him."

Ricky breathed easier. Evidently the chief was among her adherents.

"I don't want you to think I'm just being personal," she added. "As most of you probably know, my name was on the chief's list. But please believe that has nothing to do with what I say.

"Let's make it personal, not to me, but to you. Most of you have cars and most of you take trips. You pass through this town and that, forgetting some and remembering others.

"I think I can safely say that most of you have engaged in conversation with a traffic officer at some time. Even if one drives carefully, local parking regulations or traffic rules are sometimes perplexing and make one seem stupid.

"I think I can also safely say that whatever towns you may have forgotten, you haven't forgotten the one where you parked too close to a hydrant or something like that." She smiled. "That is so, isn't it?"

The audience stirred; men glanced at their wives and grinned. Then they looked back at Jade.

"We don't want Lyemouth to be the sort of town that leaves that sort of memory, do we?" she asked. Then: "I was going to read you excerpts from some of the letters I have received—from the people who formerly summered here and from those who were held up before they even saw the place. But I wonder if it wouldn't be better for me to let your own chief talk to you."

Eyes turned to the chief. He came to his feet and spoke from his place.

"I'm no orator, as you all know," he said haltingly. "I believe in action rather than words. But I saw some of Miss Green's letters and I guess she's got a case, as the lawyers put it.

"We can't have people speeding through the town. We've got to have laws. But I get her point. A lot of people think we've been pretty rough with them, and perhaps we have. She's got the idea that it won't do any harm for an officer to smile and be pleasant, and I guess she's right.

"She told me a funny story about that and I got the point," he went on. "Perhaps she'll tell it to you." He sat down to jovial applause.

Eyes were back on Jade.

"The story the chief spoke of is a true one," she said. "There was a grim-looking traffic officer out West who never, never smiled. Automobilists avoided him as much as possible, especially at Christmas time. Perhaps you don't know that some city traffic officers are well remembered at Christmas.

"The one I speak of never was. Then one day he was in an accident and his face was cut up badly. The surgeons did the best they could, but when they had finished it was plain that the officer had to smile the rest of his life whether he wanted to or not. One corner of his mouth was lifted that way, you see—permanently. And the very next Christmas that officer, though as strict as ever, got more than four hundred dollars' worth of presents from automobilists who liked the way he *always* smiled.

"So you see the advantage of a smile to an individual or to a town," Jade pressed home. "And surely a traffic officer who lives in Lyemouth should be all smiles. Especially one who, like the one who arrested me, has a lovely home and the cutest little baby daughter."

Eyes swiftly sought Doyle. He was staring at Jade. Then, conscious of the focusing of attention on him, he crimsoned under his tan—and fled.

Jade glanced at her wrist watch. "Horrors! Now I see why women get the reputation for talking all the time," she said. "I'm going to sit down for good, but I do hope your president will comment on what I have said."

The president rose as, roundly applauded, Jade returned to her seat beside Richard. Ricky glanced at her; she smiled and looked toward Ed.

"As I said to a certain young man the other day, there's nothing green about the young lady who just spoke to you except her name," Ed was saying.

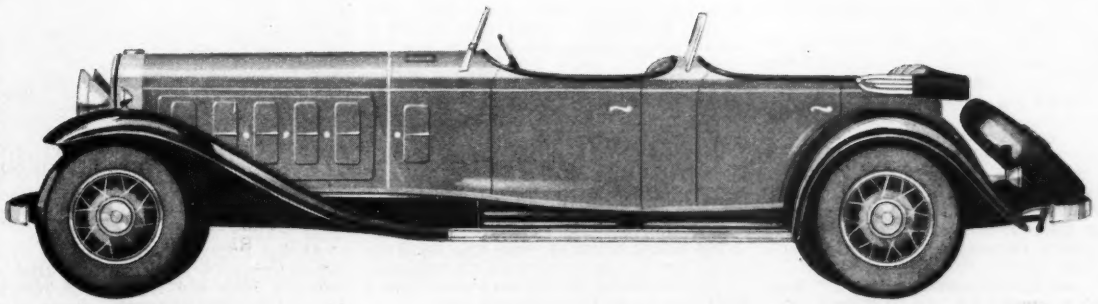
EVERYBODY looked at Ricky and Jade. He blushed. She didn't.

"I've seen the letters she spoke of, too," Ed went on. "I feel just like the chief. We aren't going to get careless but we are going to be more courteous. I had a demonstration of what Miss Green means the other day when—when a woman parked too close to that hydrant in front of my emporium."

Richard shot a glance at Jade. "So *that*——" he began.

"S-s-h-h!" she commanded.

"She shouldn't have parked there, but that was no reason why she should have been talked to as if she were a burglar. That doesn't help anybody—or Lyemouth. We want to make this as pleasant a place as we can for everybody and—well, that's why I think the slogan Miss Green suggests is a good one."



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The chief might be no orator but Ed was. He knew the value of a dramatic pause.

"It's 'The Town Where Even the Traffic Officer Smiles,'" he informed them. "It strikes me that is the best yet. It ought to attract attention these days, especially if we live up to it—and we can. What do you all think about it?"

There was no question but that they thought well of it. They so testified in open meeting, and thereafter to Jade. It was after eleven before they let her and Ricky escape.

"Wasn't I perfectly grand?" demanded Jade, back in her roadster. "And did I or did I not get it across?"

"You did," admitted Ricky. "But——"

He checked himself. She was so triumphant and he did not want to be a wet blanket. The slogan would attract attention and advertise Lyemouth. All this he granted. Yet even so——

"It's nice there's going to be *one* optimist in the family, don't you think?"

He knew what she meant. But the lean months he had lived through had left their imprint on him. He wished he *could* be optimistic, but——

"You might at least say that you think a young real estate agent couldn't have a better wife," she added.

"You know darned well that I think you're altogether too good for me!" he exploded. "It isn't that."

Jade promptly parked the car; turned to him. "I'd hoped you would be sensible."

"That's what I'm trying to be, and it's mighty hard," Ricky retorted. "Don't you think I'd like to feel that everything is all right now?"

"Goodness gracious, who wants everything to be all right?" Jade broke in. "*That* way, I mean. Do you think I think it's all going to be smooth sailing? I'm not so silly. Life is never that way. I do think we've started something. But there will be other problems, too—at least I hope so."

She drew a deep breath. "Do get *my* angle, Ricky. Supposing you had gone across with a bang last summer. I'd have come here as a bride, had my home, met people at teas and things like that. And—well, I'd probably have been bored. But think of what a gorgeous time I've had *this* way!

"No; wait until I've finished. This is fair warning. If you marry me I'm going to be right in the midst of business with you. In fact, if you throw me down I'll be tempted to start a business of my own. Can't—can't you see how I might want to stay here?" Her voice softened. "And don't you think we can have a lot of fun tackling problems together, Ricky?"

"I think you're one girl in a million," he assured her huskily.

"I think *you* aren't very original," she flashed back. "But I tell you right now, young man, that if I *am* a girl in a million you'd better appreciate your luck and snap me right up now. Because——"

She got no further. He had snapped her up.

It was some time before he spoke again. "I don't know what you are letting yourself in for."

"And that's what makes it interesting," she assured him. Her eyes, mysterious in the murk, were turned up to him. "Dad's giving us that house for a wedding present anyway; we'll have that much to start on."

Something inextinguishably masculine stirred in Ricky. "I'm not going to live on your father!"

"Not a chance," she assured him. "And it won't be necessary. Because you're under new management now; you're going to surprise yourself."

It struck him that she was probably right.

"I can't imagine your not getting what you want out of life," he confessed. "You're a——"

"Jade?" suggested Jade demurely.

And got what she wanted at *that* moment. Swiftly. Ricky was right; she always would. She was that sort.

Even Doyle admitted it. He was at home with his wife, who was heating the baby's bottle.

"She's a slick one," he was saying—meaning Jade, not the baby.

And as he spoke he grinned—if weakly.

The Beauty-mask Murder (*Continued from page 67*)

hesitate to *use* it. People you'd never *suspect* were mixed *up* with her!"

Peggy Ann paused, as though shocked at this dreadful trait of her dear friend. I could feel Gwynn's eyes on me, but aside from a sense of shame, the conversation did not affect me.

"Was it one of these men," Andrew inquired encouragingly, "that you think might have harbored resentment against Miss Ainslee?"

"Well, n-no, not *exactly;* but—oh, if you only *knew* how I hate to talk when I haven't anything *really* to *say!* I think women talk too *much,* don't you?"

"Have *you* noticed that *too?*" inquired Gwynn, lighting a cigaret.

After a quick glance at Gwynn, Peggy Ann addressed herself exclusively to Andrew. "But I feel it's my *duty* to tell Your Honor about a thing that happened some *time* ago. You never *can* tell what's important and what *isn't*—now *can* you?"

"If you know anything at all," suggested Andrew, "I'd like to hear it."

"Well—I'm not betraying any *confidence* because there were *scads* of other people *present*—this woman said that *Maxine* ought to be put out of the *way* because she was a poisonous paradise!"

"You don't say!" exclaimed Gwynn. "A poisonous paradise!"

"Her *very* words," answered Peggy Ann. "*A poisonous paradise.*"

"If there were other people present," said Andrew hastily, "you needn't hesitate to tell all about it."

"That's the way I *felt,*" Peggy Ann assured him. "It was at the Seven Oaks Club at a bridge for the benefit of the flood sufferers and *everybody* was there—and this woman was playing with Maxine. Poor dear Maxine was queer about money, and she had a *vile* temper when she lost. There was an *awful row!*

"This woman absolutely refused to play at the same *table* with Maxine, and somebody *changed* with her and she came over to *our* table. She was so *angry* she said she wouldn't feel any *combustion* about removing a creature like Maxine from the face of the *earth!* Sidonie Saunders tried to laugh her *out* of it by saying that bullets were *so* messy and *she* said it wasn't necessary to *shoot* people—there were much *quieter* ways, and Sidonie said, '*How* would you go *about* it?'"

"And did she tell her?" asked Gwynn.

"*No;* she said it would take too *long* and she'd tell her *some other* time. And I said it wasn't a good *idea* to get a doctor down on anyone, and she laughed and said, 'You *bet* it isn't.'"

"A doctor!" exclaimed Shelby and Andrew together.

Peggy Ann lowered her eyes. "Well, yes. Doctor Weston."

The name fell with the jarring impact of a pistol shot.

"The others at the table heard Doctor Weston say that?" suggested Andrew.

"Of *course,*" said Peggy Ann; "*everybody* talked about it, even the *servants.* But then it was *forgotten.* I'd forgotten it *myself*—until on the way over here I just *happened* to remember it."

"How *fortunate!*" Gwynn breathed in my ear.

A frown ruffled the smooth space between Peggy Ann's finely penciled brows. Gwynn met her eyes with a steady glance.

"I was saying to Mr. Keats how fortunate it was that you *did happen* to *remember.*"

Peggy Ann's mouth set in a displeased curve, and she was about to turn back to Andrew when Gwynn's next question arrested her.

"How intimately do you know Mrs. Crocus, Mrs. Fraser?"

Peggy Ann regarded her haughtily. "I'm not in the *habit* of being intimate with people of *that class!* But of course I've run *across* her when she was cleaning up at *Maxine's*—and *other* places," she added as an afterthought.

"Did Mrs. Crocus happen to be serving at this bridge party when Doctor Weston expressed herself so frankly?"

"Now that you *ask* me," Peggy Ann replied with considerable hauteur, "I *believe* Mrs. Crocus *was* employed to serve *tea* and the thing was still being *discussed* when she waited on our *table.* Why do you ask?"

Gwynn smiled at her. "Isn't it silly the way the most irrelevant things pop into your head for *no reason* at *all?*"

Her manner was an exact reproduction of Peggy Ann's artless prattle. Andrew brought the talk back to the subject in hand.

However, whatever avenue he opened up inevitably led back to Doctor Weston. Of course, everybody *knew* Doctor Weston was a perfectly *splendid* woman; she just devoted her *life* to all *kinds* of experiments, trying to find *cures* for all *sorts* of dreadful things, but just the *same,* didn't we think there was something *queer* about a woman who left her husband and her only child for a *career?* No, she didn't know of any enemies poor dear Maxine might have had.

At last Peggy Ann bade us an effusive adieu, with a protestation that she couldn't *bear* the thought of returning to East Benton while the slayer of poor dear Maxine was still at large.

"I can well understand that," said Gwynn sweetly. "Why don't you remain in Hanaford for the balance of the investigation? Mr. Fraser would understand. Your *very* best *friend!*"

Peggy Ann hesitated. "You don't know what it *is* to have a husband who's *foolish* enough to depend on you for *everything,* and the most *adorable* baby in the *world.* They need me every *moment!*"

Gwynn coughed. "What on *earth* have they been doing since Wednesday? Besides, I'm sure that with all your cares you absolutely *owe* it to yourself to finish your vacation."

Peggy Ann clicked shut the lid of her vanity. "I was just going to *say* that I feel it my *duty* to poor dear Maxine to neglect them if I can be of *any service.* I shall stay with my mother for the balance of the week."

"By the way," asked Gwynn as Peggy Ann reached the door, "the papers said they were having an early winter upstate. Was there much snow at the lake?"

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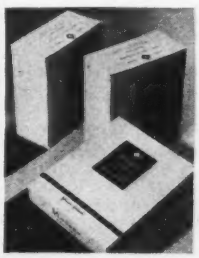

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"Oh, yes, *indeed!* Quite a *blizzard!* A white blanket over *every*thing!"

"Really? How extraordinary! I understood it was only a frost. How many inches of snow fell?"

Peggy Ann was very busy with her gold vanity. "My *dear,*" she gasped, "I have the most *ghastly* memory for things of that kind! I couldn't even tell you the size of the house next *door.* Did you ever *know* anybody who couldn't describe a thing they saw every *day?*"

"Yes, indeed," replied Gwynn; "and I know lots of people who can describe things they never saw at all!"

For a brief moment the eyes of the two women met and held. Then Peggy Ann dropped hers, gathered her coat about her and fluttered through the door.

Gwynn pressed out the light of her cigaret with unnecessary vigor. "No wonder nice boys like Colin Keats turn into woman haters. There's not one moment when that little wretch isn't dramatizing herself—at *any*body's expense!"

Shelby rode gallantly to the defense. "I think you're pretty hard on that little lady."

"Et tu, Brute!" sighed Gwynn.

"I don't speak French myself," said the captain doggedly, "but I know a straight story when I hear it, and I'll bet that yarn about Doctor Weston was absolutely on the level."

"Of course it was. But m'lady did protest too much about how she hated to tell it."

"Anyway, she's given us a clue in the right direction," said Shelby.

Gwynn grunted. "I'd give something to know what made her harp on that old story about Doctor Weston. She said herself it was of no importance and that everybody had forgotten it. What made her just *happen* to remember?"

But Andrew didn't see that that mattered. The story had materially strengthened certain suspicions he had in mind.

"I think I'll have Doctor Weston drop over to see me tomorrow."

After he had given an order to March, Andrew asked for Muriel's number. By one of those coincidences which seem so startling, March called in on the other line to say Mrs. Prescott was outside.

She was dressed all in black and her manner, though unemotional, was subdued—even depressed. Returning from the funeral, she had dropped in to see Andrew instead of going home.

"I suppose it sounds callous, but I can't do poor Maxine any good moping at home. And maybe I can be of some use here."

Andrew agreed. "I'm glad you came. You know Doctor Weston, don't you?"

Muriel looked at him in surprise. "Edna Weston? Why, she used to be in and out of our house all the time. I haven't seen much of her since she accepted the position at the Institute; she's been so wrapped up in her work."

"Was she intimate with Maxine?"

Muriel shook her head. "They never hit it off very well together."

Andrew leaned forward eagerly. "You mean they were enemies?"

"Oh, no; Edna just didn't approve of Maxine."

"Muriel, did you happen to be at a bridge party out at Seven Oaks when Doctor Weston made some uncomplimentary remarks about your aunt?"

Muriel bit her lip reflectively. "A bridge party at Seven Oaks——" She paused as a thought struck her, then nodded her head swiftly. "There was a bridge party once when Maxine and Edna had a row, if that's what you refer to. But it was nothing. Maxine could be beastly when she played cards."

"Did Doctor Weston say that Maxine ought to be put out of the way as a poisonous parasite? And that she wouldn't feel any compunction about removing such a woman from the face of the earth?"

Gwynn's lips twitched at the recollection of just what Peggy Ann Fraser had said. Muriel cocked her head thoughtfully.

"I believe she did say something like that. I wasn't there, but I heard about it. And I thought Edna was foolish to get so wrought up over a silly bridge argument."

"Who told you about it?" inquired Gwynn.

Muriel pondered a moment. "I really can't recall, but everybody was talking about it. It didn't mean a thing. Edna's bark is much worse than her bite. It's the male Westons who can be ruthless—if you get in their way."

Andrew and Shelby looked disappointed. How bloodthirsty men become when their work makes them hunters of men!

It was Gwynn who broke the short silence which followed. "Do you know anything about this Peggy Ann Fraser? She seems quite a character."

"She is," agreed Muriel. "She's one of those small-minded girls whom ease and luxury utterly spoil. She's married to a rich old man who indulges her in every possible way, although he watches her like a hawk. Peggy Ann has a tendency to be—rather light. Before she married him she plunged from one love affair into another. I remember she was madly in love with one of the internes at the hospital and she went so far as to enroll for a course of nursing just to be near him. But when she married George Fraser she moved out of Hanaford. I haven't seen anything of her since."

"She had these three men hypnotized," laughed Gwynn, "and they were shocked because I didn't share their blind faith. But I simply don't trust women who use too much perfume. I notice," she added, "that you don't use any."

Muriel shook her head. "It's a family aversion," she said. "None of us can stand sweet odors. Maxine used to grow violently ill from perfume. I never could see how she stood Peggy Ann! Maybe that's the reason I never liked her."

"Still," said Shelby with a dogged chivalry, "Mrs. Fraser must have been pretty game to go in for nursin'. That takes guts—I beg your pardon."

"Intestinal stamina," suggested Gwynn.

"Well, speakin' of—whatever you call it—whoever killed your aunt had it. It takes g—intestinal stammerer," he achieved with an effort, "to feed somebody an overdose of morphine, jab a needle full of poison into them, cut their throat, and then take the time to tear up letters. Beg pardon," he apologized, as Andrew raised a warning hand toward Muriel, who had become pale. "You know," he added, changing the subject, "I've got a hunch those letters and a couple of other things were just a blind to send us up the wrong street."

When we were saying good-by, Gwynn shook Shelby's hand with unaccustomed warmth. "Captain, you're positively clever—for a man!"

He did not know whether to be flattered or annoyed.

Although I arose fairly early on Sunday morning, Andrew was already at work with John March.

I was still eating my breakfast and Gwynn was putting three lumps of sugar into my second cup of coffee, and commenting on the crime of turning a priceless beverage into a sickening sirup, when the bell rang and MacTavish told us that a Miss Saunders had arrived in response to a summons from His Honor.

Gwynn tore me away from my sickening sirup and we followed MacTavish to the study, where we had disposed ourselves as though we had been growing there by the time Miss Saunders was admitted.

She was a pretty girl, dressed in warm brown which brought out the flecks of gold in her hazel eyes. I had often seen her driving in her black Nash.

Andrew dismissed March and explained to Miss Saunders that he was making a personal investigation of the Ainslee case and wished to ask her some questions.

"But I hardly knew Maxine Ainslee!" she assured him.

"Nevertheless, there are a few things I should like you to tell me. Where were you on the night of November second?"

"Visiting a friend until ten-thirty, and then I walked home."

"At what time did you reach your home?"

"It must have been about a quarter of eleven. It couldn't have taken me more than fifteen minutes."

"You know, of course, that Mr. Weston once had an affair with Maxine Ainslee?"

Sidonie Saunders' eyes snapped with temper. "That's not true! He never cared about Maxine Ainslee. In fact, he dis——" She stopped abruptly. "He never had any personal dealings with her."

"Nevertheless, he took her to dinner on Wednesday night. Why did he do that?"

She bit her lip. "You can hardly expect me to discuss my fiancé."

Andrew smiled. "You said you visited a friend that evening. Was that friend Doctor Weston?"

She answered in the affirmative.

"Had you gone to visit her for any purpose?"

"Just to spend the evening with her."

"You were in an unhappy frame of mind." (I wondered how Andrew knew that.) "Were you discussing the fact that Mr. Weston was out with Miss Ainslee?"

She blanched. "We didn't discuss Mr. Weston at all." But she was not telling the truth.

"Miss Saunders, have you any theory as to who might have murdered Miss Ainslee?"

"No," she replied quickly. "None at all."

Andrew leaned towards her earnestly. "Miss Saunders, don't you know anybody who might have had a reason for wishing Maxine Ainslee out of the way?"

"From what I've heard of Miss Ainslee, there might have been a number of people who wished her out of the way."

"But you don't know any such person?"

"No. I do not." Her voice was scarcely audible.

There was a ring at the doorbell; Andrew excused himself and left the room.

Miss Saunders took out a cigaret case and I noticed her hand trembled as she offered it to Gwynn. "I don't know whether you'll like my brand——"

Gwynn took one and examined it. "S. C. S.," she read. "What a pretty monogram—and perfumed! I hate to deprive you."

Miss Saunders smiled. "Oh, I have plenty, and they're really not perfumed; they get that way from my purse. My handkerchief always smells of tobacco and my cigarets always taste of perfume." She struck a match with her

left hand and held it out to Gwynn. The hand had grown steady.

"I notice you're ambidextrous, Miss Saunders; some things you do with your left hand and some with your right."

"I broke my right arm some time ago and had to do everything with my left. I formed the habit of favoring my right arm somewhat."

Andrew returned, and it was apparent that he was not interested in asking Miss Saunders any further questions.

"I wanted to have a look at her," he admitted after MacTavish had escorted her from the room, "but I found out something this morning that made me more interested in Doctor Weston."

"Was that who rang the bell?" inquired Gwynn.

Andrew nodded. "I put her in the sitting room. I didn't want them to meet."

"How did you know Miss Saunders had been with Doctor Weston Wednesday night?"

"Shelby phoned me before she got here. He got it out of——" He did not finish the sentence for at that moment MacTavish ushered in Doctor Weston.

She was wearing a suit of rough gray tweed, black Oxfords and a wide knitted tie. Under the brim of her black felt hat I got the impression of gray hair cut short and straight away from the ears. Everything about her was straight, particularly her carriage. It gave her an appearance of height so that I was surprised, when she stood beside Gwynn, to see that there was considerable difference between them.

She chose a straight-backed chair, seating herself easily but with something poised and alert in her manner.

"I have asked you here," Andrew began, "to ask you a few questions about your relations with Maxine Ainslee."

"I had no relations of any sort with Maxine Ainslee. I only knew her as Muriel Prescott's aunt."

Andrew did not permit himself to be swayed by the level gray eyes. "However, I understand you once publicly expressed yourself in a manner which indicated you were not well disposed towards the lady."

Edna Weston's fingers wove themselves into a grip from which the knuckles stood out whitely.

"It was at a bridge party," Andrew went on, "at the Seven Oaks Club. You recall the occasion?"

Doctor Weston lifted her head and her eyes met Andrew's. "Perfectly. I said she was a poisonous parasite, and society would be benefited if she were removed."

"Pardon me," corrected Andrews; "you said that you would have no compunction about removing her, did you not?"

"Well, yes; I may have said that. And I still say she deserved what happened to her. But nevertheless, I was shocked to read of her death in the paper."

"Miss Ainslee was killed after poison had been injected; the presumption being that it was injected by a hypodermic needle."

"So the papers said," replied Doctor Weston. "But I can hardly imagine a hypodermic needle so dull as to leave a mark visible after death."

Andrew ignored her reply. "You have a hypodermic needle, doctor?"

"No, Your Honor," she answered.

"How is it that you, a doctor, do not own a hypodermic needle?"

"I don't happen to own one."

"What became of yours?"

"I never owned one."

A smile narrowed Andrew's eyes. "Then how do you account for the fact that Miss Winkle said you gave her a hypodermic injection of morphine when she was suffering from sciatic pains?"

"Miss Winkle?" Her mind was evidently busy with rapid figuring.

"Miss Winkle," repeated Andrew. "You took the needle out of your case."

Lines appeared about the corners of Doctor Weston's fine mouth. "If Miss Winkle says I gave her a hypo, she's undoubtedly telling the truth. I may have had a needle belonging to my colleague, Doctor Whiting. I do not recall it at the moment."

"Don't you think it's strange for a doctor not to own a hypodermic needle?"

"I am not a practicing physician," she replied. "I have no occasion to use one."

"Perhaps you lent it to someone!"

"No, Your Honor, I did not!" The words came out as if shot from a gun.

"When you left your son on Friday, didn't you have a hypodermic syringe with you?"

"How could I have had with me a thing I do not possess?"

"What did you have in your coat pocket which you were anxious to dispose of—and then withdrew from a waste receptacle?"

It was a second before she spoke. "Those were some letters I meant to get rid of, and then changed my mind."

"Letters?"

"Personal letters," replied the doctor.

"You're sure it wasn't a hypodermic syringe?"

"It was a packet of letters," she answered firmly.

"I shall ask you more about those letters in a moment," said Andrew shrewdly. And while her mind was busy with what she was going to tell him, he shot home a question along a different line. "Was your son in the habit of using your needle?"

"No! He never used——" she began quickly, then collected herself. "How could he use a thing I don't own?"

Andrew, plainly pleased, sat back in his chair. "You knew, of course, that your son had had relations of some sort with Maxine Ainslee?"

Doctor Weston's eyes, hitherto cold and thoughtful, became dark with temper. "My son is a man. He does not discuss his affairs. However, I'm certain he never had any relations with Maxine Ainslee."

"Nevertheless, he left several of his personal belongings in Miss Ainslee's room, where they were found the morning after the murder."

"That's not true!"

Andrew was not moved. "Your son himself admits they are his." He put up his hand as she attempted to interrupt. "You knew, didn't you, that they dined together at the Rose Garden Inn the night Maxine Ainslee was killed?"

Her shrug was an admission and a question as to what that had to do with the matter in hand.

"And you know that although they left the restaurant at nine-forty-five Weston did not reach his home until nearly midnight?"

Her nails bit into her palms, but she gave no other sign that she had heard.

"You know, too," Andrew went on relentlessly, "that Miss Ainslee was killed at about eleven o'clock?"

He waited for her answer, but there was none forthcoming. Only her lids narrowed, veiling the expression of her eyes.

"You have nothing further to say, doctor? Nothing you wish to tell us; no explanation to give?"

After what seemed a long time, she looked straight at Andrew. "I have nothing further to say, Your Honor."

"Thank you, Doctor Weston." Andrew's manner indicated that the interview was ended.

Andrew crossed to the window and I looked over his shoulder. A man tinkering with a car down the street closed the hood and started his car as soon as the doctor had started hers.

Gwynn laughed. "This is the real thing, all right! 'Sleuth shadows suspect while onlookers gasp!' You old Legree! Every question you asked about young Weston turned the knife in that poor mother's heart."

It was impossible to ruffle Andrew's self-satisfaction. "Even you will admit that the doctor didn't act like a person with a clean slate."

"You don't say!" breathed Gwynn devoutly. "And what, Maestro, were the markings you discerned on the slate?"

"Did you see her face when I tangled her up about that hypo? Her nerves went to pieces."

"A lot you can tell from nerves! A guilty criminal with good nerves—and most of them have, or they wouldn't go through with murder—will make ten times the showing of a neurotic who never knew the corpse! If I were guilty, my nerves would be twice as good as if I were innocently accused of a crime, because I'd have them all nicely braced for the shock."

"If Doctor Weston had had nothing to conceal, she wouldn't have acted as she did."

"But darling! If you could send us all up because we had something to conceal, it'd be pretty lonely for you outside the jail. Really, Andy, your bloodthirstiness outrages me!"

Andrew's budding discomfort was cut short by the announcement that Shelby had arrived.

"Show him in!" exclaimed Andrew. "He phoned me early this morning that he'd had a talk with Miss Winkle. That's how I happened to know about the hypo Doctor Weston gave her for her sciatica, and about Sidonie Saunders' agitated visit Wednesday night. I suppose he wants to gather his laurels."

But the captain was so charged with later events he had forgotten the hypodermic.

"Well! At last I've got something! You know when I phoned this mornin' I told you I met this Miss Winkle on her way to church and got her talkin'.

"I waited for her to come out of church and walked back with her. Those old girls are a cinch if you handle them right." He winked complacently. "Doctor Weston *was* undressed. But after the Saunders girl left, she dressed and went out and didn't get back until after midnight. And when she came back she was all in and her clothes were all messed up!

"And the next day she asked Miss Winkle not to mention that she'd left the house, because she'd given first aid in a nasty shootin' case and she didn't want to get mixed up in it any further." Shelby's eyes fairly sparkled. "I promised the old girl I wouldn't let on to the doctor what I got out of her. I even found out she went out on foot and turned up Tenth Avenue."

Andrew was pleased. "It all fits in with what I found out from Doctor Weston. By tomorrow, we ought to have this whole thing straightened out. By the way, did you have a look around the apartment for a hypo?"

"I looked, but I couldn't find any."

"Never mind," said Andrew. "We'll find it. Give me a ring in the morning

after I get my report from Magovern."

When Shelby had gone, Andrew indulged in a contented yawn.

"Gosh, I'm tired! But we've got it now. Weston dined with Ainslee, and Saunders got wind of it and flew over to his mother's. After she left, the mother dressed and went out there. Maybe Weston ducked out the side door. That would account for the watch and wallet on the dressing table.

"Probably he hung around outside, intending to get back his things; maybe she met him outside and told him what had happened and he saw her home. That would account for his attitude when I questioned him and for the doctor's lying about her hypo. The doctor's busted alibi fills the last crack."

"I wish I were a man," said Gwynn. "Life is so much simpler if you can only throw yourself heart and soul into your enthusiasms! And wear perpetual blinders against what you don't want to see! Where was Barry Weston's yellow car while he was inside with Maxine Ainslee? Why didn't the Swedish servant girl notice it? She distinctly said there wasn't a car on the street.

"If Maxine Ainslee and Barry Weston were together in the house, why did she have to open the door for his enraged mother? And why should she have accepted an overdose of morphine from a woman who hated her? And as for the weapon with which the poison was injected—you're guessing about that!"

"Is that so?" Andrew's mood of grateful relaxation was gone. "Well, I'll lay you a wager, now that I've scared her, she goes to work to dispose of that hypo, and when she tries, we'll have her!"

Gwynn's lip curled. "You heard what she said about its having a singularly dull point to leave a mark visible after death? You'll probably die of apoplexy, but I never have believed it was a hypodermic needle at all."

"What *do* you think it was—a snake?"

She shrugged. "Merely a point of some sort."

"Oh, come! Do women go around holding out their hands to have mysterious poisoned points stuck in them?"

"Do they hold them out for hypodermics?"

"Of course; if it's a doctor."

"Old One-track Barbour—he can't be switched."

"Why do you say that? My theory is reasonable. Anything else is too improbable to be considered."

"It's only in fiction that things have to be probable," said Gwynn. "In life it's sufficient if they're possible. I advise you to take your time about Doctor Weston. Remember, in real life there are coincidences which neither Colin nor I would dare to put in a story for fear of stretching the well-known long arm."

Andrew rose abruptly. "I've got a lot of work to do. You two run along and play, and when I finish with March, I'll let you drive me out to the club."

I was already at the door, but Gwynn didn't hurry.

"You know, Andrew," she remarked, "you shouldn't concentrate so hard. It's giving you awful wrinkles on your brow, and you really have a nice brow."

Andrew's face relaxed into a smile. "Well, what is it now? With my limited masculine intellect, I've observed that when a woman begins talking about a man's fine brow she wants something."

"Luminous one!" Gwynn sighed. "As if anybody could hope to keep anything from the all-seeing, all-knowing——"

"All poppycock!" said Andrew. "What do you want?"

"I want to know whether we can't stop off on our way to the club and have a little visit with Mrs. Crocus."

"Crocus?" gasped Andrew incredulously. "The handy woman?"

Gwynn smiled at him reprovingly. "The lady who has regular employment with some of Hanaford's best people. I gather she gets around quite a bit. She might know something."

"All right," agreed Andrew indulgently. "If you have a hunch we ought to call on the iceman, we'll call!"

There was no doubt that Mrs. Crocus was flustered by our descent upon her, but she soon recovered her poise sufficiently to convey by her manner that it would take more than a visit from a mayor to disturb the poise of a Crocus.

She lived in a three-family house far uptown, and she hastened to let us know that she owned it and did not *have* to work for a living, only she liked to keep active and busy.

As soon as we were seated she proceeded to open the windows wide, although it was far from warm. But she explained to us that she liked plenty of air because she had not been feeling so fit of late. She got dizzy spells at the most inconvenient moments!

Gwynn finally deflected the current of her chatter into the channel of tne Ainslee murder.

"My lands!" exclaimed Crocus. "You could've knocked me down with a feather over at Mis' Prescott's Thursday afternoon, when Mary, the upstairs girl, told me about it! Who do you think could've done a thing like that?"

"As a matter of fact, we haven't any idea and His Honor thought you might be able to help us. I dare say a woman of your discernment must have learned a lot of things that other Hanaford folks haven't any idea of."

Crocus looked pleased. "I hope to tell you! But," she added, "I don't believe in blabbin' everythin' I know."

"Of course not! But His Honor hoped you'd be able to tell him some things the police haven't been able to find out."

"About what?" she asked suspiciously.

"Oh, about Miss Ainslee's friends and associates."

"She didn't have no friends."

"Wasn't that sweet little Mrs. Fraser a friend of hers?"

"Sweet? Her? Say, people that looks as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouth is always the kind that will bear lookin' into!"

"My brother was much impressed with Mrs. Fraser, but I didn't trust her."

"Trust her? A tricky little body, is what I always said about Peggy Ann Fraser. Were you thinkin' she might have had somethin' to do with——?"

"Well, not exactly."

Crocus seemed disappointed. "I tell you, *I* wouldn't put it past her if somebody was in her way. And you never know who's in the way of a woman like that, because you never know what they're up to. No, ma'am; a tricky little somebody!"

"But she was Miss Ainslee's best friend, wasn't she?"

Crocus pursed her lips knowingly. "Peggy Ann Fraser ain't nobody's friend. Of course, every time she come to Hanaford she run in to see Miss Ainslee. But that was just to throw dust in her husband's eyes. I seen her with a young feller one afternoon, hangin' on his arm! I know when people is carryin' on."

"Do you happen to know the young man?" inquired Gwynn.

"No, ma'am, I don't; exceptin' he's a salesman at the Standard Stationery!"

Gwynn pricked up her ears. "The Standard Stationery? You don't say!"

I wondered why she seemed so interested in the name, but Mrs. Crocus went ahead:

"George Fraser thinks he keeps a pretty close eye on her, but I could tell him a thing or two. Yes, ma'am!"

"Why did you say Miss Ainslee had no friends? I understood she was a beautiful woman."

"Beauty," said Mrs. Crocus, "is only skin-deep. And handsome is as handsome does." When she did not seem inclined to amplify her remark, Gwynn continued:

"Was Miss Ainslee free with money?"

"Her?" Mrs. Crocus laughed. "She'd squeeze a nickel till the eagle screeched. No, ma'am; it's not right to talk bad of the dead, but Maxine Ainslee wasn't what you'd call free with money."

"Do you think that anybody with whom she had had money dealings might have had cause to do away with her?"

"I didn't say any such thing, did I?"

"Of course not; you didn't even hint it. By the way, wasn't Miss Ainslee having an affair with Barry Weston?"

"Well, now," said Crocus judicially, "I don't know if she was or she wasn't."

"He seems like a nice quiet chap, don't you think?"

"Huh!" Crocus snorted eloquently. "Them quiet boys is generally the worst. Old B. T. Weston didn't want him to go to college, so what does he do but get the money from his mother and goes to college anyway. You can't tell me that kind of a boy wouldn't find some tricky way of gettin' a thing if he was desp'rate enough! I'll tell you, it wouldn't surprise me none if he knew somethin' about Miss Ainslee's death."

"Oh, Mrs. Crocus, surely you're imagining things!"

"I am, am I? I warned Max—Miss Ainslee not to get mixed up with him, but she wouldn't listen."

"Perhaps you were just imagining she was mixed up with him?"

Crocus favored her with a look. "Didn't I hear her callin' him on the telephone a whole day and they tellin' her he wasn't in? And finally she got him and bawled him out good and proper. I tell you, that Barry Weston 'll stand lookin' into."

"Just because he didn't want to talk to Miss Ainslee? I should think that showed he didn't have anything to do with her."

"Humph!" Mrs. Crocus looked at the same time pitying and scornful. "Wednesday night I was comin' by her house on my way to His Honor's and I seen him helpin' her into his car! What do you think of that?"

"Well, now," said Gwynn gently, "you wouldn't expect him to let her climb in alone! What's wrong with that?"

"That's the night she was killed, wasn't it? And he's an engaged man, isn't he?"

"So I understand. By the way, I wish you'd tell us something about Miss Saunders. You know her, don't you?"

Crocus hoped to tell us! "Do you think she might have——?" She looked at Gwynn eagerly.

"In a case like this, anybody might have—until the guilty person is found."

"I declare, she might have done it. I don't think she's right in her mind."

"What makes you say that?"

"I always said it; she has them terrible tempers. When she was away at boardin' school she nearly killed another girl and they kicked her out. And here lately she jumped out the second-story window of a road house and broke her

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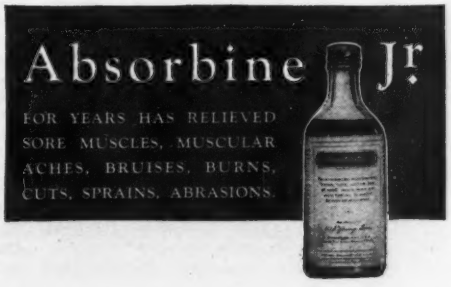

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arm. But I think she must have landed on her head, because when Doctor Weston found her wanderin' along the road she didn't know where she was or nothin'. Doctor Weston took her to her own house and that's how she come to know Barry. I don't think she ever *did* get well—not in the head!"

"Tell us something about Doctor Weston," suggested Andrew.

"Well, now, she's a queer one."

"In what way, queer?"

"Well, studyin' for a doctor—when B. T. Weston had all that money! There's somethin' queer about a woman that don't get along with her own husband. And I'll tell you somethin'. She wasn't none too friendly to Maxine Ainslee!"

"You mean they quarreled?" demanded Andrew.

"I hope to tell! Why, do you know what she said about Miss Ainslee over at the Seven Oaks Club? I——"

"We've heard all about it," interrupted Gwynn.

"Oh!" Mrs. Crocus seemed disappointed. "But you ain't heard about the time Doctor Weston saved Mrs. Prescott's life. Sucked the poison out of a snake bite on a picnic, and when she brought her home her and Maxine Ainslee had such a fight that Alan Prescott ordered Maxine out of his house! Her bein' so anxious for Sidonie Saunders to marry her boy, I wouldn't be surprised if she had her reasons for wishin' Maxine Ainslee out of the way."

Andrew leaned back in his chair contentedly. "Did Doctor Weston know of the relations between her son and Miss Ainslee?"

Crocus appeared to be thinking. "She always had a great hold over Barry, even though she give him up to the father when she went in for her career. Career! I always say, No good can come of a woman that gets themself up like a man and goes out doin' man's work. When God made women he wanted 'em to be women and that's why he made 'em that way!"

Andrew was plainly satisfied and rose to go. But at the door Gwynn turned.

"By the way, Mrs. Crocus, how long had you known Miss Ainslee?"

"Oh," Crocus replied, "ever since she come to Hanaford."

"You knew Miss Ainslee and Mrs. Prescott before they came to Hanaford, didn't you, Mrs. Crocus?"

For the first time Crocus' fluency failed her. Her eyes seemed to draw closer together. At last she replied casually, "Well, you see, I originally come from Baltimore and I knew them from the time they was born, you might say. I knew their family."

Finally Andrew succeeded in getting Gwynn to the door. Once in the car, she sank back into one corner and lighted a cigaret. "Whither away now?"

"The sun's gone down and I don't know that it's worth while going anywhere, except some place to eat. But I'd like to call up the house first. I want to see if there are any calls."

We stopped at a drug store and Togo, Andrew's chauffeur, went into a booth. He returned to say that there was a man at the house whom Shelby had sent over to see His Honor.

"A man? From Shelby? Maybe we'd better go home and see what he wants."

"It seems to me," I said, "that in a previous incarnation Crocus must have been an informer for the Inquisition. Kept them busy, too!"

"According to her," growled Andrew, "everybody we talked about might have gone around jabbing poison needles into anybody who stood in the way."

"I hope the important things that dropped this afternoon didn't slip by you," said Gwynn.

"I should say not!" replied Andrew emphatically. "What she said about Doctor Weston settled my mind in regard to that lady; although, to be truthful, it didn't need any settling."

"Dear old Andy! It's good you haven't a case against Barry Weston or Peggy Ann Fraser, or Sidonie Saunders, or Crocus herself," said Gwynn.

"How did you guess she'd known Maxine in Baltimore?" I asked.

"Oh, just a hunch," began Gwynn. "I deduced it," she amended with mock importance. "She has a trace of southern accent, and I took a chance she might have lived in Baltimore, particularly when her tongue slipped and she called her late employer 'Maxine.'"

"I wish she'd kept the windows closed." I shivered reminiscently. "I was freezing."

"You know that open window bothered me, too . . . I wonder what there was about the air that made Crocus uncomfortable!"

"Got a hunch about Crocus?" Andrew asked.

"Oh, several." But she would not tell what they were.

Harry Appel of the pink cheeks was waiting for Andrew, plainly excited. "We've located the blue overnight bag; it was checked at the Central Depot on Thursday, together with a Gladstone bag and a hat box, and never claimed. We opened it and found the toy snake the stationer's kid sold the Balloon Woman Wednesday night!"

"Did you find out who checked them?"

"Well," said Appel, "the gold fittings in the bag are all monogrammed 'M.A.F.' Captain Shelby told me to remind you that 'Margaret' is the same as 'Peggy.'"

Andrew's face was a study. "Peggy Ann Fraser!"

"Then she was the woman with the balloons!" I gasped.

"No doubt," said Gwynn. "She bought them to take to her sister's children—only she didn't go there. I wonder what she did with the Hup coupé."

"I'll find out soon enough," said Andrew. But he still looked bewildered after he had dismissed Appel. "Now how does this Fraser thing fit in?"

"Are you really surprised to learn that Peggy Ann was the mysterious Balloon Woman?" asked Gwynn.

"I admit—not having your intuition—that I didn't exactly foresee it."

"I wouldn't go so far as to say I knew it, either; but I did have a hunch Peggy Ann was in the neighborhood. She was so anxious to have us know all about her trip to Arrow Lake and she didn't enjoy my question about the snow.

"As a matter of fact, I never read anything about an early frost upstate. I just wanted to find out if she'd been to Arrow. A girl who says she arrived in town that morning and was bowled over by the news of her best friend's death—and Colin and I saw her shopping for a new hat and coat! I knew she was a fraud and I told you so!"

Andrew thumbed through the memorandum pad on his desk. "We'll get to the bottom of it quickly enough. Where did I put her mother's phone number?"

"Right here." Gwynn put her finger on the open page. "I'll call her. What do you want me to say?"

"Say she's to come right over. And if she's out, she can come over when she gets in."

Peggy Ann's mother said she expected her at any moment and would give her the message. Andrew had calmed down somewhat.

"Something may come of this balloon thing. Fraser was in Hanaford Wednesday night and for some reason didn't want it known. One thing is certain: if Fraser was at Ainslee's house the night of the murder, she knows some things she hasn't told us. And now that I have the goods on her about the bag, I'll make her tell me something."

"She'll tell you something, all right," said Gwynn. "She's the type."

"I suppose by your intuition you could outline in advance just what she will tell me," suggested Andrew.

"Well, not by intuition—but you remember I said I'd give something to know what made her tell you that old story about Doctor Weston? Well, I'll bet you a cigar to a pack of cigarets we'll find out now."

"It won't make me sore to find out more about Doctor Weston."

"I can scarcely bear the suspense of waiting to know if I win my bet."

"Well, stick around."

"Try to get rid of me!" said Gwynn, linking her arm through his affectionately. "Andy dear, this boy Appel seems a bright lad; get him to run over to the Standard Stationery people tomorrow morning and find out what he can about the boy who's running about with Peggy Ann Fraser. I shouldn't be surprised if the telephone operator could give him quite a line."

Andrew looked down at Gwynn, but her smiling eyes only baffled him further.

"All right," he said. "I'll put a bug in Shelby's ear in the morning."

Just as we were finishing the repast which the versatile MacTavish had set before us, Peggy Ann arrived. She entered the room breezily—and that breeze was highly scented.

"*Well,*" she fluttered, "I didn't think I'd be needed *quite so soon.* I was out for a *drive,* and when I heard you *phoned* I dashed *right over!* What can I *do,* Your Honor?"

Andrew was not so gentle as he had been at the first interview. "I've just learned, Mrs. Fraser, that you tried to lose a blue overnight bag by checking it Thursday at the Central Station."

Peggy Ann's eyes widened in gentle indignation. "I didn't try to *lose* it, Your Honor! I had every intention of getting it *out*—when the right *time* came!"

Andrew brushed her indignation aside. "You knew, of course, that a woman carrying such a suitcase had been seen outside Miss Ainslee's house on the night she was murdered?"

"But of *course,* Your Honor. I read that in the *paper!*"

"Then you also read that the police were looking for a black Hupmobile coupé with red wire wheels?"

Peggy Ann nodded.

"You own such a car?"

Again she nodded.

"Where is it?"

"It's in an empty *garage* out in West *Hana*ford. The house belongs to some *friends* of mine; they're *away*—so I *parked* my car in their garage!"

"Why did you do that?"

"Why, because I didn't want to get *dragged* into the case!"

"I should like to know just what connection you *did* have with the case, and I want the *truth!*" suggested Andrew.

"Well, the truth *is* I *started* for Arrow on Wednesday *morning,* but I stopped over in *Hanaford* to spend a *little* time with my mother. *Well,* Wednesday evening I went to the *Iris,* and after the show, I thought I'd spend the night with Maxine. I left my *car* in a parking station on *Ninth* Street but I took my overnight bag *with* me. On the way I passed

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a *toy* store and went in to buy some *things* for my sister's *children*, expecting to get an *early* start for Arrow Lake the next *morning*.

"*Well*, when I got in front of Maxine's *house*, I *suddenly* remembered that she *told* me she had a *heavy* date for the *evening*. So I *knew* it was no use going in. So I *parked* my bag and the toys *right* inside Maxine's hedge and *walked* around to the Yellow Lantern Tea Room and had a *sandwich* and a pot of *tea*.

"The place was *jammed*—it always *is* at that hour of the night—and it took them an *age* to make up a club *sandwich*, and to *think*—if I had *only* waited at poor dear Maxine's *house*, I might——" Her emotions made it impossible for her to go on, and she took a tiny orange handkerchief from her purse.

"If I had even *guessed*—but of course, how *could* I? Well, when I came *back* I thought, suppose anybody had *seen* me and told *George* I was in *Hanaford*, it would be a *lot* better if I stayed at Mamma's, so I just *got* my things from behind Maxine's hedge, went *back* for my car and drove *straight* to Mamma's.

"The next morning I went down to the station and *checked* my bags, while I had my *breakfast*. *Imagine* my feelings when I bought an extra! I was worried *sick!* I was afraid the *garage* man *might* tell about my *car* being near Maxine's. George would never *forgive* me.

"So I left my bags *checked* and drove *right* out to Masterson's garage and left my car there. And it was a *good* thing I *did*, because the man *did* tell! And later in the day when I got the afternoon papers and saw that my bag——" She stopped. "What *could* I do?"

"It seems to me," said Andrew unsympathetically, "you could have told the authorities the truth and continued your trip."

Peggy Ann looked shocked. "When my dearest friend had been *murdered?* Don't you think I have *any* heart at *all?* Besides, if it got into the papers! I would have had to admit that I spent all *Wednesday* and Wednesday *night* in *Hanaford!* You see, George wouldn't have understood!

"George is *awfully* in *love* with me and he thinks every *other* man *must* feel the same *way* and—well, the fact *is*, Your Honor, George is *awfully* suspicious, although he hasn't a reason on *earth* for being, and I'd have had no *end* of trouble making him understand why I stopped off at Hanaford at *all*. I had to consider my husband's feelings a *little!*"

Whatever charm Peggy Ann had had for Andrew was gone. And when he spoke, his manner was brusque. "Was it because you yourself had been seen in the neighborhood of Maxine's house that you were so anxious to divert attention to Doctor Weston?"

PEGGY ANN gasped in outraged horror. "*Your Honor!* I was only trying to *help!* There was something I couldn't *tell* you before. But when I came back to get my *bag* and things, I *saw* somebody *hugging* the shadows on the *opposite* side of the *street*. She seemed to be watching Maxine's *house* and I *thought* I *recognized* her.

"She's never *liked* me very well and I felt I wouldn't *want* her to see me ring Maxine's bell when I was *supposed* to be up at Arrow. I didn't know *how* to get my *bags* and things, but *luckily* a *truck* came down the street and I *ducked* in behind the hedge, and then walked as *quickly* as I could *back* up towards Tenth *Avenue*. But in the headlight of *that truck* I recognized Doctor Weston!"

"You're sure it was Doctor Weston?"

"But I'm *telling* you," said Peggy Ann, "I *know* Doctor Weston!"

"Why didn't you tell me this yesterday?" asked Andrew sternly.

"How could I," wailed Peggy Ann, "without admitting I'd been there *myself?* I *suppose* I shouldn't have kept it *from* you. But I didn't want to get in *all kinds* of *trouble!*"

Andrew was unmoved. "You will remain in Hanaford until I give you permission to leave."

Peggy Ann made a chastened exit.

"You win again," Andrew said to Gwynn, "but the evidence about Doctor Weston is worth a pack of cigarets. You will admit that it just about clinches the case against her."

"I admit," Gwynn said, "it looks bad for the doctor, but unfortunately, as somebody else committed the murder and as two people probably didn't, Doctor Weston will have to be explained some other way."

The ringing of the doorbell brought in MacTavish to say that Magovern had a report to make to His Honor.

"WELL?" Andrew demanded without preamble, when Magovern appeared.

"I followed the doctor from here this morning. She drove out to Saunders' place on Lemon Street. A little later Weston came along, looking pretty upset, and then Miss Saunders and Weston and Doctor Weston came out and got in Weston's car. I followed them down to the waiting room of the depot and Doctor Weston went into a telephone booth and put in a call for long-distance.

"I thought that ought to be important, so I stepped in another booth and gave orders to have the call tapped. It was a party-to-party call to a Fred Ferguson in Chicago. While I was waiting, young Weston came up to the booth and gave the doctor a nod.

"She ducked out and so did I, and I followed them all to her home. After they went in I got to the nearest phone and found out from long-distance that there was no party named Fred Ferguson at the number she called, so then I realized that the call was a stall to keep me busy while the young fellow did something else.

"Well, I went back to the depot and looked around to see what he could have been doing. All the shops are closed on Sunday, so I figured he must have hopped over to the post office. Anyway, I thought it was worth taking a chance. Being Sunday, there wasn't much mail. In the package box I found this."

From his pocket he brought out a flat package containing a box about six inches by three. The name "Mary Foley" and an address somewhere in New York were typewritten, as was the name of the sender, Cal Foley.

Andrew's fingers trembled as he undid the wrappings. And when a metal box came into view, he could not resist an ejaculation of delight. Snapping back the lid, he revealed a small glass hypodermic syringe and a case of needles.

"Thank you, Magovern," said Andrew; "you did very well." The detective left, his eyes sparkling. Andrew held out the box to Gwynn. "There's your weapon! Do you want any more than that?"

"Considerable," said Gwynn, stretching out her hand. "May I have a look at it?" She examined the points on the needles, and fitting one into the syringe, held it poised in her right hand. "Have you ever noticed the mark left by a hypodermic needle?" And she plunged the sharp instrument into her arm.

"Gwynn!" I cried, but it was too late.

"It's all right; I'm not taking any chances. I just want to show you——" She held out her arm. Nothing was visible. "Did you happen to notice the mark on Maxine's finger? It was ugly, and there was a scratch beside it."

Andrew took the syringe from her and restored it to the case. "Listen, Gwynn, nothing you can say will convince me that that woman is innocent. And tomorrow morning I turn the case over to Shelby and wash my hands of it."

"Ho-hum," said Gwynn. "Sufficient unto tomorrow are the evils thereof. But this is still tonight and it's only eight-thirty. If we sit around here, we might argue about the Ainslee case."

"How about dropping in on Muriel?" asked Andrew. "Don't like to leave her alone so much."

Muriel was at home reading in her library. She seemed glad to see us, and her first question was whether Andrew had any news.

"Plenty," he said. "I'm certain I've got my party. Tomorrow we'll have her right where she belongs."

Muriel looked troubled. "Her? I gathered from what you told me the other day it was a man."

Andrew coughed. "Well," he said, "we all make mistakes. I *did* have a man in mind, but during the investigation I came on the trail of this woman. And this evening I got my hands on the hypo we've been looking for—and I learned, in addition, that she was seen in front of your aunt's house a little while before the murder."

Muriel was plainly upset. "Can't you tell me who it is, Andrew?"

Andrew looked around the room to make sure there was no chance of being overheard. "Just keep it under your hat until the police make the arrest. It was Doctor Edna Weston!"

Muriel stared incredulously. "Andrew! It's—— You're all wrong, Andrew!"

"I'm happy to hear that you say that, Muriel," said Gwynn, "knowing Doctor Weston as you do. I've been trying to convince Andrew that she *couldn't* have done it."

"Well, then, what was she doing in front of Maxine's house that night?" Andrew went on to tell about his previous suspicions and the package Magovern had brought him. Muriel looked more puzzled than ever.

"You think that Edna turned her needle over to Barry Weston when he called on her the morning after the murder, then took it back again to throw it away, thought better of it and hid it some place until this afternoon, when he mailed it out of Hanaford for her?"

"Exactly."

"But why did she give it to Barry Weston after the murder?"

"To hide it for her."

"But isn't it possible Edna might have given her needle to Barry *before*——?" She left the sentence unfinished, trouble in the depths of her eyes.

"You mean before the murder?" said Andrew, so absorbed that he forgot to be delicate. "I know what you're driving at and I'd have felt the same way, only he's eliminated as a suspect. That narrows it down to her."

"Forgive me for saying so, but you're all wrong about Edna." She laid a hand on Andrew's shoulder. "I don't want you to think I don't appreciate all you've done for me—and Maxine"—she gave a twisted smile—"if it will do Maxine any good to have her murderer brought to justice. But I wish you wouldn't do anything hasty about Edna.

"I can't tell you how certain I am that there's been some dreadful twisting of

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circumstances that makes it appear she's guilty. Won't you promise you'll wait before taking any steps against her?"

Andrew was in a quandary. He did not find it easy to refuse Muriel anything. But on the other hand, he had a strong sense of duty. "I'd like to oblige you, Muriel," he said, "but——"

Just then the telephone rang; while Muriel answered it Gwynn went over and spoke to Andrew in a low voice.

"Andy, you might as well set Muriel's mind at rest by telling her you're not going to do anything about Doctor Weston, because you're not, you know. I'm not going to let you."

"*You're* not?"

Gwynn shook her head. "You'll have to lock me up first. And that will annoy me so I'll turn against you and let everybody in Hanaford know what your only sister thinks of you! And what's more," she went on, "I'll run for mayor of this town and beat you at the next election, once I've shown you up to your constituents."

Andrew was annoyed. "Look here, Gwynn, I don't see what interest you've got in this Weston woman."

"Who, me?" Gwynn laughed. "I'm not interested in Doctor Weston. But I simply can't stand by and see you make a fool of yourself, Andy, even if you deserve it."

Next Month—in Viola Brothers Shore's Mystery Novel—suspicion points to a new figure—another woman—as the murderer of Maxine Ainslee

A Treeful of Hoot Owls (*Continued from page 63*)

Rives had lied about it all the way through. And that there Herringer and that there Tally, they'd lied, too, backing up Rives. It had been three against one at the Blue Goose that night and it was still three against one in this courthouse today. He couldn't help that, though; he was telling it just like it was.

He hadn't never been in any other cutting scrape in this town. All the eleven years he'd been living in this town he hadn't been in any serious mess before at all. He did have a kind of a fuss one time with Gabby Rives but he thought that was all over and done with. No, he hadn't never made no threats against Rives nor nobody else. He might have cussed back some that night but that was because Rives cussed him out first.

He didn't go looking for trouble, but if trouble came he wasn't the one to run away from it—yes, he admitted that. He wasn't ashamed of admitting that.

On the cross-examination, which was savage volleying, the acting prosecutor scored and there was no denying it. If he didn't succeed in breaking down the prisoner's story, if he didn't succeed in making him contradict himself on some vital point, he did succeed in making him exhibit the surlier side of his nature.

Under those swift, taunting onslaughts, Gillis grew sullen. An angry red came into his jail-bleached face; and into his eyes a trapped, beaten look—the genuine old hangdog look.

He snapped back as his tormentor snapped barbed questions at him. And by this he did himself no good; that was plainly to be seen. You could feel the antagonism mounting against him.

By his work that afternoon the prosecutor strengthened the reputation he had been building up during this term of court, through which, by virtue of a special appointment, he most zealously had served in place of Commonwealth's Attorney Withers, that elderly and slow-poking official, who was ill. Already people were beginning to call him "Bloodhound" Baldwin, whereas nobody would ever have dreamed of calling Mr. Withers a bloodhound. He had more the air of a well-meaning old sheep dog.

And some of the hangers-on around the courthouse were in effect saying among themselves that it looked like Judge Priest liked sheep dogs better than he did bloodhounds. Certainly it was no secret that Mr. Baldwin looked with considerable disfavor upon the judge.

It was whispered about that only a few days before, indignation over certain rulings from the bench in the course of a trial for manslaughter having made him indiscreet, Mr. Baldwin had criticized his judicial superior as being both mushy-headed and chicken-hearted. The outcome of that trial had been an acquittal, marring an otherwise perfect record of convictions for Mr. Baldwin to date. It was quite evident, though, that he had no fear of any such mishap in this pending trial.

With an exultant flourish he concluded his grilling of the sorely badgered prisoner. The judge inquired of the defending lawyer—his name was Purdy—whether Mr. Purdy had any more witnesses to present, and Mr. Purdy had to confess he had no more witnesses.

"Very well, then," Judge Priest said. "The hour being late, this hearing will be resumed tomorrow morning when counsel for both sides may sum up and the Court will then charge the jury. Gentlemen of the jury, let me admonish you not to discuss this case with anyone, not even with members of your own family, until you are finally discharged from duty, and not to permit any person whatsoever to discuss it with you. Mr. Clerk, this court stands adjourned until tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

It was significant of public feeling that of all the spectators in the emptying room only one spoke with the defendant. This one—it was the Reverend Doctor Ashby Brand, of the Episcopal church—approached Sheriff Giles Birdsong and his charge.

Doctor Brand was a man to look at twice. He made a striking figure, what with his tall straight shape and his handsome face and his shock of white, wavy hair. There were reasons why many persons felt a deep regard for Doctor Brand. In his parish and out, he was given to good deeds; everybody said that.

Also, while his garb was of an approved clerical cut—long coat, high smooth-fronted vest and all—it was not of the approved clerical color, being bluish-gray instead of the usual black. In a buttonhole of the coat he constantly wore a badge or emblem showing the design of a St. Andrew's Cross, red with white stars on it, against a tiny squared field of enamel; and in those bygone times and in that section, these details—the small enameled badge, the gray-blue garments—still had a sentimental appeal for the community at large.

When he came up now and tendered his right hand to Gillis, Gillis had to offer the minister both of his hands, having the irons on his wrists. The two had brief speech, the sheriff standing back out of earshot until they were done with it, and then he led his man away.

From his place behind his high desk, where he tarried until the jurors were gone, Judge Priest had been a witness to this meeting and was in no wise

astonished. It would be like the rector of St. Gregory's to give the small comfort of friendly words to anybody who was despised or downcast or in toils. But when the judge emerged by the door leading from his chambers and saw that Doctor Brand was waiting there for him, he did wonder at it just a little.

Side by side, the two of them, both men in their later sixties, the one so roly-poly and short and straddle-gaited, so squeaky-voiced also, and, now that he had quitted the judge's bench, so careless of his grammar; the other erect and graceful and using a sonorous proper English—side by side, they fell into step and headed through Legal Row; and as they walked together they had talk together after this fashion:

The judge was glad to hear the doctor's health was first-rate. The doctor was glad to hear the judge's health was about as usual. They both agreed on this being lovely fall weather. Between these two, each anxious to sound suspected thoughts on the part of the other, this was merely preliminary sparring.

"We don't often git the pleasure of seein' you in my bailiwick," said Judge Priest, fencing to bring the subject nearer.

"The pleasure of seeing you in mine is likewise denied to me," countered Doctor Brand, with a gentle smile. "Still," he added, "some of the least godly men I know rarely miss a service while some who are the godliest I've ever known seldom go inside a church."

"I s'pose this evenin' you chanced to be passin' by and dropped in on us?" The intonation made a question of it.

"It wasn't accidental; it was by intent."

"Oh, thataway, eh?"

"If you'll pardon my saying so, I think you must realize that it was by intent. Judge Priest, if in bringing up this matter—a matter still in your hands and unfinished—I'm guilty of an impropriety, please excuse it on the plea of my interest. I might as well own up that I'm deeply concerned over the fate of that poor devil of a Gillis. It so happens that I know him."

"I wouldn't 'a' figgered that your trail and his would ever be likely to cross."

"My trade takes me into queer quarters sometimes. Judge, I'll be frank about it—I knew him long before he came here and years and years before I accepted the call of my present flock. He and I are about the same age, I expect. We're both Virginians, too. And you know Virginians are clannish; more clannish than you Kentuckians are—if such a thing be humanly possible."

"Which I seriously doubt," said Judge Priest. His eyes, which had been unwontedly grave, twinkled a little. "And so your leanin's, ef any, air on the side of the present defendant?"

"They emphatically are. Take today: The poor fellow seemed so alone and so friendless, so—how shall I put it?—so without any support, any resources at his command. And his counsel was so outwitted and so outgeneraled, too—that hardly seemed fair to me."

"Well, he didn't have anybody to go bail fur him and keep him out of that county jail of ours—ef that's whut you mean. And seemin'ly he didn't have enough money laid by to hire him a real lawyer, else he probably wouldn't 'a' took on young Sammy Purdy. Onc't in a while I've tried to give that young Purdy an idea when he wuz appearin' before me. It wuzn't any use though—he didn't have any place to put it."

"I mean more than just that. I'm sure you realize that I mean very much more than that. Judge, perhaps you can illuminate the puzzle for me: Why should the prejudice against this man be so

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deep and so general? The prejudice against him—why, you could cut it with a knife back yonder in that courtroom. Surely he's no meddler; he has gone his own lonely way in this town. He has minded his own affairs. Then why——"

"Mebbe you put your finger on it right there," interrupted Judge Priest. "In a close-coupled community like this, where everybody, purty near it, is interested in everybody else's doin's, did you ever figger that a feller that 'tends to nobody else's business and lets nobody else help him 'tend to his, is goin' out of his way to invite unpopularity? There's another thing you've got to consider: Your man is morose, he's surly-actin' and glum, and he somehow sort of gives you the feelin' all the time that he's got somethin' to hide and is tryin' to hide it."

"There might be private reasons—good and proper reasons for that, judge."

"Granted. I ain't condemnin' him fur it, I'm jest tryin' to p'int out the effects on the public mind of sich behavior. And then besides, he used a knife—that counts. It's a curious thing, doctor, that in a district where people air prone to excuse the liberal use of a gun in the settlement of a pussonal row, they've got a kind of hate fur a feller who cuts instid of shootin'.

"A darky can pack a razor; that's looked on ez his natchel weapon. But a white man resortin' to steel—well, mebbe you took notice how Ally Baldwin bore down on that feature of it in his cross-examination. He knowed its value. Ef Sammy Purdy only had the gumption he should 'a' been born with, but unfortunately wuzn't, he mout've partly offset that by bringin' out the cause behind the ill-feelin' betwixt the two parties.

"I hear it all dated back to onc't when that free-talkin' Rives said somethin' kind of gossipy about the daughter of some widder woman that Gillis wuz boardin' with at the time, and Gillis heared about it and took the girl's purtection on his own shoulders, her not havin' any men-folks of her own, and went to Rives and slapped his jaws fur him. Showin' that the fuss started over Rives havin' scandalized a girl's good name—that couldn't 'a' hurt Gillis any.

"But no, Sammy Purdy has to overlook his one faint chance to start a back fire, and of course Ally Baldwin's got too much sense to dig into ancient history. Ally Baldwin's a smart boy, mouty smart. And ambitious. He's liable to go a good ways."

He paused and for a minute in silence they trudged along under a canopy of burnished and painted leaves of shade trees, for by now Legal Row was behind them. They had crossed Franklin and had turned into Clay; the rectory of St. Gregory's was halfway up the bowery length of Clay Street, while the judge's house stood at its farther end.

"Success is a fine thing, ain't it now?" ruminated the judge. "Still, I don't believe I'd keer to have my pillow ha'nted by the dreams that must come to some successful men in their night-times."

Doctor Brand was not to be diverted from what was on his mind. "Well," he admitted regretfully and with reluctance, "I have to admit Gillis didn't acquit himself any too well under that hammering he got from your prosecutor. He made a bad impression, I'm afraid.

"And yet—of course, this is only my private opinion and perhaps, in view of your official status, I shouldn't go so far as to voice it at all—and yet, judge, I felt morally convinced that he was trying to tell the honest truth. Even so"—and here the minister's manner revealed an outright distress—"even so, though, the evidence of those other three was so completely in unison on every damning circumstance! They agreed in every particular, big and little. I can't get around that or away from that."

"Can't you?" Strangely, a quick flash showed behind the old judge's spectacles. "Doctor Brand, did this here notion ever occur to you? Did it ever occur to you, ef two men or three men or, fur that matter, any given number of men witness somethin' excitin' and air called upon, either then or later on, to repeat exactly whut they saw and heard, that whilst they may agree on the principal facts, they're shore to differ in some minor respects ez to whut-all wuz said and done—that is, they'll do so ef they air honest men and each one is strivin' to repeat his own recollections regardless of anybody else's recollections?

"But, on the other hand, ef they agree absolutely and positively ez to each specific word and each and every separate act—ef Jones backs up Smith all the way down the line and Robinson comes along and backs up both Smith and Jones—I'm tellin' you, doctor, accordin' to the belief of us fellers who've had opportunity to study the gentle arts of perjury and the subornin' of perjury, then this here phenomenon can't mean but jest one thing. It means that your witnesses have been tampered with and influenced. It means that they've either conspired together to produce a certain consolidated effect or else they've been schooled and drilled to that end. I'm speakin' in the abstract, understand."

"By Jove, I never thought of that!" exclaimed the preacher. "By Jove, of course you're right. Then, judge—pardon me once more—in order to avoid any possible miscarriage of justice, isn't it right that you should interpose before it's too late, that you should——"

"Doctor Brand," said the judge, again breaking in on him, "under the limitations imposed on me by our code of practice, it's my job—sometimes a mouty hard one—to try to hold the balances level, me settin' there rulin' on the law and the rules of evidence and leavin' the jurors to weigh the evidence and decide fur themselves whether a witness is lyin' or tellin' the truth. And onc't in a while I ain't none too happy over my job, I'll say that to you." His face was troubled.

"Judge Priest, I'm done with beating about the bush. I have a duty to perform, a Christian's duty, a citizen's duty; and at the risk of offending you, I mean to perform it. I'll start in by saying that in my heart I am fully convinced you share with me a certain grave conviction.

"That is only the beginning of what I have to say. And this sidewalk is no fit place to be saying it. There's my home yonder. Will you do me the favor to go with me and sit for a while behind the closed door of my study?"

"Shorely there ain't any impropriety in the presidin' jedge of this judicial district callin' on the pastor of one of our leadin' congregations."

"I shall leave you to decide on that afterwards. Because I believe a desperate emergency exists here, I am going to do what I never thought I should do. In confidence to you, I am going to violate the sacred confidence of another. I am going to break a pledge of secrecy because I feel it is the only course which lies before me!" His big, capable hand was on the latch of his gate. "Please walk in, Judge Priest."

And Judge Priest, saying nothing, walked in, and his host followed him in and they were closeted together for so long a time that Judge Priest reached his own house late for supper. And Aunt Dilsey Turner was quite cross about it, she standing in the pantry with the door to the dining room ajar, expressing her mind regarding unnamed folks who spoiled good vittles by their inexcusable tardiness. But Judge Priest only grinned. He seemed to be in better spirits than he had been all the afternoon.

Indeed, after he had retired to the front room, Jeff Poindexter heard the judge whistling a tuneless little tune which mingled with the agonized clicking of belabored typewriter keys. The judge kept a battered typewriter in there and once in a while, employing two pudgy forefingers, he would stab out something on it.

When, in the morning, Circuit Court reconvened, two surprises, both of them, as it turned out, being sensational, and the one following close on the heels of the other, were vouchsafed the sizable assemblage which had gathered in expectancy of hearing high-grade oratory—the scathing, denunciatory kind—from the silvern-tongued Mr. Baldwin. It was Mr. Baldwin himself who provided the first sensation.

"May it please Your Honor," he announced, "acting on information received since adjournment yesterday, in fact received less than an hour ago, the Commonwealth desires to recall the defendant for further cross-examination."

There being no objection from his own counsel, the defendant, looking puzzled and apprehensive, mounted the stand. Fiercely the prosecutor went at him:

"Yesterday you said you had lived for upwards of eleven years in this city?"

"That's right."

"Where did you live before you came here?"

"I ain't sayin'."

"What?"

"I won't tell."

"Oh, so you won't tell? Well, are you a native of this state? Perhaps you'll be so obliging as to divulge that much?"

"I wuzn't born in this state."

"In what state were you born?"

"I ain't sayin' that, neither."

"In other words, you refuse to reveal any details of your earlier life?"

"You kin put it that way ef you're a mind to." The witness wriggled uneasily.

"What reasons have you for refusing to give such simple information?"

"That—that's my business."

"Well, now"—he was being scornful, bitter—"let's try to find out if you've ever had any business other than the job of covering up your own footprints. On what ground do you persist in your mysterious attitude?" As Gillis, suddenly dumb, twisted on the torture seat, his inquisitor turned to the bench. "Your Honor, I demand that this man be compelled to make suitable and categorical answers to my inquiries!"

Judge Priest's tones were gentle. "Inasmuch as the witness is the person on trial and in jeopardy, he may remain silent on the ground that a reply might tend to incriminate and degrade him."

"And the jurors may draw their own inferences from his silence!" blared Mr. Baldwin.

"The jury will disregard that comment as irrelevant and improper. Go on, Mr. Baldwin."

"In my own good time." Mr. Baldwin glanced at a crumpled sheet of paper which he held in his hand, making the halt dramatic and pregnant. "Now then, we'll take another tack: Haven't you always been a man of a turbulent and violent nature?"

"I've left them alone ez left me alone."

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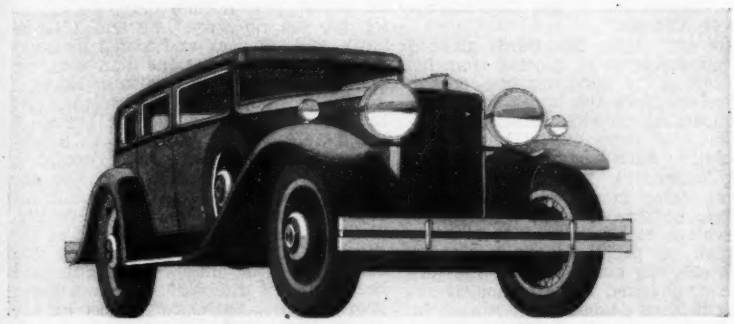

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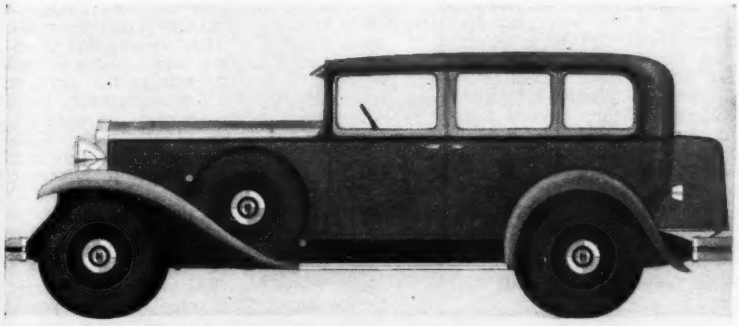

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"Is that so?" Mr. Baldwin seemed literally to coil himself in, then sped his bolt: "What was the name of the man you once upon a time murdered?"

Cornered, flinching, wearing the air of a man broken and betrayed, Gillis made his stumbling, stuttered avowal: "I—I—I ain't never looked on it ez no—it wuzn't no murder!" There was an excited murmuring in the room, a scrooging forward of bodies.

"Well, a man was killed, wasn't he?"

"Yes." The admission came forth with a visible wrench.

"And a sheriff or the police or somebody somewhere arrested you for that killing, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"And they stuck you in jail and accused you of murder, didn't they?"

"I tell you, it wuzn't no——"

"Well, a grand jury indicted you on the charge of murder, didn't it?"

Past speech, the other slowly, reluctantly, nodded his unkempt head.

"And a court of jurisdiction tried you on that indictment for murder, didn't it?"

Another nod.

"And a jury convicted you of that murder, didn't it?"

A third nod.

"And you were sentenced for that murder, weren't you?"

The fourth nod came, and the ground swell of murmuring was growing.

"Were you sentenced to capital punishment—to the death penalty?"

"No; I—I went up fur life."

"Did you escape from prison or were you pardoned?"

"I—I ain't sayin'. I won't tell you no more, no matter whut you ast me."

"You don't need to," blared Mr. Baldwin triumphantly, and with a glance over his shoulder, sat down to receive from many grateful souls back of him their unspoken but nevertheless sincere congratulations upon his climactic coup.

Then, by common impulse, all there turned to young Mr. Purdy. What would he do? For that matter, what could he do? Still, he ought to do something, oughtn't he? He had to do something, hadn't he? But Mr. Purdy did nothing at all except to make a gesture which recalled his client to his side, and his client shambled down, and slunk behind the shelter of the counsel table.

"Has the defense any evidence to offer in rebuttal?" inquired Judge Priest.

As if acting on cue, Mr. Purdy was galvanized to get upon his feet. "Yes, Your Honor, one witness. Mr. Clerk, please call the Reverend Ashby Brand."

Coming forward from where he had been sitting at the rear, Doctor Brand passed the huddled defendant, almost brushing him. As he passed, one hand fell on the man's shoulder with a quick reassuring grip but the man never looked up, too deeply sunken in his despair to acknowledge this token of compassion or whatever else it might betoken.

In the witness chair, the clergyman, with his good looks and his priestly garb, shone by contrast with the four who had been his immediate predecessors there—the glib and flashy and eager Mr. Rives; the plausible Messrs. Herringer and Tally; the baited, furtive prisoner. He brought with him the radiations of a kindly cheer which was like an antiseptic to clear the room of unsavory fumes.

"Your name, suh?" inquired young Mr. Purdy.

The name was given.

"Your position among us?"

That was stated—rector of St. Gregory's.

"Do you hold any other post or position in this community?"

"I do." There was a touch of pride in the speaker's bearing. "Since the recent death of my fellow clergyman and dear friend, the late Reverend Father Minor, I have been chaplain of Gideon K. Irons Camp, U. C. V., of this city."

"And before that—years before that"—the young lawyer was consulting a sheet of paper as though for steering directions—"in fact, many years before that, did you hold another office?"

"I did. Before I studied for holy orders, I had the honor to be a captain of artillery in the service of the Confederate States of America."

"Quite so." Again Mr. Purdy glanced down, appearing to be quoting from his script. "It is my understanding, doctor, that you are here this morning to testify concerning certain contacts, certain experiences of yours during your career as a soldier. Such being the case——"

"One moment!" Mr. Baldwin raised an arm. "One moment, if you please. I yield to no man in love and everlasting devotion to the sacred Lost Cause for which my people fought and bled." With a sidelong glance toward the jury box he emphasized the sentence by repeating it, then paused to let it soak in.

Mr. Baldwin was smart. He knew that in Red Gravel County any twelve male adults must inevitably number among them sundry men who were unreconstructed veterans, and also sundry younger men, the sons and the grandsons of veterans, who, local sentiment being what still it was, most surely had taken in with the very milk of their mothers' breasts divers strong loyalties and divers equally strong prejudices. Besides, Mr. Baldwin had noted that at least two members of the jury wore in their lapels those familiar little red, blue and white St. Andrew's crosses. Oh, Mr. Baldwin was as smart as they make them.

"But," he continued—"but even though I cherish all those dear and deathless memories which the bare mention of that great conflict must awaken in every true Southron's bosom, I fail to see any possible connection between this reverend gentleman's military record and the present question as to the guilt or innocence of one Robert Gillis." He addressed himself directly to the minister. "Doctor, I take it you do not have any direct knowledge of the sanguinary occurrence in the Blue Goose saloon on the night of March seventeenth, last past?"

"Oh, no," said Doctor Brand.

"Then," said Mr. Baldwin, "I object to this line of interrogation as having no bearing on the matter at issue."

Judge Priest volunteered an interjection: "The Court draws the inference that this witness has been produced by the defense as a character witness solely. Such being the case the Court is inclined to permit the witness to tell his story in his own way. Preachers of the Gospel are prone to allow themselves a certain freedom in their pulpit utterances, possibly"—his eyes twinkled as he said that—"possibly because there is generally no one to contradict them. I think we will commit no grave legal error here by allowing this wearer of the cloth a few degrees of latitude.

"Besides, the Court, having been what our northern friends sometimes erroneously refer to as a 'Rebel,' confesses that on almost any occasion he is inclined to listen to reminiscences of those stirring days of his youth. Perhaps there are others present who are addicted to the same harmless indulgence. The Court trusts the acting Commonwealth's Attorney will withdraw his objection and suffer the witness to say what he has to say without further protests?" He put it as a question but you could tell he meant it for a command.

Detecting out of the corner of one watchful eye that most of the jurors were nodding affirmatively, Mr. Baldwin did an agile turn-about.

"In view of the position taken by the Court, I consent to this decidedly irregular and irrelevant interlude," he conceded graciously. "Ramble along, Doctor Brand; pray ramble along, I shall interrupt you no more," he added tolerantly, and sat back and folded his arms with the air of a patient man who, for politeness' sake, is willing to be bored.

"Thank you," said the doctor. He turned to the men in the box. "I am a Virginian," he said, saying it as a Virginian would and as none except a Virginian possibly could. "On the day my state seceded from the Union I enlisted. I was a private in Penn's Virginia Battery. By the latter end of the third year I was in command of that battery. All the officers ranking me had been killed or disabled. For we suffered greatly in our battery. We lost heavily at Chancellorsville, at other places. At Fredericksburg we were almost wiped out.

"We kept our field pieces—we kept our pieces until the end—but we had not sufficient men to man those guns, nor anywhere to turn for more men. Recruits were not coming in—there were no more left to come in. And the draft had cleaned the South of such able-bodied men as had not volunteered of their own accord. As somebody so truly said, the Confederacy in 'sixty-four was robbing both the cradle and the grave for cannon fodder."

From the courtroom arose a restrained hum as though a breeze were rising.

He went on: "Our army had desperate need of such artillery as was left to us. And Penn's Battery had desperate need of men. An idea came to me, born of something I saw. I got temporary leave and I went to the Capitol—we were entrenched in front of Richmond then. When I got there I went to see Governor Wise—our state's great war governor.

"I said to him: 'Governor Wise, I have come to you to ask for men to serve my guns.' He laughed; he said: 'Tell me where they are to be found.' I said: 'Among the white felons; among the chain gangs from the state penitentiary.'

"He said: 'You come too late, young man. Somebody else had that notion before you. I already have freed every well-behaved convict, every trusty, every short-term man that conceivably might be trusted with freedom. There are left only the lifers and the incorrigible long-termers. I don't dare turn them loose. They are working under guard, building defenses.'

"'I have seen them, governor,' I said. 'I saw them three days ago, with their shackles on their limbs, throwing up breastworks. Negroes, other noncombatants, could be used for such labor. Governor, those men in that chain gang are the men I want for Penn's Battery.' He opposed me; I argued with him. And finally I won.

"He gave me a certain authorization, a certain blanket power—wrote it out himself, signed it, and with his own hand affixed the seal of the sovereign state of Virginia to it. Armed with that authority I went away. I rode back to the lines; I found my chain gang. I showed the document which I had brought to the guards, and I told them to bid their

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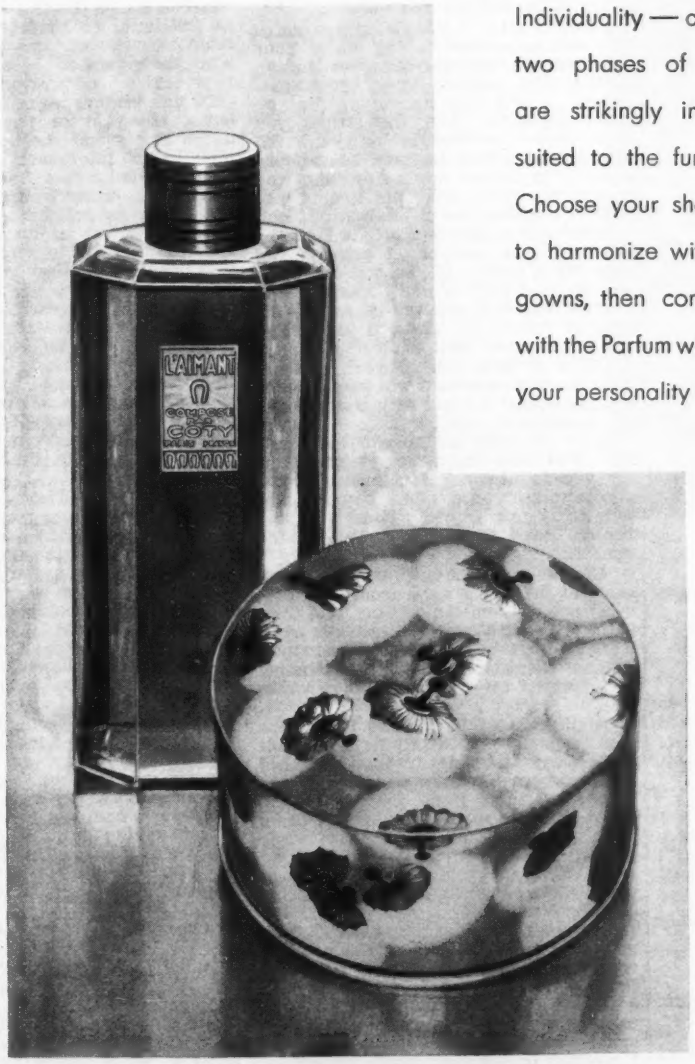

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prisoners drop their tools and line up before me.

"But first I made the keepers knock the irons off their legs. When they stood before me, all those human scarecrows, I told them what I had said to the governor and what he had said to me and what the result had been.

"Then I said: 'If you go with me you go into danger. You have known privations during your imprisonment. You'll know greater privations where I take you. You have been half starved, because all our land is hungry and exhausted. You'll keep right on starving.

"'You have been under hard discipline; you'll still be under discipline that is hard and stern. You quit the living death which you are now enduring for the chances of a quicker and a bloody death. You are in hell now—a slow, lingering hell of degradation and ignominy; you go, if so be you do go, to face a hell of destruction and suffering.

"'But,' I said, 'if you do go, you go as free men, as soldiers, as Virginians. Your past will lie behind you; your future, should you survive, is in your own hands. I will find somewhere for you other garments than the stripes you wear now. It may be only tattered scraps that I find for you, but all our army is in tatters now. Any man who taunts you with what lies behind you will be punished for it—if I find it out. I promise you that much. And on the word of your governor I promise you this much more: If you stand fast, if you do your duty, if you honorably and bravely acquit yourselves as men, then such of you as live through to the end are not to come back to this.

"'Win or lose, you go your separate ways, as your comrades will, on the same footing with them and with the prospect of redemption shining before you so long as you obey the laws of our country. You have heard me,' I said. 'It is for you to decide. How many of you choose to keep on as you are now? And how many go with me? Those who stay behind, stand fast. Those who go, step one pace forward.'

"Gentlemen of the jury, I tell you they came at me like a wave from the sea—every one of them came at me. On their oaths they were mustered into our service. In their hands weapons were put. Among themselves they had a name for themselves—'The Battalion from Hell.'

"And they fought for the South like men; none better. And they died like men, many of them. In that last hard hopeless year of that war there were many desertions from our ranks. On my word of honor, I tell you that from Penn's Battery there was not a single proven desertion."

The vocal breeze in the courtroom was rising to a gusty wind.

"There was one of those men who served in that battery of whom I wish to speak a special word in tribute to his courage, his fidelity, his worth as a Confederate soldier and a southern man—and most of all his invariable truthfulness under all circumstances. He was a man who spoke little, but did much. I saw him once go out under fire during a battle to rescue at his own risk a wounded Union officer who lay helpless there between the lines. When every man who served his gun excepting him was down, I saw him, as the Union infantry charged, sitting astraddle of the muzzle of that useless gun, with a rammer for his only weapon, waiting for the enemy to come within reach. A countercharge of our infantry saved him but he had stood fast—and he was alone!

"After the Surrender I never saw that man again until more than thirty years had passed, and I kept his secret all that while. After I saw him again I continued to keep it. I have kept it until today. The name by which I knew that man as a soldier under me was Roger Gillespie. You know him by the name he wears now—Robert Gillis."

The windstorm was a hurricane of roaring, and Judge Priest was making no effort to check it—possibly because there was no use trying.

The counsel for the prisoner made no argument; he said—showing for once a flash of wisdom—that the argument for the defense already had been made by somebody else. For reasons, Mr. Baldwin also refrained from any summing-up. Here was a man who might not like a licking but who knew when he was licked. So the case went to the jury at five minutes to ten. And at four minutes past ten the jury were back with their verdict.

It was at the beginning of the noon recess that Doctor Brand sought out Judge Priest and shook the judge's fat pink hand and asked:

"Judge, tell me—I have a suspicion—but tell me, before I burst, how it was so beautifully, so perfectly brought about?"

"Well, doctor," quoth Judge Priest in his thin, high treble, "ef you must know, it wuz this way: Jest before court convened this mornin', Ally Baldwin, he received frum undiscovered sources by the hand of a stranger—a stranger of color—a little typewritten slip of paper. By a curious coincidence, at about the same time young Sammy Purdy also had a similar slip of paper handed to him and the lines of it were typewriter-work, too. And Mr. Baldwin's note wuz signed 'JUSTICE' but Mr. Purdy's wuz signed 'FAIR PLAY.'

"And Mr. Baldwin's unknown friend and correspondent suggested to him that he put the defendant back on the stand and ast him certain specified questions. But Mr. Purdy's mysterious well-wisher merely advised him to call you ez a witness and after that to keep his mouth shet and jest sort of let nature take its course, so to speak. And it seems like both of 'em followed orders. Ez a general thing, I'm ag'inst anonymous letters!"

"Judge Priest," said Doctor Brand, "when I was a boy on a farm back in the Shenandoah Valley, we had a saying about a man who was very shrewd. We said he was as wise as a hoot owl. But if he was wondrous shrewd—if he could make seeming miracles come to pass—we likened him to a limbful of hoot owls. In future, sir, with all veneration and respect, I shall think of you as a limbful of hoot owls."

"I've been thinkin' too," said Judge Priest, greatly pleased but evading the compliment. "Whut say you and me put off goin' to dinner long enough to step out and look up our comrade Roger Gillespie, wherever he may be enjoyin' his newly regained freedom, and tell him, speakin' ez a delegation of two, but representin' the full strength of the organization, and also speakin' in our more official capacities ez the Commander and the Chaplain respectively, that whether he knows it or not, he's practically already a member in good standin' of Gideon K. Irons Camp, U. C. V.?"

"Judge," said Doctor Brand, "I was too conservative. Hereafter, I shall think of you as a whole treeful of hoot owls."

A new Dad Tully story by Peter B. Kyne—Coming Soon

Carola's Causes

(Continued from page 57)

automobile and get out to converse with them," he remarked. Leaning forward from in back he spoke a word to the chauffeur who listened respectfully. He drew the car to a standstill on the gravel driveway. When this had been completed he got down from his seat and very quietly opened the door of the automobile from which Mark and Christine issued. Having done so they walked over very slowly to where Carola and Frank Monroe were. Having exchanged a few words of greeting with them Mark retraced his steps to where the automobile was. With the assistance of the chauffeur he produced a covered basket from under the seat in back. This accomplished he retraced his steps to where Carola and Frank and Christine were. Christine was already telling them of her life since she had parted from Frank.

Christine nodded. "Judged by the standards of our girlhood I suppose I would be called a debauché," she confided. "It is too late, to change now. The law of inexorble reactions begun by all the old standards and inhibitions and bunk which were thrust upon us in our girlhood with its supressed desires and surroundings of can't and hypocrisy have led to this result as our parents ought to have forseen was inevitable if they persisted. But they were of the old type and had to be shaken off though at one time it would not have been too late if they had thoughtfully evaluated the case before them and shown a tendency to let the new ideas of a world in which the old trammels are doomed motivate their conduct towards the new generation."

Mark nodded. "Here is the basket." Leaning back negligibly against a tree he pointed to it with a tanned forefinger. His dark rugged powerful features were set in a curious smile. "Knowing you were here Christine and I thought we would come to call upon you," he continued not altering his posture. Carola looked at him. Something about him effected her powerfully. Something twisted in his nature appealed to her. She was conscious of his masculinety. She wished to go to him. There was a stark naturalism about him that attracted her.

Frank drew a cigarette from its case and proffered it to Christine. Very slowly Carola walked over to where Mark was. He eyed her sombrelly. She returned it impassibly. She lifted one of her hands and placed her fingers among his thick unruly hair.

Frank Monroe nodded. "Let us see what they have brought in the basket," he added stooping and opening the lid of the basket which was on the grass.

"We did not know if you and Carola would have any liquor or anything," Christine informed. "On that account we stopped in a nearby village and bought some and also purchased caviar sandwiches sardines and some bottles of stuffed olives. Mark has brought some dice with him so we can play a game of craps too when we are ready."

Withdrawing her fingers from Mark's head and retracing their steps to where the basket was Carola slowly sank with a sinuous motion into a sitting posture. She stretched her form luxuriously. There was something about her like a cat in the sun. "Let us smoke some more cigarettes while we eat and drink," she added. "Then when we have finished the food we can play a game of craps."

Looking back upon the old days all this would have seemed impossible then

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she told herself. She had been bridled; thwarted prisoned and efforts had been made to keep her in the dark not knowing the hypocrisy that went on about her. Her father would lecture her repressing every natural desire and curiosity even about the facts of life even removing books from her which she desired to read in prefernce to the drab routine of textbooks which she was required to burden even the days of vacation with in order to keep up her standing at Miss Peyton's. This was shere can't and hypocrisy on his part because Carola well remembered a night when her Uncle Henry was visiting them at the seashore her father and Uncle Henry went out to a Stag Dinner for men only after a Golf club tournement and when they got back in the stillness of the night she woke up because Uncle Henry was singing Singing In The Rain so loud at least several hundred feet away before they got to the cottage and she heard her mother talking to them with hostility after they got noisily into the house and telling her father "you are both tight." Also they had been playing a game of craps as Carola well knew having got out of bed and crossing to the door shivering in her barefeet held it slightly ajar enough to hear Uncle Henry complaining to have had pretty near two hundred dollars taken away from him by a friend of the family named Mr. Huxley while they were playing that game of craps at this Golf dinner for men only. What with all these orgys yet she was supposed to be repressed driven and prisoned and kept knowing nothing worth while though all the while they did as they pleased with their own freedom subjecting her to all the dissused standards of the Mid Victorian epoch. Some day when her father and mother discovered what she had found out about him and Uncle Henry it might make them stop and think.

Christine Vance passed plates and napkins around from the basket. Languidly Carola accepted one from her leaning back against both Frank Monroe and Mark. Christine proffered the caviar sandwiches and having opened some of the bottles of stuffed olives and the sardines passed them around too with which they all filled their plates. The basket also contained four paper cups which Christine filled with gin from the basket. All drank several cup fulls and smoked lighting one cigarette from another. Carola stretched her form with cat like luxuriousness and leaned back against Frank Monroe and Mark Sabriere. It was warm in the sun. She was conscious of her healthy young body under her clothes. On the gravelled driveway the automobile was standing at rest. The chauffeur was scraping some mud off of his shoe before remounting to his seat. At a little distance Frank Monroe's mount was pawing the gravel. A cawing of crows came from nearby. From a farm a dog was barking and there came the sound of a rooster crowing. Some dandelion fuzz hovered in the air and lighted on Christine's dark curls. She brushed it off. It did not bother her because her hair was bobbed. Carola's hair was bobbed too. In the old days her parents had insisted on her not even doing that. Well she told herself perhaps if they saw her now they would think a little. A tiny whirlwind of dust drifted up the driveway from where Frank Monroe's mount was pawing. Seated on the grass Carola and Mark and Christine and Frank Monroe plied their cups with gin.

Mark Sabriere nodded. Removing some dice from an inner pocket they began to play a game of craps. Christine shouted loudly when she won. Carola drew a roll of bills from her blouse. It slid partly down from her shoulder.

"I do not care if it does," she shrugged. "Let us play for higher stakes."

Mark Sabriere Christine and Frank drew forth more money and began to play recklessly. Mark Sabriere took off both his coat and vest threw them to some distance away. Carola began to sing Singing In The Rain at the top of her voice. Her blouse slid partly down from her other shoulder too as she took out more money. She was indifferent to this and sang louder waving her arms. The others joined her singing as loudly as they could while plying the gin and going on with their game. Carola lifted her hand on one side and placed it around Mark Sabriere and lifted her other and placed it around Frank Monroe. Christine was tossing her arms in the air and singing loudly. There was a pallid look about her lips. Mark was shouting hoarsely.

From a bay window of the house behind them Mr. and Mrs. Wilmington happened to glance forth and started. All their outworn code of standards and morals were being tossed to the wind before their eyes. "Why look at that," Mr. Wilmington exclaimed as he started. "What can we do to prevent it?" he queried of Mrs. Wilmington. "It would do no good to speak to Carola about it as she has emancipated herself and has won the battle of woman's economic independence and freedom. If we chided her she would only laugh at us for our hidebound predujices. Perhaps if we had granted her more liberties in the old days it would have been different now. But let us see if we can not stop this."

Turning to the door Mr. and Mrs. Wilmington walked out of the room where they were and went into the hall. From there they walked to the front door. Mr. Wilmington placed one of his hands upon the knob and opened it. Mrs. Wilmington went out and her spouse followed her. Closing the door behind them they found themselves upon the front porch. Crossing the porch they went down some steps which led to a path that led through the lawn which would take them to where Carola and Mark and Christine and Frank Monroe were. Walking over this path they soon came upon the scene. But by the time Mr. and Mrs. Wilmington got there Christine Vance was lying on one side unconscious. Mark Sabriere was prone on his back on the grass with glazed eyes. Frank Monroe was drawn up in a knot at some distance his riding crop sticking out grotesqely from under him somewhere. Carola's fair head rested upon one of Mark's knees and she was moaning faintly. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wilmington went white. Very slowly the chauffeur came from the gravelled driveway. Mr. Wilmington looked queryingly at the man.

The chauffeur nodded. "I think an ambulance should be summoned," he volunteered. "This comes of purchasing liquor that cannot be trusted. The newspapers are full of such cases. You see them every day if you are a reader."

"You mean?" Mr. Wilmington interogated.

"I mean what I say," the man responded and his face set grimly. His lips tightened. "This lady and gentleman (He paused to indicate Mark and Christine with a gesturing forefinger) purchased the liquor and supplies contained in the basket yonder at a nearby village without making any inquires in respect to the seller that sold them to them." He paused to touch his cap respectfully. Mr. Wilmington retraced his steps toward the house and when he arrived there mounted the front porch and hastened within to summon the ambulance because Carola and Mark and Christine and Frank Monroe were still breathing. He secured the number he desired which was that of the hospital and telephoned to the authorities in charge. Out where the others were the chauffeur stood respectfully aside while Mrs. Wilmington stooped over the form of her daughter. She showed emotion for Carola was an only child.

"Carola why did you not tell me that something like this might happen," the mother intreated. "If we had known it would be like this we would not have shaped your career with such unyielding hands. Perhaps we have been blind."

For a moment Carola regained consciousness. "Too late," she uttered with a pitiful effort indistincly. "I told you often enough. How many times did I repeat to you what you were driving me to I would like to know. But no you would have your own way especially Father. When did he ever show the slightest consideration and did you not always abet him no matter how many times I asked you not to. So now I guess you and he can look and see how it has turned out." Her long eyelashes closed flutteringly. She was still breathing fitfully. Very slowly the chauffeur cleared his throat and turned away. His face worked. Some white butterflies hovered in the air and lit upon a bough nearby. Automobiles could be heard upon the road. From outside the wrought iron gateway a restive mount could be heard pawing . . . . . .

The hospital ambulance with a brisk white clad young surgeon in attendance arrived briskly . . . With mechanical precision Carola and Mark and Christine and Frank Monroe were placed inside of it. It drove away . . . The next morning was Sunday. After breakfast and reading the paper Mr. Wilmington proposed to his spouse that they should drive to the hospital and ascertain the condition of their daughter She aceded to his request and they went in their sedan. Bright sunshine fell over everything. On a corner a man in overalls was picking his teeth with a stick he had wittled. Dust whirled up from the street. A baby was crying in its perambulater. Near the hospital an old woman in a gray shawl and patched shoes was looking out of a window.

"I wonder how we will find Carola," Mrs. Wilmington mused aloud. The great doors of the hospital swung inward at their summons opening to admit them. A white uniformed attendant met them inquiring their wishes. In answer to their interogations he shook his head forebodengly.

"Mark Sabriere expired at 9.30 last evening," he informed. "Christine Vance lasted a little longer but she also passed into the great beyond at about 10.45. Frank met his end along about 7 o'clock this morning."

"But tell us of our daughter," Mrs. Wilmington pressed the attendant. "How is Carola doing?"

"She too has just breathed her last not ten minutes before your arrival here," he informed sombrelly. "She was calm and not in any way vindictive. She left a message for you. She said she just wanted you to think a little. All this might not have happened if you had abandoned your old time taboos and predujices to some extent. She said she

hoped you would both be happy but that maybe you would think a little sometimes. That was her last message." The man looked at them with an evaluating expression. His face darkened into lines of disaproval. "Perhaps you will take her message to heart," he volunteered curtly. "I agree with her because I think any observer with judgement would take that view of this case. It is possible now that her last message has come too late that it will make a deep impression but that is the irony of it all."

This was lost upon Mr. Wilmington. He remained unmoved. On the way back to the house his spouse cried a little. Mr. Wilmington removed a leather cigar case from an inner pocket. Producing a match box he struck it. Selecting a cigar from the case he lighted it and returned the leather case and matches to the pockets from which he had removed them.

"I do not see how you can do this at such a moment Frank," Mrs. Wilmington objected. "Do you not feel yourself that it is too soon?" Mr. Wilmington made no return but went on driving the car and smoking imperturbaly.

Leaves were falling from the trees and forming into small brown pools where they collected underneath. The automobile wheels crunched upon the gravelled driveway. By this time Mr. Wilmington had about finished his cigar. He drew the car to a standstill in front of the front porch. Mrs. Wilmington got down slowly. She seemed to be thinking a little. Mr. Wilmington tossed the remains of his cigar away with a careless gesture and went into the house.

THE END

The authoress of the story just offered in faithful detail for inspection sat near me in my workroom at Cobble Reef while I read her manuscript. Her parents are acquaintances of mine who spend their summers at the Reef, and, for purposes of concealment and in response to her own request, I shall here speak of her as Stella. She is fourteen, though when I asked her how old she was she looked a little impatient and said, "About fifteen, and certainly old enough to be allowed some voice in my own welfare!"

Stella is one of those thin, dark little girls who wear large spectacles and look studious; but her father had once mentioned to me the fact that unless almost forcibly prevented she burned the midnight oil, not over her schoolbooks but for reading less advisable. "Any darn thing she can lay her hands on!" he said. "Reads everything on earth so long as it isn't something her mother and I would like her to read or hasn't anything to do with the studies she's behind in. We've got the best school for girls in the country right in our home town, and it's a great opportunity for her to be a day pupil there; but every year when the time comes around in September for her to go back she makes a fuss that almost drives her poor mother crazy. These precocious modern children are a problem, I can tell you. Gosh!"

Thus it seemed to me not merely a haphazard coincidence that Stella brought to me the manuscript of "Carola's Causes" upon a morning early in September. As I read it I was almost uncomfortably aware that her eyes, behind the large spectacles, were continuously and perhaps somewhat severely fixed upon me, and by the time I finished the reading I had made certain surmises; but I thought it better not to mention them. " 'Carola's Causes' seems to me a very interesting and significant story," I said. "When did you write it, Stella?"

"Last night, mostly," she replied. "I had to sit up rather late to finish it. Of course I'd been taking notes in preparation for some time before I began the actual production."

"I see. Have you shown it to your mother and father?"

"To *them?*" Stella said. "To my mother and father? They're the very last people on earth I'd care to have know I wrote it."

"So? What do you want me to do about it, Stella? Would you like me to try to give you a criticism of it?"

At this, I thought she looked a little annoyed. "No; that isn't why I've brought it to you. I don't mean that I consider it perfect; but you see it wouldn't come under your school of thought exactly. It's modern."

"Well, then what——"

"I want to get it published. I want to get it published somewhere where my mother and father will be pretty likely to read it."

"But Stella, I thought you said you didn't want them to know you wrote it. If you got it published——"

"It wouldn't be under my own name," she interrupted. "If it got published under my own name it would spoil all the effect on them and proba'ly make them just about twice as repressive as they already are. You meet them around and see them the way they are in public; you couldn't have any idea of what they're like at home. I don't ask you to understand because you're of the old generation, too; I simply ask you to be helpful if you're willing to."

"Yes, of course, Stella. But you'll have to tell me what——"

"I want to get 'Carola's Causes' published somewhere where they'll see it before the eighteenth of September," she explained. "If it comes out after that it might not get the whole effect, though of course it would proba'ly do quite a little good in making them understand how much harm they do in putting all their repressive measures on a person who may happen biologically to be their offspring but has virtually completed her adolescence. What I want is for them to read it and see the application to themselves. There proba'ly have been more powerful stories by some modern writers," she continued, and here I thought a slight complacence came into her expression; "but I think if my father and mother read this and got the idea it was written by one of their own kind that was beginning to grasp something—well, maybe it might reach their minds and make a change. All I ask is to make them think a little."

"I see. But you still haven't told me what you want me to——"

"Why, certainly!" she said. "You could put your name to it and see if you could get it published somewhere where they'll see it before the eighteenth of September. I simply ask the simple question: Will you help me or will you not?"

Her earnestness was so great that I could not possibly refuse. I told her that I was dubious about the eighteenth of September, but, for the rest, would do the best I could.

In Booth Tarkington's Next Story—coming soon—the Masseys entertain a distinguished visitor

Noble Experiment *by Sinclair Lewis*

(*Continued from page 43*)

journey, and what with cocktails, bright chatter, and this and that, it was eleven before they sat down to a dinner of which Cecil remembered only that there was too much sulphuric acid in the champagne.

It seemed to him in the slight daze which began to creep over him that in the parade which, at one, set out from Sammy's to the Weatherby abode on Long Island, there were hundreds of cars. He was wrong. The jocund party had but five cars and, though they stopped at ever so many places on the way, no more than eight cars drew up at Weatherby Hall at four A.M. Cecil was aware only that the house was very large but low, built like a monastery around a patio, before he staggered down a paved cloister and collapsed in a missiony sort of room on the ground floor.

By some magic his luggage had been brought from the pier. With enormous will power, he got out of his clothes, into pajamas.

He had been asleep exactly twenty minutes when he was awakened by the passionate jangling of a great bell in the courtyard. The furious ringing kept up till, wondering whether it was the alarm for a fire, an earthquake, or a Zeppelin raid, he had fallen into dressing gown and slippers and staggered out.

Twenty people, of all kfiown sexes, most of them also in dressing gown and pajamas, were gathered about a booth in the center of the patio. As he wambled toward it, Cecil saw that it was a bar, with two barkeeps in white jackets busy mixing—at four-thirty A.M.

"What in heaven's name! That bell!" he wailed at Weatherby, who was attired in a kimono, a sweater and a top hat.

"The rule of the house is that anyone may order any drink he wants at any hour, only he must ring the bell, so that the other guests may have the chance to join him. From Friday noon to Monday noon, we keep the bartenders on twenty-four hours a day, working in three shifts. I have a fairly complete stock of liquor. The Sliwowitz is getting low, and I don't recommend the Danziger Goldwasser, and the Spätlese of the Niersteiner '21 is all used up, but otherwise I think Mike can shake you up almost anything you want."

With what one who knew the Snowley-Smiths better would have recognized as dangerous irony, Cecil demanded of Mike, "Some Chinese rice wine, please."

"Certainly, sir; rice wine."

Mike set out a glass of something that looked like castor oil. As Cecil downed it, Vesuvius blew up, a tornado swept all Long Island into chaos, and the seven major planets banged him on the head and thereafter did a tarantella before his eyes.

"I see. Interesting drink," said Cecil, and all the venomous irony of the Snowley-Smiths was gone from his voice.

The group had increased by now to forty guests, a traffic policeman, and two aviators, who had been so overcome by the alcoholic fumes arising from Weatherby Hall that they had, without anybody particularly noticing it, crashed in the courtyard.

Cecil was finished. He couldn't possibly sleep in his room, with all this noise. He staggered toward the patio gate and found a limousine with the chauffeur drowsing. He crept feebly into the car—and awoke in bright daylight, in front of a large and perfectly

strange Georgian house, sitting beside a large and perfectly strange and rather Georgian gentleman in evening clothes, asleep in the other corner of the seat.

The unknown gentleman snorted a little, gurgled a little, groaned, felt his forehead, and awoke to stare at Cecil.

"Hello," said the Georgian gentleman.

"Good morning," said Cecil.

"I say, I didn't notice you when I got in last night. I must have been lit. Or am I in the wrong car? No, that looks like Splivens' back. It is Splivens' back! Welcome. My name is George Waffle. I suppose I must have met you at Bill Weatherby's last night. Were you the three-star Hennessy?"

"No; I was the Chinese rice wine."

"Ah. A good stanch drink. I have a cousin in South Bend, Indiana, who uses it for mouth wash. Splendid. Let's go in and have breakfast."

"Oh, I really must get back to Bill Weatherby's—my host."

"But I doubt if you'll get any breakfast there. His cook got drunk last night, and when last seen he was chasing the head gardener with a butcher knife. Let's go in and have breakfast."

"But I can't—in a dressing gown."

"It doesn't matter. My wife probably won't be there. She is planning to elope with a rich revenue officer. If she hasn't done so yet, if she happens to be home, I'll have the second footman lend you some clothes. He is about your size, and he is English, like you. He has a very nice wardrobe. He seems to be rich. I think he has found the ten barrels of Bourbon I buried in the Italian sunken garden, and is selling it. Come along."

Mr. George Waffle told the butler to tell the second footman, and in fifteen minutes Cecil sat down to breakfast in rather a nice thing in the way of tweeds, with a blue shirt and collar. The breakfast was excellent, though the dry Martinis were not so good as Bill Weatherby's.

Toward the end of it, just when George Waffle and he were working through the buckwheat cakes and benedictine, into the breakfast room charged the most beautiful woman Cecil had ever seen.

"Good morning, Delicia. I thought you had eloped with the revenue agent," Mr. Waffle said affably.

"I did. I'm back. I left him. Though he is a college graduate, he isn't really of our class in society. He can't hold his liquor. After the thirtieth high ball he passed out. Introduce me to your guest. He looks nice and I should like to ride with him," observed Mrs. Waffle.

"Certainly. Cecil, my boy, you'll enjoy a canter with Delicia this morning. It will set you up and give you an appetite for lunch. I can promise you some really first-rate Chambertin."

"I'd be delighted, but I really must get back to Bill Weatherby's," whimpered Cecil.

"Nonsense! I'll telephone to him."

"But I have no riding clothes here!"

Mr. Waffle rang for the butler, told him to summon Fink, the third chauffeur, and bade Fink, "Take one of the smaller cars, Fink, and dash about the neighborhood and borrow some riding clothes for Mr. Smith. I fancy Colonel Bilswitch is about the right size."

"Certainly, sir," said Fink, and in fifteen minutes he returned with riding clothes and boots made by Cecil's own tailor and bootmaker on Jermyn Street.

Though Cecil rather felt the lack of spinneys, vicarages, casual waters and other features of the landscape rightly to be expected by any well-bred horseman in England, he immensely enjoyed the ride with Delicia. They followed a mile of bridle path through exquisite silver birches, while Cecil proposed to Delicia and was accepted, then stopped at Colonel Bilswitch's for an old-fashioned cocktail. They crossed a noble eminence from which Cecil appreciatively saw—for Wordsworth has always been a favorite poet with the Snowley-Smiths—a landscape dotted with church steeples, gas tanks, garages, aviation fields, advertising signs and hot-dog stands, and then, loping down into a vale, they stopped at A. Walshingham Goldberg's for a Clover Club.

They were passing the grounds of The Cottage, which was an admirable replica of Buckingham Palace, with a charming reproduction of the San Marco campanile at the southwest corner, when the clock in the tower of Ye Old Time Fillinge Statione struck one, and Delicia cried, "Heavens! So late? We'll drop in at The Cottage for lunch."

"But I must get back to Bill Weatherby's! After all, he is my host!"

"Nonsense! I'll telephone to him," said Delicia and in the enchantment of her warm, dusky, crème de cacao voice, Cecil was beguiled into the modest mile of driveway that led to The Cottage.

THEY arrived just as the Bronxes were being served. There were thirty for luncheon, and some of them Cecil had seen before, though he never could remember whether it was on the R.M.S. Hysteria, at Mr. Lucas' bungalow, at Sammy's castle on the Hudson, at Bill Weatherby's, at George Waffle's, at Colonel Bilswitch's, at A. Walshingham Goldberg's, or some other of the twenty-three substantial residences into which he had popped during the twenty-two hours he had now spent in the Prohibited States of America.

He had felt uneasy about intruding at The Cottage, but Delicia and he were urgently welcomed by the host.

The host was a man named Larry. Cecil Snowley-Smith was to see a great deal of him, but he never did learn what was Larry's surname—if indeed he had one. Nor did Cecil learn what was his business, though he deduced that Larry was either a corporation lawyer, a banker, or the president of a motor factory. In any case, Larry was a broad man, ruddy of cheek, and when his conscience told him that Cecil didn't really care for the Floridian mildness of a Bronx, with his own executive hands he mixed for Cecil an Apéritif Matador.

When Cecil recovered, at five o'clock, he was lying on a chaise longue in the Eddie Guest bedroom—all of Larry's bedrooms were named after the poets, such as Milton, Will Rogers, Matthew Arnold, Robert W. Service and Homer—and beside him sat Larry, pleasantly holding out a whisky-soda mixed with bromo-seltzer, aromatic spirits of ammonia and bicarbonate of soda.

"Here, my lad, drink this. It will buck you up. Though I'm sorry that you missed lunch. The Pontet Canet was quite decent."

"Where," begged Cecil, after he had drunk the revivifying potion, "is Delicia Waffle? I think I'm engaged to her."

"Really? Hard luck, old boy. She has just eloped with Claude Maginnis, of the Maginnis Bathtub Corp. Never mind. We'll trot out to Detroit—must go there on business—and you'll forget your tragedy in the joy of exploration."

"But my dear fellow, I really must get back to Bill Weatherby's. After all, he is my host, you know."

"Nonsense! I'll telephone to him."

"Nothing, as I believe that on practically all occasions where there is a strong conflict of virile will against will, you Americans say, doing," retorted Cecil. "It is my duty to dash back to dear old Bill."

"Splendid, my dear fellow. You cannot know how we appreciate a guest who stays put. There is altogether too much stealing of guests and cooks on Long Island. You shall indeed be sent back to good old Bill's. But I would like—so much do I prize Anglo-American relations—to have you see my private car, or railway carriage as you would call it. Or am I wrong in my nomenclature? It is so long since I, a provincial American, born in Plupe Center, Oklahoma, received my half-blue at Oxford.

"And may I recommend now"—Larry reached under his chair and produced a bottle—"a touch of rum, to complete the treatment? It is from our own private distillery in Lilbertysmitchwith, and we import it by submarine."

Cecil was never quite certain as to how he reached the Pennsylvania Station in New York City. He seemed cloudily to remember a limousine. He thought that a beautiful woman had given him a drink of Martel from a gold-and-diamond flask.

He thought that he must have slept a little, although that seemed improbable, as he clearly remembered passing a church which displayed in front of it a sign: "Tonite Doctor Iggle's Sermon will Prove that Prohibition is a Success." But he was comparatively bright and affable when he was led into a private car by a man whom he recognized, with almost no difficulty, as Larry.

"This is your stateroom," said Larry.

Cecil looked squirrel-like about. As the stateroom was in a railway car, it was smaller than the private apartment of His Imperial Highness, Franz Josef, in Schönbrunn. But then, it was more modern. The adjoining bathroom was in pale lavender; the faucets were of silver, with decorations by Epstein; and the shower bath had a door of plate glass.

The bedside library was smaller than Cecil liked to see, but as it contained all the really necessary bedside books—such as "The Crock of Gold," a set of Saki, and "Pickwick Papers"—he was disposed to be forgiving.

He loved Bill Weatherby like a brother. He was really much fonder of Bill than of his great-aunt Editha. At this moment he wished that it was not resolutely necessary for him to return to Weatherby Hall.

Cecil sobbed.

"Cheer up, my lad," said Larry. "A real he-man must face his duties. Although I have not known you long, I feel that I am safe in saying that you drink too much. After the touch of Glengowrie Scotch which I am about to give you, we'll both give up all drinking for minutes and minutes. And it will be splendid for you to see the West."

"OH, THE West. Yes, where men are men and the handclasp grows a little longer. I see," said Cecil.

For the first time in his life, Cecil longed for a place where there would be nothing alcoholic to drink. He had a vision of that splendid, somber, arid West in which Detroit was situated, among the scarlet mesas, cayuses, coyotes and Anti-Saloon League meetings.

"If it weren't for the absolute necessity of my getting back to Bill Weatherby's, I would go with you," he sighed.

"Too bad. Do you prefer soda or ginger ale with your Scotch?"

Cecil awoke twice before he arrived in Detroit and he was fully awake when they drove up to the Motors and Bodies Country Club, which was to be their

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THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.

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refuge in this Wild Western land. He looked eagerly out of the car, hoping for a cow-puncher in hairy pants. And sure enough, there was a horseman galloping toward them.

But as the horseman drew near, Cecil cloudily perceived that he was in polo garments and, as he still nearered, Cecil realized, from the pictures he had often seen in the Tatler, that the horseman was Lord Eastern.

"Mornin', Larry," said His Lordship. "Dry Martini or wet?"

"Dry," said Larry.

"Right," said Lord Eastern.

A little hurt, a little deceived, a little shaky, Cecil did manage to get in one glance at the façade of the Motors and Bodies Club. It was a reproduction of the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall. And then, with Kidlets Eastern, Larry, and seventy-six barons, counts, princes, deputy commissioners, and like Wild Westerners, Cecil was rushed into a drinking party which lasted seventy-six hours.

It was a nice party. He afterward remembered winning an argument with Professor J. Henry Souse of some university about the use of the aorist—or was it the aorta?—in Hindustani. But after that, Professor Souse invented a new cocktail and Cecil became confused.

He did from time to time awake on the farther travels of Larry's private car. He remembered Wichita and a Bourbon Fizz; New Orleans and a Pisco Punch; Seattle and a strange, diverting thing called, as nearly as he could remember, moonch ein; Palm Beach, and a brand of Gordon so nearly like the original that he was homesick. But otherwise, it was hard for him to recall in his later days just where they had gone and——

The drawing-room of The Oaks, Jittering Major, Pindlebury, Hants, was cozy with firelight. Here, protected by Scotland Yard and the English Respect for Law, were peace and serenity. Mr. Purvis Snowley-Smith, M.P., was writing a letter to the Times. Mrs. Purvis Snowley-Smith was embroidering a luncheon cloth. Loveliest of all, Great-aunt Editha was playing solitaire, and sipping the one glass of port which was permitted her daily by Doctor Edgar Wimbleton Vincent Brown-Brown.

It was, in fact, a scene out of Galsworthy or Edgar Wallace.

The door crashed open with a blast of abhorrent fresh air, and into the room thundered a young man whom they scarcely recognized as Cecil A. W. T. Snowley-Smith. His hair was disordered, and he wore—as presumably no Snowley-Smith could ever wear—a dinner jacket combined with a khaki shirt, tweed cap, tan bags and sandals.

He charged on Great-aunt Editha. He dashed the glass of port from her hand.

"'Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging,'" observed Cecil. "By the way, I have joined the Wesleyan persuasion, and I trust that it will not too much bore you to flicker over and hear my sermon on the necessity of teetotalism at Little Ipplewhin tomorrow."

"Quite," said Mr. Purvis Snowley-Smith. "You are back from America?"

"Quite!" said Cecil.

"Splendid thing, Prohibition, what?"

"Quite!" said Cecil.

There's more to come from Sinclair Lewis. The announced serial, "Let's Play King," will soon appear

Gallows Key *by Rafael Sabatini* *(Continued from page 72)*

Pike, as obstinate as he was courageous, repudiated this for a coward counsel.

"By heaven!" he swore. "It's what Easterling desires. We've earned our share of that treasure, and we're not sailing without it."

But the practical Trenam shook his fair head. "That will be as Easterling chooses. He's got the strength to enforce his will, and the will to play the rogue, or I'm a fool else."

Pike silenced him by making oath that he was not afraid of twenty Easterlings. And his air was just as truculent when, in response to a signal from the flagship next morning, he went aboard the Avenger.

He was awaited in the cabin not only by Easterling, but by Galloway. Easterling was massively built and swarthy, with fine eyes and a full black beard behind which when he laughed there was a flash of strong white teeth. Galloway, squat and broad, was not only apelike in build, but oddly apelike in his countenance, out of which two bright little wicked eyes sparkled under a shallow wrinkled brow.

They seated Captain Pike at the greasy table, poured rum for him and pledged him, whereafter Easterling came promptly to business.

"We've sent for ye, Captain Pike, because at present we're carrying, as it were, all our eggs in one basket. This treasure," and he waved a hand in the direction of the chests containing it, "is best divided without more ado, so each of us can go about his business."

Pike took heart at this promising beginning. "Ye mean to break up the fleet, then?" said he indifferently.

"Why not, since the job's done? Roger here and me has decided to quit piracy. We're for home with the fortune we've made."

Easterling cleared his throat and resumed. "Me and Roger's been considering that some change in the provisions o' the articles would be only fair. They do run that one-third o' what's left over after I've taken my fifth goes to each o' the three ships."

"Aye, that's how they run, and that's fair enough for me," said Pike.

"That's not our opinion, Roger's and mine, now that we come to think it over. Roger and me don't see as ye should take a third to share among thirty men, whilst we share each o' us the same among a hundred and fifty."

Captain Pike was swept by sudden passion. "Was that why ye saw to it that my men were always put where the Spaniards could kill them?"

Easterling's black brows met above eyes that were suddenly malevolent. "Now what the devil d'ye mean by that, Captain Pike, if you please?"

"It's an imputation," said Galloway dryly. "A nasty imputation."

"No imputation at all," said Pike. "It's a fact."

"A fact, eh?" Easterling was smiling, and the lean, tough, resolute Pike grew uneasy. He recalled words in which Captain Blood had warned him against association with a man whom he described as treacherous and foul by nature. If he had hugged a doubt of the deliberate calculation by which his own men had been sacrificed on Darien, that doubt was now dispelled.

He pushed back the hair from his moist brow and commanded himself to answer in level tones.

"What I mean is that if my men have been reduced, they've suffered this in the common cause. They will consider it unfair to break the articles on any such grounds."

He argued on. He reminded Easterling of the practice of matelotage among buccaneers, whereby every man enters into a partnership with another in which the two make common cause and under which each is the other's heir. In this alone lay cause why many of his men should feel defrauded by any change.

Easterling's evil grin gave way again to a scowl. "What's it to me how your mangy followers may feel? I'm Admiral o' this fleet, and what I says is law."

"What you said before is in the articles under which we sailed with you. Is there no law in those?"

"To the devil with the articles!" roared Captain Easterling.

He rose and stood over Pike, towering and menacing. "I says things is changed since we signed them articles. What I says is more nor any articles, and I says that the Valiant can have a tenth share. Ye'ld be wise to take it, remembering that who tries to grasp too much ends by holding nothing."

Pike stared up at him with fallen jaw. He had turned pale from the stress of the conflict within him between rage and prudence. "Ye know I dursn't accept your offer. Ye know my men would tear me in pieces if I did so without consulting them."

"Then away with you to consult them. I've a mind to slit your rascally ears so that they may see what happens to them as gets pert with Captain Easterling. Ye may tell your scum that if they has the impudence to refuse my offer they can up anchor and be off to the devil. Remind 'em o' what I says: that who tries to grasp too much ends by holding nothing. Away with you, Captain Pike, with that message."

Not until he was back aboard his own ship did Captain Pike release the rage from which he all but burst. And the sound of it, the tale he told in the ship's waist with the survivors of his crew about him, aroused in those rough violent men a rage to match his own. Trenam added fuel to the flames by the views he expressed.

"If the swine means to break faith, is it likely he'll stop halfway? Captain Blood was in the right. We should never ha' put our trust in that dog."

One of the hands spoke up, voicing the feelings of all. "But since we've put it, we've got to see he keeps it."

Pike waited for the chorus of angry approval to subside. "Will you tell me how we are to do it? We are some forty men against three hundred. A twenty-gun brig against two frigates with fifty-six heavier guns between them."

This gave them pause until another bold one spoke. "He says a tenth or naught. Our answer is a third or naught. There's honor among buccaneers and we hold him to the articles."

As one man the crew supported him. "Go you back with that answer, captain."

"And if he refuses?"

Trenam thought he held the answer. "There's ways of compelling him. Tell him we'll raise the whole Brotherhood of the Coast against him. Captain Blood will see that we have justice. Captain Blood's none so fond of him, as he well knows. Go you back and tell him."

Pike did not relish the task, and showed it. But his men turned upon

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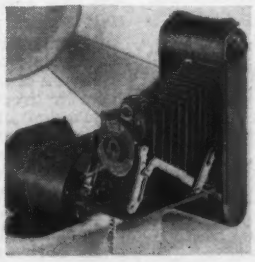

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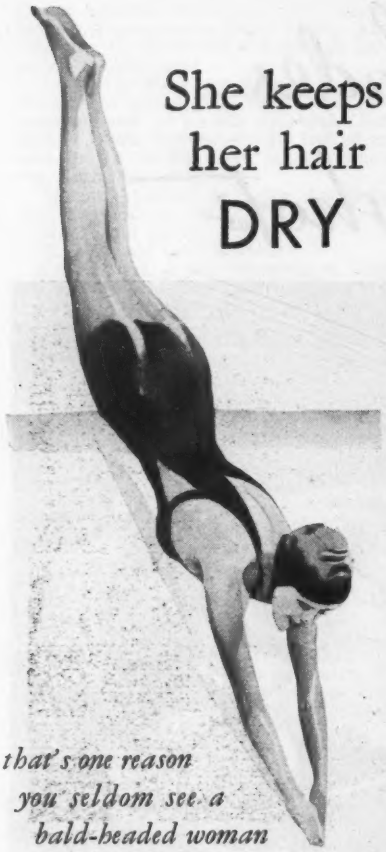

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him with upbraidings. It was he who had persuaded them to follow Easterling. Let him see to it that they were not cheated of their pay.

So back from the Valiant at her anchorage in the neck of the harbor went Captain Pike in the cockboat to convey his men's answer to Captain Easterling. The interview was short and violent.

When Captain Pike had stated the answer of his men, Easterling laughed. His crew laughed with him; some there were who cheered Pike ironically.

"If that's their last word, my man," said Easterling, "they can up anchor and away to the devil."

"It'll be the worse for you, captain, if they go," said Pike steadily.

"D'ye threaten, by heaven!" The man's bulk seemed to swell with rage.

"I warn you, captain."

"Ye warn me? Warn me o' what?"

"That the whole buccaneering fraternity will be raised against you for this breach of faith."

"Breach o' faith!" Easterling's voice soared in pitch. "Breach o' faith, ye scum! D'ye dare stand before my face and say that to me?" He plucked a pistol from his belt. "Be off this ship at once, and tell your blackguards that if the Valiant is still there by noon I'll blow her out o' the water!"

Pike shook with indignation, and was made bold by it. "Very well," said he. "Ye'll have Captain Blood to deal with for this."

It was his last card, played to intimidate the bully. He reckoned upon neither the extent to which it would intimidate him, nor the blind fury that follows panic in such natures.

"Captain Blood?" Easterling spoke through his teeth, his face purple. "Ye'll go whining to Captain Blood, will you? Go whine to the devil, then." And on the word, at point-blank range, he shot Pike through the head.

The buccaneers standing about them recoiled in momentary horror as the man's body went backwards across the hatch coamings.

"Take up that carrion." Easterling pointed with his still-smoking pistol. "Hang it from the yardarm. Let it serve as a warning to those swine on the Valiant o' what happens to them as gets pert with Captain Easterling."

A long-drawn cry went up from the deck of Pike's ship when her crew perceived the limp body of their captain swinging from the yardarm of the Avenger. So intent were these men that they paid no heed to the two long Indian canoes that came alongside to starboard, or even to the tall gentleman in black and silver who stepped to the deck. Not until his crisp dry voice rang out were they aware of him.

"I arrive a trifle late, it seems."

They turned and beheld him on the hatch coamings, his left hand on the pommel of his rapier, his face in the shadow of his broad plumed hat, his eyes hard and cold with anger. They stared at him as if he were an apparition, mystified, incredulous.

At last young Trenam sprang towards him, his eyes blazing. "Captain Blood! Is it indeed you? But how——?"

Captain Blood quieted him by a wave of the long supple hand emerging from the foam of lace at his wrist. "I've never been far from you ever since you landed on Darien. I know your case, and this is no more than I foresaw. But I had hoped to avert it."

"You'll call a reckoning from that treacherous dog?"

"To be sure I will, and at once. That hideous gesture demands an instant answer. Ye've men here to lay the guns."

The Valiant had been swinging with the first of the gentle ebb when Blood stepped aboard; she stood now in the line of the channel, so that the operation of opening the gun ports could not be discerned from the other ships.

"The guns?" gasped Trenam. "But captain, we're in no case to fight. We've neither the men nor the metal."

"Enough for what's to do. Men and guns are not all that counts in these affairs. Easterling gave you this station so that you cover the other ships." Blood uttered a short stern laugh. "He shall learn the strategic disadvantages of it, so he shall. Get your gun crew below."

Then he gave other orders briskly. "Eight of you to man the longboat. There are two well-manned canoes astern to assist you to warp her broadside when the time comes. The ebbing tide will help you. Send aloft every man you can spare from the guns, to loose sail once we're out of the channel. Bestir, Trenam! Bestir!"

He dived below to the main deck, where the gun crew was already at work clearing the guns for action. When all was ready and the matches glowing, he went on deck again. The two canoes manned by Mosquito Indians and the Valiant's longboat were astern under her counter and invisible to those aboard the other two ships. Towing ropes had been attached, and the men waited for the word of command.

At Blood's suggestion Trenam did not stay to take up anchor, but slipped his cable, and the oarsmen bent to their task of warping the ship round. Their labors were made easy by the ebb, and slowly the brigantine began to swing broadside across the channel. Already Blood was below again, directing the hands that manned the starboard guns. Five of these were to be concentrated on the rudder of the Hermes; the other five were to sweep her shrouds.

As the Valiant swung about and the warping operations became apparent to the men on the other ships, it was assumed by them that the crew of the brigantine had resolved upon flight. From the decks of the Hermes a derisive valedictory cheer rang out. But just as it was being taken up by the Avenger, it was answered by the roar of ten guns at point-blank range.

The Hermes rocked and shuddered under the impact of that unexpected broadside, and the fierce outcries of her men were mingled with the hoarse voices of startled sea birds. Blood peered through the rising cloud of smoke, and smiled. The rudder of the Hermes had been shattered; her mainmast was broken and hung precariously suspended in her shrouds, whilst a rent showed in her forecastle.

"And now?" quoth Trenam in uneasy excitement.

Blood looked round. They were moving steadily, if slowly, down the short channel, and were already almost in the open sea. A steady breeze was blowing from the north. "Crowd on sail, and let her run before the wind."

"They'll follow."

"Why, so I trust. But not yet awhile. Take a look at their plight."

It was only then that Trenam understood precisely what Blood had done. With her broken rudder and shattered mainmast the Hermes, whilst being herself unmanageable, was blocking the way and making it impossible for the raging Easterling to get past her.

Trenam perceived and admired, but was still far from easy. "If you've invited pursuit, it's true that you've certainly delayed it. But it will surely

come and we shall be as surely sunk when it does. It's just what that devil Easterling desires."

"Indeed and I hope so; anyway, I've quickened those same desires of his."

They had picked up the crew of the longboat, whilst the Indian canoes could be seen making off to the north along the reef. The Valiant was now running before the wind and Gallows Key was dropping swiftly astern. All hands were on deck. From the poop rail, Blood spoke to the man at the whipstaff below.

"Put up the helm. We go about." Perceiving Trenam's alarm, he smiled. "Quiet you. Have faith in me, and man the larboard guns. They'll not yet have disentangled themselves, and we'll give them a salute in passing.

"I know the fool I'm engaging. It won't have occurred to him that we might have the impudence to return and I'll wager he won't have so much as opened his ports as yet."

It fell out as he foretold. When they ran in, close-hauled, they saw that the Hermes had only just been warped aside to give passage to the Avenger, which with spritsail and sweeps was crawling toward the channel.

Easterling must have rubbed his eyes at this reappearance of the Valiant; he must have ground his strong white teeth when she hung there an instant with slatting sails and poured a broadside athwart his decks before going off again on a northeasterly tack. He replied in haste and ineffectively with his chasers, and whilst the mess made by the Valiant's guns was being cleared up, he settled down vindictively to the pursuit of the audacious brigantine.

The Valiant was perhaps a mile away to the northeast when Trenam beheld the Avenger emerge from the roadstead to come plowing after them with crowded yards. It was a dismaying vision.

He turned to Captain Blood. "And now, captain? What remains?"

"To go about again," was the surprising answer. "Bid the helmsman steer for the northernmost point of the key yonder."

"That will bring us within range."

"No matter. We'll run the gantlet of his fire. At need we can round the point. But I've a notion the need will not present itself."

They went about and ran in once more, Blood scanning the rocky coast of the island through the telescope. Trenam stood fretful at his elbow.

"What do you look for, captain?" he wondered with faint hope.

"My Indian friends. They've made good speed. All should be well."

To Trenam it seemed that things would be anything but well. The Avenger had veered a point nearer to the wind, so as to shorten the work of intercepting them. From her forward ports a gun boomed, and a round shot flung up the spray astern of the Valiant.

"He's getting the range," said Blood.

"Aye," agreed Trenam with bitter dryness. "We've let you have your way, captain. But what's to be the end?"

"I fancy it's coming yonder under full sail," said Captain Blood, and he pointed with the telescope.

Round the northern point of Gallows Key came a great red-hulled ship under a mountain of canvas that gleamed like snow in the noontide sunshine. Veering south as she appeared, she swept majestically on before the wind, a thing of beauty and of power, from gilded beakhead to lofty poop lantern. She was abeam of the Valiant, between the brigantine and the island, before the dumfounded Trenam found his voice.

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Blood smiled upon him quizzically. "To be sure, ye suppose I swam here, or crossed the ocean in a canoe; or maybe ye thought I wanted to be chased by Easterling just for the fun of running away. Ye hadn't thought about these things, maybe. Neither had Easterling. But he's thinking about them now, so he is. Thinking hard, I dare swear."

But Easterling was doing nothing of the kind. His wits were paralyzed. In the madness of despair, seeing himself beset by that formidable ship, he attempted to run for shelter back to the harbor from which he had been lured. But he should have known that he would never be allowed to reach it. When he ignored the shot athwart his bows, a broadside of twenty heavy guns crashed into his flank, and wrought such damage that he was bereft even of the satisfaction of replying.

The Arabella, well handled by old Wolverstone, went promptly about and at still closer range poured in a second broadside. Hard hit between wind and water, the Avenger was seen to be settling down by the head.

A sound like a wail arose from the deck of the Valiant. It startled Blood. "What is it? What do they cry?"

"'The treasure!'" Trenam answered him. "'Morgan's treasure!'"

Blood frowned. "Faith, Wolverstone must ha' forgotten it in his fury." Then he sighed and shrugged. "Ah, well! It's gone now, so it has. Bad cess to it."

The Arabella hove to and lowered her boats to pick up the survivors struggling in the water. Easterling was amongst them, and by Blood's direction was brought aboard the Valiant.

Thus was the iron driven deep into his soul. But deeper still was it to be driven when he found himself confronting Captain Blood. He recoiled as if at last, and for once in his life, afraid. The dark eyes smoldered in his gray face.

"So it was you!" he ejaculated.

"If ye mean it was I who took Pike's place when ye murdered him, ye're right. Ye'ld have done better to have been honest with him. There's a maxim ye should have learned at school that honesty is the best policy. Though perhaps ye never were at school. But there's another maxim, which ye forgot, although they tell me that ye're fond of it: Who seeks to grasp too much ends by holding nothing."

He waited for a reply, but none came. Easterling glowered at him silently with those dark feral eyes.

Blood sighed, and moved towards the head of the accommodation ladder. "Ye're no affair o' mine. I leave ye to these men whose leader ye've murdered. It is for them to judge you."

He went down to the boat that had brought Easterling aboard, and so back to the Arabella, his task accomplished.

An hour later the Arabella and the Valiant were running south together. Gallows Key was falling rapidly astern, and Galloway and his crew aboard the crippled Hermes were left imprisoned in the lagoon, to conjecture what had happened outside and to extricate themselves as best they could from their own difficulties.

One of the strangest adventures that ever befell the glamorous Captain Blood is related in the story of the expiation of Madame de Coulevain—Next Month

Shattered Glass *(Continued from page 81)*

an awful dinner at Hector Champion's, and there was a memory of Fanny, looking red and angry and unattractive, and of Hector sneering at them all. He remembered vaguely having encountered an old woman in the midst of a blizzard, and also a man carrying a mop and a bucket in which the water was bloody, and then the figure of Rosie in the white satin gown singing, "Diamond bracelets Woolworth doesn't sell, Baby."

He remembered that she had left the table to speak to someone. But after that he couldn't remember anything, but he thought Rosie must have come back to the table because here he was in her parlor.

It must have been Rosie who got him up all those stairs and covered him and opened the window. Good old Rosie, he thought; you could count on her.

Then he remembered that he'd been thinking about giving up Rosie and saw at once that it was impossible. You couldn't give up a woman who treated you like that. It would be wicked. She was the salt of the earth. She made everything seem different.

Pressing his hands against his temples to ease the ache in his head, he wondered why Rosie had put him here on the divan. He began to shiver again and decided he'd go into the other room with Rosie. She'd cheer him up.

He crossed the room and tried to open the door, and when it did not yield he stood for a time staring at it stupidly and swearing. He was aware again of the dull ache in his head and that he felt sick, and he cursed himself for being a fool and getting drunk again.

He began to weep drunkenly. And in the midst of his blubbering he saw that there was a streak of light under the door and Rosie must be awake.

Shivering, he knocked on the door, calling out, "Rosie! Rosie!" He waited but nobody answered him and he knocked again, calling out in a louder voice, "Rosie! Rosie! Let me in!" And again he waited and again nobody answered.

And then into his fuddled brain there crept the slow terror of a man without imagination. There was something wrong in the next room—something mysterious and awful—and he had to get into the room before it was too late.

The pink quilt fell from his shoulders. He tried the door again, shaking it violently, and when it did not give way he began to swear with an unreasoning anger. Bending his head forward, he thrust his bull-like shoulders against the door.

It yielded a little and then sprang back and, in a burst of terror and blind rage, he threw his whole weight against it again and again. There was a sound of splintering wood and the door gave way and he was in the room, lying face down on the floor under the glow of the rosy lights.

For a moment he lay there dazed, with the pain in his head stabbing like a thousand needles, and then pulling himself to his knees he remained thus, his eyes all bloodshot, his mouth hanging open. He saw Rosie. She was lying on the bed in the rosy light, asleep; only she couldn't have been asleep or the noise he made breaking into the room would have wakened her.

She lay with her handsome body partly covered by a blanket and a wrapper.

By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but actual reappearance of hair slowed amazingly.

Now! A Way That Really *Rids* One of Arm and Leg Hair

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A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

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Neet
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When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

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WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 241

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EYEBROW PENCIL

Her hands were folded and on one white arm glittered the rows of diamond bracelets.

He kept telling himself that she couldn't be asleep or she would have pulled the bedclothes over her; and then he noticed her feet. There was something odd about the feet. They stuck up stiff and straight in the strangest fashion, and he thought, "She's dead! Rosie's dead!" He began to gibber and mutter, and suddenly he was sick.

After a moment he said softly, "Rosie," and again, "Rosie," and when she did not move he dragged himself unsteadily to his feet and went over to the bed.

Her eyes were open a little but they did not move and her white breast was still. She was dead, all right.

Bending over her, he saw a row of red marks on her throat and slowly it dawned upon his muddled brain that someone had killed her. Somebody had killed her while he lay in the next room, too drunk to help her. If he hadn't been drunk he could have broken down the door and saved her.

The room began to whirl round and round his head and, stumbling and groping, he fell on the bed and began to cry, calling out, "Rosie! Rosie! Why didn't you scream? Why didn't you let me help you?" and then he began to curse.

For a long time he was out of his senses and when he came to himself again he saw with horror that he wasn't lying beside Rosie but beside a dead body which wasn't Rosie at all. Rosie was gone away some place leaving this body behind. Maybe if he could make her hear, she'd come back and tell him it was all a joke. It couldn't be true because such things didn't happen.

For the first time since he was a little boy he knelt down and began to pray almost in the spot where Tony had prayed, only his prayer was different. He prayed not for Rosie's soul and for his own, but that she should be made alive again and that he should waken from this nightmare. He didn't remember how to pray properly, so he just cried out to God, blubbering drunkenly in his terror at the spectacle of death.

It was the cold clean light of a brilliant morning that roused him. It came in through the curtains of pink taffeta, dimming the rosy glow of the lights in the room, and as he noticed it he became aware of a new horror.

He was alone here in the room of a woman who had been murdered and if anybody found him there he, Jim Towner, would be arrested and accused. The horror of the thing sobered him and he felt a terrible calm, as if nothing more could happen to him.

He saw the whisky bottle on the floor beside the bed and he took a long drink and felt better. But the horror of being accused would not go away. He saw that he'd have to get out of the house without anyone's seeing him.

He told himself that he must be calm and not lose his head. There wasn't anything he could do for Rosie. She was dead and he couldn't save her and he had to escape to save himself. He had to get away for the sake of the children and Fanny and himself.

He took another drink and as he put down the bottle he noticed a cap lying on the floor. It was old and stained and greasy. For a long time, half hypnotized, he stared at it, trying to imagine its owner. It was the cap of a thief or a gunman. Who was it? What was he like? And why had he come to see Rosie? He couldn't have come to rob her because the bracelets were still on her arm.

Jim thought, "I could take the cap to the police and say, 'This belongs to the man who killed Rosie,'" and then he saw that he couldn't do that because they'd arrest him and give him up to horror and scandal and imprisonment. He mustn't touch the cap or anything in the room. He had to get out quickly before there were people in the street to see him leaving the apartment.

He looked at Rosie again and then he remembered how sometimes, when she was drunk, she'd been in terror about her soul, and awkwardly he went over to the drawer of the dressing table and took out her rosary and unclasping one of the stiffening hands he folded the dead fingers over it. Then he experienced an intense desire to kiss her, but as he bent down again the horror of death overcame him and he turned away.

A panic took possession of him. Without knowing what he was doing, he flung open the door to escape, and then remembered that he couldn't go into the street without coat or hat. He went into the parlor and snatched them up and ran out again into the hall and down the stairs without even closing the door behind him. On the lower flight he missed a step and, falling, caught his arm beneath him.

There was the sound of a bone cracking and he knew that he'd broken his arm. He picked himself up and managed to get into the coat and put the hat on his head. He turned the collar high about his throat and with his good hand he opened the door and peered out.

The street was empty save for a belated milk wagon far down the block, and he slipped quickly through the door.

Closing it behind him, he turned west toward Madison Avenue, trying all the while to resist a primitive voice that kept urging him to run and run and run. All the time he kept seeing Rosie lying dead on the bed in the glow of the rosy lights. He kept seeing the diamonds glittering on her arm and the unreal look of the red varnished nails against the white skin of her hands. And he kept hearing her singing, "Diamond bracelets Woolworth doesn't sell, Baby."

As he turned the corner he halted, caught by a new horror. He had left behind his emerald shirt studs and his collar. They were in Rosie's apartment along with the stained and greasy cap. He couldn't go back for fear of being seen and trapped.

He thought, "Did any man ever pay such a price?" and, pitying himself, he kept saying over and over again that it wasn't true. If his arm was broken it would have pained him and it only felt numb. He couldn't feel any pain at all, even when he touched it.

He thought wildly, "Why am I standing here on the corner of the street like a fool? I've got to run. I've got to hide." He was shivering and cold and he wanted to be warm, in a warm bed with the covers drawn over his head.

When he was a dozen blocks from Rosie's apartment it occurred to him for the first time that he did not know whither he was bound. He kept hurrying on and on in the direction of his own house by habit, as an animal in flight returns to its hiding place.

And now when he thought of it, his own house seemed to be the only place to go. He couldn't go to a club at this hour of the morning, and he couldn't wake up some friend without explaining why he had come in at such an hour, disheveled and collarless, with a broken arm.

He couldn't sit in a railway station or a cheap restaurant because someone might see him and when the thing was

discovered someone would come into court and testify that he had been seen wandering about aimlessly. But he had to hide somewhere.

If he went home he told himself that he would have to face Fanny and make up some story of how he had broken his arm. Fanny wouldn't know that he had come home in the early morning. She'd never know that he hadn't been at home all night. She'd make a scene and accuse him of having been drunk, but he wasn't afraid any longer of her scenes. They didn't seem important.

His head ached horribly and his arm began all at once to pain him with a dull gnawing pain, and he wanted to be in his own room in bed. He wanted to sleep, so that for a time none of these horrible things would exist and he could waken with a clear head.

He turned into Park Avenue and the street had a strange look of a street which he had never seen before. It couldn't be possible that after what had happened the sun was shining brilliantly on the banked-up snow. Taxis were beginning to move, and before the doors of the apartment houses men had begun to sweep away the snow.

As he walked he felt so tired that nothing seemed to matter. He wanted only to sleep, and presently he had a desire, born of his weariness, to go straight to the police and tell them everything and afterward he could have peace of mind and rest in a cell behind iron bars. But the next moment terror overtook him again and he told himself that such a course would bring only ruin and calamity.

He began all over again to assure himself that the whole thing wasn't true. Such a thing couldn't happen to a man like him, Jim Towner, who was rich and a gentleman. Things like that didn't happen to gentlemen. Gentlemen weren't murderers. Everybody knew that. Nobody could really believe that he'd killed Rosie, no matter how bad it looked.

Maybe, if he wasn't sent to prison or the chair, things would be better now with Fanny. He wouldn't have to decide about giving up Rosie because that had been decided for him. He'd be a slave to Fanny and try to make up for everything, and maybe he could get her back to the country with the horses and they'd live a simple, happy life and have a comfortable old age.

And then immediately he saw that it wouldn't be like that at all. Fanny would never forget it and as long as he lived she'd be throwing it up to him. She'd make life a torment for him if she didn't leave him and marry that skunk Melbourn.

Maybe, after all, that was the best way. If she married Melbourn, he himself would have peace at any rate. He could go away and hide in the country.

In the midst of his thoughts he found himself before his own door and terror again took possession of him. He thought, "I've been jumping ahead as if it was all over, and it's only begun. I've got hell and hell and hell before me. It's only just begun."

He thought suddenly of killing himself. Then it wouldn't matter whether he'd murdered Rosie or not. He could just sleep forever and he wouldn't be tired any more.

He wouldn't even have to bother about having his arm set. And maybe that way he'd find Rosie again and she'd make him comfortable and happy.

Automatically he turned the key in the lock. He did it awkwardly with his left hand, and when he pushed open the door the first thing he saw was a pair of skates lying on the hall table.

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FROSTILLA

SAVES YOUR SKIN

It was the skates which changed everything. They were Elizabeth's skates and as soon as he saw them he saw not the skates but her face, flushed and happy as she came in from the park, and he knew that he couldn't kill himself.

He couldn't give his children a suicide for a father along with all the other scandal, and if he killed himself they'd make him a murderer, too, because they'd all say he'd done it because he had killed Rosie. He'd have to fight it out, no matter what it cost him.

The worst they could do was to prove that he'd been living with Rosie. That wasn't so bad. Plenty of men did things like that, and things like that people forgot quickly.

He felt so tired that he was confused in his head and for a moment he was relieved and happy, because it seemed to him that he was going upstairs to find Rosie and tell her everything and she would find a way out, and then he remembered that Rosie was dead and that he was going to tell everything to Fanny who was alive, because he had to tell somebody.

Maybe Fanny would be decent about it and help. He couldn't carry on alone. Maybe she'd think of the children. Anyway, she'd help because she wouldn't want the scandal on her own account. Slowly, step by step, he dragged himself up the stairs.

By the time he had reached Fanny's door, he wasn't afraid of her any longer. He simply opened the door and walked into her room. The curtains were drawn and in the dull half light she was lying asleep in the bed, looking pretty and pink against the lace of the pillows.

At sight of her a shadow of astonishment crossed his tired brain.

He didn't feel the old desire to escape from her as quickly as possible. She looked young and he saw her not as the bad-tempered, discontented Fanny of reality but as the Fanny he'd married nearly twenty years earlier. It astonished him that he had forgotten how pretty she was.

It all happened quickly, deep in his consciousness, far behind all the weariness and anxiety. There was even a flicker of jealousy that she belonged to Melbourn instead of to him, for he was too tired now to pretend to himself that what he knew was true wasn't true.

He saw that the floor was littered with her clothes. The gown of pink chiffon, the chemise, the silk knickers and the stockings and gilt slippers lay where they had fallen, and it struck him as odd that Fanny, who was so fastidious, should have left her room in such disorder. Rosie was like that. Rosie just threw everything on the floor. But not Fanny.

He went over to the foot of the bed and said softly, "Fanny." She stirred but did not waken, and again he said, "Fanny," and feeling weak and exhausted, he sat down on the bed and laid his good hand gently on her ankle.

Fanny, opening her eyes slowly and still lost in sleep, was aware that there was a man sitting on the bed and vaguely she fancied that it was Melbourn come back to make his peace. Then slowly, as she wakened, she understood that it was not Melbourn but Jim. It was daylight and he was sitting there, dressed in evening clothes and wearing an overcoat. His shirt was open and he wore no collar. His hair was rumpled and one lock hung over his forehead, giving him the look of a dissipated boy.

Suddenly she was wildly angry and said, "What are you doing here at this hour of the morning?" and sat up.

"There's something I've got to tell you—something terrible. Listen, Fanny. Something awful has happened. You've got to help me." He covered his face with one hand. "Fanny, you've got to be a sport and help me."

For the first time she saw that he wasn't drunk now and that he was in earnest. This was a Jim she had never seen before—a Jim who was neither defiant nor entrenched in a stupid, bull-like stubbornness. He was all crumpled. He was even pitiful.

"I'm nearly dead. I don't care whether I live or die."

Mysteriously, in the midst of her disgust, she had an impulse to pity him but she did not allow herself to show any softness. She said bitterly, "I suppose you've got yourself into some scrape." She reached out and took up a yellow bed jacket and put it round her shoulders. "Go on and tell me the worst."

"It's worse than you think. It's awful."

"No woman ever had to put up with such a husband."

He had taken his hand down from his face but he didn't look at her. He kept fingering a bit of the lace coverlet as he blurted out, "Somebody's been killed and they'll think I did it."

"What do you mean?"

"A woman's been murdered . . . I don't know what to do! I don't know what to do!"

"What are you talking about? Pull yourself together and make sense."

"Maybe you heard about it. Maybe you heard about Rosie and me?"

"I haven't heard anything. It never interested me—the kind of women you chose to run around with."

Still fingering the bit of lace and not looking at her, he began to tell her the whole story from the beginning; how he'd met Rosie at a night club and they'd liked each other, and then how presently he set her up in an apartment. She didn't want a big apartment but just a little one. She was a nice girl, not a gold digger. She'd made him happy. He wasn't being unfaithful to her, Fanny, because there hadn't been anything between them for so long.

As he talked he looked more and more boyish and helpless. He was like a boy trying to be bad and sophisticated who'd found himself in a mess from which he hadn't enough experience to extricate himself, and the sense of his helplessness and shame somehow touched her.

He went on telling her about the affair, that it had gone on for nearly a year, and she thought it must have begun about the same time she met Melbourn that afternoon in the road house. It was the woman's kindness Jim kept talking about.

"You'd have liked her," he said. "She wasn't a bad woman at all."

Fanny thought, "Men always talk like that. She was probably a gold digger," and she felt inexplicably jealous of Rosie.

"Well, go on. What happened next?"

"Last night when I left Hector's I was already a little drunk. I couldn't help it. I hated everybody on the party, and —and"—he couldn't speak of Melbourn. That would make everything worse—"well, there were other reasons. And I went to the night club."

"You aren't telling me that your woman was Rosa Dugan?"

For the first time he looked up at her. "Yes. But what's Rosa Dugan to you? What do you know about her?"

"Nothing. Only that everybody knows her. I didn't know it was as bad as that."

She didn't say exactly what she meant. She meant that she could not believe a woman like Rosa Dugan could be attracted by him. Why, Rosa Dugan was

an artist. She was a beautiful woman and men were crazy about her.

She said, "I suppose you gave her a small fortune."

"No, I gave her hardly anything. At least, it wasn't anything for a woman like that. I suppose at most I've given her ten thousand dollars and she didn't ask for that. She's never asked for anything." Then he added humbly, "I guess she must have liked me."

As she watched him a funny thing began to happen to Fanny, a thing that a year ago could not have happened to her. She began to see Jim in a new way. She saw that in spite of his drinking he was still a handsome man. She began to think of him not as her husband but as a lover. Because Rosa Dugan had found him desirable he seemed faintly desirable to her.

"——by the time she could leave the club, I'd passed out altogether. She got me back to the apartment somehow and up the stairs and put me to bed on the sofa in the parlor. I wakened this morning about daylight and when I tried to go into her room I found the door locked. I knocked and called her but nobody answered, and then I began to be scared and didn't know what to do, so I broke down the door and when I got into the room"—he paused for a moment as if he couldn't bring himself to say what he had to say—"I found she was dead. It was awful. Somebody had strangled her while I was asleep, drunk, in the next room."

For the first time something of his horror touched Fanny. Slowly she said, "You mean Rosa Dugan is dead? You mean it was Rosa Dugan who was murdered last night?"

"Yes."

"You mean you were in the apartment when it happened?"

"I was drunk. I was asleep. I never heard her scream."

For a long time she was silent, and then she said, "You're sure you didn't kill her yourself?"

"No. Why should I kill her? I—I loved her. She was so good to me."

"But you were drunk. Maybe you didn't know."

"When I'm drunk I'm not like that. I'm not quarrelsome. I just go to sleep. Besides, I couldn't have killed her because I was locked in another room. Don't you see that?"

Yes, she saw that. She saw much more. She knew that Jim couldn't kill anybody. If you knew him, you knew that. A man like Melbourn might kill a woman but not Jim.

"You're sure she's dead?"

"How can you ask me that? I made sure." And he saw Rosie again, cold and beautiful, with the red varnished nails and the crucifix and the diamond bracelet, and it seemed to him that he saw her really for the first time. All these things were Rosie. "There was a cap on the floor. The man who murdered her had left it behind. It was a dirty, greasy cap."

"It was somebody who came to rob her."

"No; he didn't take her bracelets."

Fanny pressed her hands against her head. It seemed to her that she couldn't even think any more.

She managed to say, "But if the cap's there, it's a clue. It'll prove you didn't do it."

"It's worse than that. I left behind my shirt studs and my collar. They're still there, too."

She saw that that was what Jim would do. He'd get frightened and lose his head and not think about how to save himself.

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Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world.

"And you can't go back now and get them?"

"No. Maybe they've found her already. She has a maid who comes in at eight-thirty every morning." He added, "You see, she took off the collar and took out the studs so I'd be comfortable."

And again it didn't seem possible to him that Rosie who had taken out the studs and taken off his collar was dead. It wasn't true. It couldn't be true.

"What are we going to do?" he asked dully. "I can't think any more."

"I don't know. I don't know."

Slowly, all the horror of it became real. Fanny saw the scandal and the headlines in the papers, and she saw worse things if they couldn't prove he was innocent—things which were almost beyond her imagination. Such things didn't happen to people like them. They only happened to clerks and gunmen and people who lived in the slums.

She became as helpless as he was and in her helplessness she forgot that he bored her and that at times she hated him. She saw that this thing touched her, too, and the children. She couldn't think of anything but how they were to escape. They must get away somehow.

They must escape quickly before they arrested Jim. She, too, felt a wild primitive impulse to hide herself forever.

She said, "But they know your name. They'll find you right away."

"No. They don't know my real name. They called me 'Mr. Wilson.'"

That, thought Fanny, made it better. It gave them a little time until the police found out who "Mr. Wilson" really was. And then the horror of the newspapers dawned upon her in its full violence. She saw the headlines: "Fashionable Clubman and Polo Player."

And in the midst of the horror she was aware that Jim was looking at her helplessly and pitifully and, strangest of all, that he was attractive and appealing with his hair rumpled and his shirt open exposing his muscular throat. He was really handsomer than Melbourn.

She felt a desire to cry and knew that she couldn't, because one of them had to keep his head and Jim was too far gone to be of any use. He kept repeating. "We've got to think of something quick. We've got to!" and all at once he turned white and began to shake.

She thought, "He's going to faint," and she sprang out of bed and fetched her smelling salts and held them under his nose. Then she went into his room and brought back a bottle of whisky and gave him a long drink.

He leaned against the foot of the bed with a deep sigh, and she felt a desire to comfort him and take care of him. She was aware that she was being noble and the experience awakened in her a strange sense of satisfaction, which for an instant wiped out all else—her anger and disappointment at losing Melbourn; her irritation at Jim; even the horror she had felt a moment before.

Stroking his hair, she said, "It'll be all right. We'll find a way out. We've got to," and then, softly, "You can count on me, Jim. It's all right." And she began to cry at the spectacle of her own goodness and nobility.

For the first time in all her life someone had asked her for strength. For a moment she loved Jim passionately with a kind of love she had never before experienced. She felt noble and splendid. She thought, "I'll stand by him against all the world, no matter what comes. The world will see what a woman I can be." It was like the satisfaction of an actress aware that she is giving a superb performance.

For a long time she remained thus stroking his head and talking to him in a low voice, and presently she was aware that there were tears running down his face and she wanted to cry and knew that she could not. She had to keep her head and think what was to be done.

They'd have to get someone to help them, and she began thinking over all their friends and acquaintances, all the people with power or influence which might be of use, and always her thoughts came back to one person. He was the only one in whom she had an absolute faith.

When she thought of him she saw his face again and she was certain he could achieve whatever he set out to achieve. If she could bring herself to ask him for help, he would be without scruples because, in a way, he placed himself above conventions and moralities and even law.

He could save Jim if he saw fit to do it. She saw beyond all doubt that Melbourn was the one person in the world who could help them.

She ceased stroking Jim's hair and said, "You'd better have some coffee and a bath, and then go to bed and try to get some sleep. You're no good to anybody in this state. I'll call you if I need you and I'll work something out in the meanwhile. The best thing we can do, I think, is to get on the first boat bound for Europe and clear out. We'll take Elizabeth with us and young Jim can follow us as soon as he comes down from St. Matthew's. We can't leave them behind to face it."

Out of all the speech it was the word "bath" which stuck in his tired brain. It seemed to him that if he could have a good bath he'd be able to wash away the dirt and despair that clung to him. If he could have a bath and some sleep everything would be different afterward.

He got up and said, "You're a great girl, Fanny. I always knew it."

The remark annoyed her and in a return of viperishness she said, "I hope this will be a lesson to you."

"I'll do anything you like. I'll do my best to make life happy for you."

She experienced a wild desire to have him take her in his arms, to beat her and to make love to her, and in the same moment she saw that if he had been cruel to her she would have loved him always with a passion different from this maternal feeling which she had for him now. If he had been cruel like Melbourn she would have been happy during all the years they had lost.

She heard him saying, "Oh, I forgot one thing. I think I've broken my arm. I fell down the stairs when I was running away. Maybe you could help me get my clothes off. I don't think I can do it alone."

She felt his arm and when he winced with pain she said, "It's broken, all right. I'll ring up Doctor Barnes. Come along and I'll help you undress."

Together they went into his room and she turned on the taps in the bath and then came to help him remove his clothes, and as she helped him a curious excitement took possession of her because Jim belonged to her and she had to save him. Melbourn seemed a stranger, yet it was Melbourn who had made possible this new feeling she had for Jim.

She heard him saying, "Maybe after this it'll be better, Fan. I'll do my best."

He hadn't called her "Fan" in years and the sound of the name touched her. But the happiness was followed at once by despair because they couldn't be happy at once without any difficulties. They'd only begun the ordeal that was before them. They hadn't yet begun to taste the suffering and shame which they must drink to the dregs.

In spite of everything, the fear and shame and sordidness of the whole affair, she experienced a sense of exhilaration, as if at thirty-eight things had begun to happen to her for the first time, as if she had never before lived at all.

From the moment Nancy Champion was born, power and wealth and influence had conspired to make life easy and luxurious. When she desired a thing she had only to ask for it, because there was always money with which to buy what she wanted or friends who had power, when money was of no avail.

As Nancy grew out of childhood she had discovered slowly that she was charming and beautiful and that in her charm and her beauty she possessed a weapon quite as powerful as wealth or influence, and being a spoiled woman, she had never been too scrupulous in using any weapon. The only law which she recognized was the law of her own desire.

At sixty, when her beauty had faded and her charm and vivacity were tainted by a corroding bitterness because she had, like any plain stupid woman, to fade and turn old and at last to die, she remained luxurious and spoiled.

She did not even travel like other women. She returned from her exile, after twenty-five years, traveling in state, as royalty once traveled and millionaires now travel. Stewards and stewardesses and pursers and ship's officers sought to make her comfortable and content.

And now as she neared New York there was no tiresome business of rising early to have passports examined at quarantine. There was no boredom over customs. She had not even the annoyance of packing or filling in declarations. There were maids and secretaries eager to relieve her mind of every silly detail.

As the giant liner steamed slowly up the channel in the brilliant winter sunlight, she rose late and lingered in her bath and over her toilet, taking great care with herself, making certain that the dye in her hair did not betray itself.

For, miraculously, she no longer had the shining black hair which Philip remembered. After many experiments it had turned a lustrous red which agreed marvelously with the whiteness of her skin and the blueness of her eyes and by its very look of artificiality gave her a piquancy which she had lacked before.

As she sat regarding herself in the mirror of the dressing table, it struck her as extraordinary that there were really no wrinkles in her face. Her skin was smooth and soft and white like the skin of a young girl. Her figure was firm and slender.

She was the perfect product of the most expensive masseuses and beauty specialists. She had done strange exercises and been massaged and had operations and used the most absurd artificialities always toward the same end—that she might remain young and so beautiful that when she entered a room people were instantly aware of her presence, and she had concentrated upon this one end for so long that it was only the shell of herself which now had any reality for her. The core, the heart, the soul no longer existed.

And so, in her minute search for wrinkles and sagging muscles, she never saw that although the shell was exquisite and deceptive and brilliant, it deceived no one but herself. She never saw that

when she entered a room although people were still aware of her presence and thought, "What a beautiful woman!" they felt almost at once a kind of shock and repulsion, and thought, "How wonderfully preserved!" as if they were regarding a stuffed bird of paradise. She never saw that there was something bordering upon repulsion in an old woman who looked like a young girl.

She did not even deceive her husband, for Lord Elsmore had no illusions. He had married her because he was fond of her and because, when he found himself a widower at sixty, she was exactly what he desired as a wife.

It was not love that he wanted any longer, but the affection and companionship of an amusing woman and a wife who could sit at the head of his table and entertain the most distinguished or the most shady or the most boring guests with equal brilliance and charm, and a handsome woman who would ornament his house and add luster to the closing days of his career. He found that everyone liked her because in her hunger for admiration she sought only to please everyone so that she should be loved and admired in return.

He had had his love when he was young with a wife who was all that Nancy was not, a wife who had been plain and dowdy, comfortable and understanding and selfless, who had borne him five children and lived only to make him comfortable and happy and successful. Nancy made him happy and fairly comfortable, but that was only because she had learned that by making men comfortable and happy you made them good-humored and gained over them a hold that was the strongest of all bonds.

He had not even any illusions regarding her past, for he knew the story of Patrick Dantry and his tragic death and he knew that even now, a quarter of a century afterward, she still kept a photograph of Patrick Dantry with her. He knew, too, that there had been other men in her life, and that in spite of everything she had always remained a lady and that her past did not injure either her character or her position.

Nancy was still sitting at the dressing table when her husband knocked and came in. He was a heavy man with a deep hearty voice, a friendly manner and small, shrewd, blue eyes, dressed in dark tweeds. He wore on one hand a heavy gold ring set with an onyx Assyrian seal that had been brought up by a crew of his oil drillers from the depths of Mesopotamian clay. He looked pink-faced and healthy and he smiled at her.

"Well, my dear, are you ready for the return to the Promised Land?"

She laughed and gave him his morning kiss, which was the merest brush of his gray mustaches against her cheek but which meant far more than any simple word of greeting. It meant that they were pleased with each other and that their bargain was still a success.

"I've a wireless for you. It just came."

"I suppose it's from Hector."

She tore it open and read it and handed it to him. It said:

REGRET TOO ILL TO MEET BOAT WILL TELEPHONE HOTEL SAVINA JERROLD WANTS YOU FOR TEA LOVE

HECTOR

She looked at her husband and smiled. The telegram needed no explanation, for he knew all about Hector.

"Who's Savina Jerrold?" he asked.

"She's an old friend of the family. I knew her when I was a girl. She's a good sort—jolly and understanding, interested in good works. She's very

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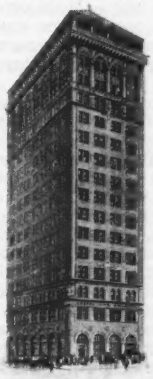
Even the first premium payment, though small, guarantees in event of your death immediate cash in a large sum, obtainable so promptly in no other way: there is daily testimony of this fact. By no better means than a policy in this modern-day life insurance company can a competency for one's family, looking to the future's important requirements, be provided. It gives the certainty and the immediateness which the average citizen needs for his family and for himself. You will enjoy taking out and having a policy in this company. You will get the glow of satisfaction in acting for yourself as well as saving and earning important money.



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important, Savina; as rich as Crœsus."

While she was speaking it occurred to her that she no longer knew what Savina looked like. The Savina she thought of on reading the telegram was a buxom romantic woman who had invited her to tea with Patrick Dantry again and again after Carstairs grew suspicious. It was in Savina's drawing-room in Thirty-sixth Street that they had concocted their plan of elopement. It was odd that after twenty-five years she was going to take up her life again just where it had broken off—in Savina's drawing-room.

In the midst of these thoughts she was aware that John was bustling about the cabin, collecting the things she always left strewn about because there was always someone to pick them up for her.

For a moment neither John nor this great ship nor New York existed any longer because she was living in the past, seeing Patrick again, black-haired and charming and care-free, with a wicked talent for enjoying himself that infected others and destroyed all sense of morality and respectability. He wanted simply to enjoy himself in a world that was made for enjoyment. She was thinking how she had fallen in love with him before her poor sister Mary was dead and how she had never dared let him know how she felt.

She was remembering his tenderness and wild good humor and his embraces and the intoxicating delight of simply sitting beside him on the terrace before the hotel in Switzerland, looking out over the mountains. And then she remembered the cold horror of the night when he did not return from climbing.

She sighed and wondered whether she could bear to step into Savina's drawing-room again. She was suddenly afraid to return. She wanted to stay aboard and go back to London, which had no memories that could hurt her because all the others who came after Patrick had made no difference and left no scars.

And then she heard John saying, "Do you want any of these things, my dear? Because we must be ready to go ashore." And a sense of the actual returned.

She was an old woman and the wife of this ruddy, pleasant, commonplace Englishman standing with his hands filled with books and boxes, and the other thing had happened a quarter of a century ago. Nothing could hurt her any more because she was so old that nothing could happen to her.

"No," she said. "Give them to the steward."

"This, too?" he asked and when she turned to look she saw that he was holding up a diamond bracelet and smiling at her as if he thought her absurd and charming. "I found it on the floor."

"Of course not."

"You ought to take better care of your jewels, my dear. It's hard on servants to leave such things lying about."

She put on her hat and took up her mink coat. He helped her into it and said, "You're looking very pretty, my dear," and she felt happy again. "You don't look a day over thirty."

It was a lie and the rankest flattery and in a way she knew it but she pretended not to know in order not to spoil his compliment and because it was much pleasanter to believe it.

"I must send some messages. I'll join you in a little while. Will I find you in here?"

"Yes. In here."

He went out the door and at the sight of his burly back she smiled, thinking that she could not do without him and that she had always been one of those women who could not live without men. Men were wonderful and women were tiresome. Life without a man was no life at all. And she had been lucky, now when she was no longer young, to have attracted a man like John.

She had lied to him deliberately because she had had no intention of remaining in the cabin, and as soon as he was gone, she stepped out onto the deck. Ever since they had left Southampton she had been plotting how she might be alone when they came in sight of New York, because New York and Patrick Dantry had become blended during the years into a single memory. In all her hardness and disillusionment this memory was the only soft spot which remained.

The New York which lived in her memory was the New York which she had shared with him. She wanted to come up the channel alone and have her first glimpse of it unmarred by the presence of John, who shared none of her memories and had no place in that distant past.

It was a brilliant winter morning with ice floating in the river beneath a thin veil of rising mist, and as she walked along the deck she encountered people she knew who said, "Good morning." It struck her that all of them seemed happy and excited, as if something in this air was stimulating and different from the sluggish air of Europe.

For the sake of her figure she set out to do ten rounds of the deck. As the mist lifted slowly from the dark water she saw glittering in the sunlight the snow-covered shores of Staten Island, with its queer old-fashioned wooden houses, and she knew that she was in America again. This was snow, American snow, real snow.

There was snow in Switzerland, but there it always seemed a part of the scenery arranged by plump hotel proprietors, which they put out each morning along with the chalets before the guests had wakened. This was real snow like the snow that lay in the valleys along the Hudson when she was a girl.

New York—Manhattan—she knew must be lying just ahead, thinly hidden by the mists, and at any moment they might come upon the Battery with the Aquarium sitting like a giant chocolate cake by the edge of the water.

She turned to look behind her and when she saw there was no one following her, she quickly climbed to the hurricane deck. A faint wind swept down the channel as the great ship moved inward from the sea.

Pulling her hat over her eyes, she leaned against the rail watching the ships and barges slipping past, now a tug, now a garbage scow, now a white yacht bound for the Bahamas and Florida, a tramp carrying the Brazilian flag bound outward, and a white fruit ship setting out for the Caribbean. The gulls swooped and wheeled, glittering in the sunlight and uttering wild, piercing cries.

And then all at once the Statue of Liberty appeared, looming gray-black and green out of the mist on the left. A ferryboat with drays and horses slipped across the bow and dimly ahead of the ship in the midst of the channel there appeared a vague gray mass like a mountain rising directly from the water. That must be New York. At the sight of it her heart began to beat wildly.

And then, as if a gauze veil had been lifted, there appeared out of the mist a city which could not be real or built by the hand of man. Glittering in the sunlight, tower after tower rose against the blue of the sky. She began to cry.

This was not New York. It was not the city she had left. It was something unreal and dramatic and beautiful, as few things built by the hand of man were beautiful. But somewhere far down at the bases of those shining towers there must be left something of the city she remembered.

The ship moved nearer and the towers slowly changed positions. New ones emerged and others disappeared. No photograph or any description could give a sense of their stupendous beauty.

Still crying, she thought, "This is my city. These are my people. No other people could have imagined a city so fantastic and extravagant." And this city, she saw, was like Patrick—dazzling, beautiful, audacious and overpowering.

The towers and fortresses came nearer and nearer and in the clear air she could see people moving about like tiny insects across the white expanse of the Battery, and presently she turned her head and saw what she was hungering to see. Just opposite her stood the great chocolate cake of the Aquarium.

It was exactly as it had been twenty-five years ago. She began again to cry and almost immediately she heard a voice saying, "Is the American winter always as brilliant as this?" and John was standing beside her.

She recovered herself and said, "I don't know. I don't remember. It's been so long since I've spent a winter here."

When he saw that she had been crying he quietly slipped his arm about her waist and said, "There, my dear, don't take it so hard," and for the first time she thought that perhaps he might have divined why she had come up here alone.

She saw that he was embarrassed as he always was at the sight of any emotion and she tried to stop crying, but the very touch of his arm about her waist made her cry the more. She was crying because she was coming home and because the city was so fantastic and beautiful and because John was so awkwardly kind, but most of all because the sight of the absurd, round old building had brought back to her a vivid memory of Patrick Dantry making love to her while they leaned on the brass rail looking down into the tank where the horseshoe crabs and the tortoises were crawling lazily about.

Out from the piers on either side of the river tugs appeared like ducklings swimming out from the steep banks of a brook. They began nosing about among the cakes of floating ice, whistling and shouting to each other and throwing out spray from their bows, scurrying from one side to another aimlessly, until presently with a clanging of bells the huge ship, pushed and pulled by the little tugs, began to turn slowly amid eddies of black oily water and fragments of churning ice, and with a gentle ease and skill it slid quietly into the narrow dock between the huge pier sheds, coming to rest with a gentle bump as if she had been a rowboat landing on the edge of a pond.

Out of the openings in the pier sheds hundreds of faces looked up toward the decks of the towering ship. Handkerchiefs and hats and sticks were shaken and waved. There were shouts and excitement and tears. And Nancy, who had stopped crying, began to cry again, because she had never seen anything like this strange exciting city built for giants.

The gangplanks slipped down. Trunks began to slide down chutes and other trunks and wooden cases and sacks of mail appeared in great baskets of rope out of the depths of the ship.

Lord Elsmore's secretary approached and said, "Mr. Melbourn is on board looking for you, sir," and as they turned to descend, Melbourn himself appeared.

He looked big and hard and powerful, and Nancy thought that he, too, was like the city and the invigorating air and all those people shouting and crying like children down below on the pier. It struck her as Melbourn came toward her that he was more attractive than she had remembered and she began to grow a little coquettish, as women always did when he came into a room.

She saw that in his face, which was neither handsome nor ugly, there was something relentless and proud and willful which attracted her and she wished wickedly that she was really young instead of being an old lady shut up inside a body that was young. As she took his hand, she thought, "This is one of the new rulers of the world. Kings must have been like this in the days when kings were kings."

He was saying, "I've brought my car to take you to the hotel. Everything's been arranged about the landing. I hope you'll have lunch with me, and afterward Lord Elsmore and I will leave you and get down to our pressing business. Tomorrow night when you've rested a little, I'm giving a dinner for you."

They went down the gangplank accompanied by Melbourn and two secretaries, and through the pier shed to the street where Melbourn's motor was awaiting them. In the doorway stood an old man with newspapers under his arm and at sight of him Nancy said, "Oh, buy me a paper," and Melbourn bought one of the papers and gave it to her.

Inside the motor, settled comfortably in the deep cushions, she took up the paper and looked at it. There was a picture of a woman sitting on a table, and above, a headline which read, "Famous Night-club Singer Strangled in Exclusive Murray Hill Love Nest (Story on second page)." She thought, "Murray Hill is where I once lived and where Savina lives," and it seemed to her that the place had been in some vague way desecrated.

Melbourn was looking at her and grinning. "All our papers," he said, "aren't as bad as that. Some of them are almost civilized." And she saw that he was thinking of her not as someone who belonged to this city but as a foreigner who had never seen it before. It was *his* city and she was a stranger.

It was after ten o'clock when Janie Fagan awakened, slowly, aware that she was in her own room but not quite certain where she had been the night before or what had happened to her. Slowly and uncertainly she remembered that last night there had been an opening and that the papers would be full of notices, and then that she had not been alone in her apartment and that she was as good as married to Philip Dantry. But Philip was not in the room and she experienced a quick fright that he had gone away never to see her again.

She thought that perhaps she had lost him by being too bold; and then almost at once she heard him cleaning his teeth in the bathroom, and she knew he hadn't escaped and was filled suddenly with a feeling of tenderness toward him—a feeling that was strange and exciting because she had never before experienced it.

She lay back on the pillows with her arms behind her head, smiling and feeling content and wondering where he had got the toothbrush; and then it occurred to her that he must have gone out himself to get it or have sent Victoria, the maid from Harlem. Remembering his shyness, she saw that he had risen before her and gone into the bathroom to dress, and suddenly other memories took possession of her and she saw Douglas Kane and old Livingstone, and she experienced a sense of shame and repulsion.

Beside them Philip seemed gentle and beautiful and clean and shining, and she felt a desire to weep because she had deceived him and it occurred to her that she was in love with Philip and that deep down under all her hardness she must have been in love with him all along without knowing it. She knew it now. She was filled with a strange happiness and a desire to serve him, even to be his slave.

It was odd, she thought, that wanting to abase yourself and serve a person should make you happy. It seemed to her that she could never do enough to make up to him for the deception she had practiced. And the memory of the night before when he had been so gentle and shy touched her with a beauty she had not before imagined.

She thought with astonishment, "There must be people in the world who love each other like that." And she was envious of all the beauty and happiness which had been spoiled for her, and then frightened lest she shouldn't be able to preserve the deception she had practiced and protect the illusion which made Philip happy.

It was the most terrifying emotion because in it she felt herself lost and groping, and for the first time it seemed to her that she did not know what it was she wanted and that the control of life itself had slipped out of her hands. At the same time, somewhere in the back of her mind occurred the thought, "I know now how Marguérite Gauthier felt. Now I could play *'La Dame aux Camelias.'*"

At the same moment Philip came in from the bathroom, and the sight of him filled her again with happiness. She didn't say anything because she was afraid to speak lest she should repeat one of the banal and histrionic speeches she had made the night before. She was afraid that her own voice would sound shamefully false.

She just smiled at him, and for the first time in her life it was a smile that was not part of a performance. There was genuine happiness in it, and even apology. She was asking him to forgive something which he could not forgive because he did not know what it was.

He came over to her and kissed her and said, "Are you happy, darling?" For answer she put her arm about his neck and hugging him to her kissed him again and again. There was passion in the kiss but not the passion of the body. She was trying to tell him what she could not tell him in words, because words would betray her, that she adored him and was grateful to him and loved him and that, in a way, he had saved something in her that was almost dead.

She gave herself up voluptuously to the emotion and after a moment, holding his head between her small pretty hands and looking into his eyes, she asked, "You aren't shocked with me? You aren't ashamed of me because I asked you to stay?"

For an answer he kissed her again and looked so happy that she could have no doubts.

She said, "It was because I loved you so much," and while she was speaking she saw that when she had said the same thing the night before it had not been true and that now it was true.

He stroked her dark hair and said, "The papers are here and the maid says breakfast is ready." He blushed and said, "I don't know what she thought when she came on me in the hall."

Janie laughed. "She didn't think anything. Victoria just takes things like that for granted."

"She won't tell other maids?"

"Not if I ask her not to. Anyway, it won't make any difference, if we're being married today."

"No, only I shouldn't like people to be talking about you."

"I'll tell Victoria that we were married yesterday. She'll never know the difference. She can't read or write." She looked at him again and something in his honest, good-looking face and the clear blue eyes filled her with a strange emotion compounded of love because he was gentle and beautiful, and pity because he was so guileless, and respect because he was finer than she could ever be, and she said, "I love you, dearest. I'm happy for the first time in my life."

He said suddenly, "Whom shall we have as witnesses?"

"I hadn't thought about that . . . I'd like to have Mary Willets, the girl who's playing with me And you?"

"I'd like to have Jim Whittaker. We went to college together."

"We'd better get our day started. There's a lot to do. Have you read the notices?" she asked. "Are they good?"

"I haven't read them. I thought maybe you'd not want me to see them before you did."

It struck her as wonderful that he had guessed how she felt about the notices. How could he have known that she hated anyone to see them before herself?

"That's true," she said. "You're wonderful, Philip."

Victoria served the breakfast, beaming all the while with a look of sympathetic comprehension in her eyes. She managed to find a dozen excuses to come into the room, until at last Janie said:

"That'll be all, Victoria. Bring me the papers and you can clear away when I call you."

She brought the papers and Janie, overcome with a sudden fear of finding that her notices were bad, laid them aside. If they were bad she would at least be alone when she read them.

Philip rose and said, "I'd better get started with all the things I have to do. I'll come back for you at lunch time and we can go to the Municipal Building after lunch."

She asked him not to get her an expensive ring, because it seemed to her that she could thus atone a little for the deception. She said, "I don't want an engagement ring at all and just the simplest of wedding rings." But she knew too that in his happiness he would buy her the handsomest of rings.

He kissed her again and then went into the hallway to put on his coat and hat. She followed him there and as he kissed her good-by, she said: "You'll never leave me, Philip, whatever happens?"

He laughed. "No, never. But why do you ask me that?"

"I don't know. I just want us to go on being happy—always—as happy as I've been since last night. I don't think I've ever been happy before."

"Of course I won't leave you."

He went out the door and she followed him, standing at the top of the stairs as if she had been the most guileless of young brides. She stayed there until she heard the door close two flights below and then walked slowly back, smiling, into the sitting room.

She rang the bell for Victoria to clear away and took up the papers, thinking

how odd it was that for the first time in her life something had interested her more than reading her notices. She didn't even hasten to open the papers but sat thinking about Philip. She felt so happy and so filled with a desire to talk about him that she said, "You must congratulate me, Victoria," and Victoria came over and stood beaming, with the coffee percolator still in her hand.

"Sure, Miss Janie, Ah do congratulate yuh. Ah never seen a handsomer-looking young man. It ain't many girls does as well for theirselves. If Ah ain't presumin' Ah'd advise yuh to get him to marry yuh."

"We got married yesterday."

Victoria's dark face grew darker with disappointment, for she had wanted something less prosaic than marriage. But she said, "Well, Ah do congratulate yuh on gettin' such a gentleman. It ain't always us wimmen has such luck."

She gave the coffee percolator a wipe and added, "Ah certainly congratulates yuh, Miss Janie. In all my experience I never seen a finer man than that Mr. Dantry." Then she saw that Miss Janie had picked up the papers and she went about her work.

Janie saw at once that she hadn't made an overwhelming success. The notices were about as usual. The critics who liked her were kind and the ones who didn't were cold. The play appeared to be mediocre. The critic who admired her chastely wrote as usual, "That roguish imp Janie Fagan is back again, this time in a piece unworthy of her talents."

Janie read that over twice but it didn't give her any pleasure. She was tired of his indiscriminate praise and suddenly she loathed the author of it, seeing him for the first time in relation to Philip as a gossipy little man whom she had flattered all these years and whom she really detested. It appeared that the thing which had happened between her and Philip had the power of changing everything.

One by one she read the reviews, saving for the last that of the man who she told herself had always disliked her and wrote as if he had a grudge against her. She kept putting it off but in the end she had to read it. And she read:

> Miss Fagan understands the rôle. She has seen all the way round it. In every detail her performance is perfect.

She thought with a flash of satisfaction, "I've proved at last that he's wrong and he's admitting it." She read on:

> But she has not seen inside it. Her performance for all its perfection of detail is hollow as a marble pillar is sometimes hollow with the core made of sticks and rubbish instead of marble. It is a shrine complete and ready in which no fire has ever been lighted.

She threw the paper into the fire and began to pace the room in anger, and then slowly began to see that perhaps he was right. She saw that all she had ever done was created out of her head and that her heart had played no part in it. Perhaps, she thought, that's why I'm a popular actress and why the world never thinks of me as a great actress.

She went back to the fire to recover the paper, but it was already burnt to cinders. Standing before the fire, she thought, "Maybe I can be great yet. Maybe Philip can teach me."

She saw that he wasn't brilliant or clever. But she saw that he had something else that was to her perhaps more precious. She couldn't say exactly what it was, but it seemed to be compounded of reality and gentleness and simplicity and honesty. Certainly it was something she had never before encountered.

She sat down before the fire again and fell to thinking of him. She was roused presently by Victoria coming in from market. She had her arms filled with packages and in one hand she held the Daily Record, its first page entirely covered by the photograph of some woman beneath a huge headline:

NIGHT-CLUB SINGER STRANGLED IN EXCLUSIVE MURRAY HILL LOVE NEST

"Ah got some awful news, Miss Janie. Rosa Dugan's dead. Somebody choked her to death in her apartment. Mrs. Turner's Annie read it to me while Ah was waitin' at the grocer's."

She put down the packages and handed the paper to Janie. Her eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Ah know the gal that worked for her. It was mah own cousin Minerva. She was the dotter of Reverend Enoch Fisher, and it was Minerva that discovered the corpse. Ah know all about it. Minerva tole me the whole story.

"It seems Miss Rosa had a gentleman friend who was rich. Ah can't remember his name exactly but it was somethin' lak Wilson. And Miss Rosa was double-crossin' him with another fella. Minerva says his name was Tony and he was Eyetalian.

"Ah'll tell yuh all about it as soon as Ah kin see Minerva. Jes' think of it, Miss Janie—poor Minerva comin' in to clear up in the mornin' jes' lak she's always done and findin' her lady dead in bed—a-strangled to death."

A new burst of excitement overtook her. "Jes' think, like as not Minerva'll have to appear in court for a witness. Ah was a witness onc't, Miss Janie. It was a case where a woman jumped out of a winda. Ah seen her jump and Ah proved that she jumped herself and wahn't pushed out by her boy frien'."

Janie went on looking at the paper. On the front page there was a picture of Rosa Dugan, and under it there was a line which read, "Story on pages two and three." She turned the page and there began to read about the "murder in love nest. Famous singer, toast of the town, found strangled amid wreckage of bedroom. Cap and shirt studs only clue of police."

There was very little to the story. Miss Minerva Fisher, colored, of 1047 West 135th Street, the general maid of Miss Dugan, had arrived as usual at eight-forty-five to prepare Miss Dugan's breakfast. She found the door of the apartment unlocked and open, and inside on the floor lay a soiled cap of the sort worn by gangsters, an empty whisky bottle and a white satin gown belonging to Miss Dugan which had been torn in two.

The door between the bedroom and sitting room had been forced open. The lock was broken and the wood splintered. On the bed, clad in a pink satin wrapper, lay the body of Miss Dugan. Her hands had been crossed on her breasts and a rosary placed in one of them.

The police in trying to reconstruct the crime had established the fact that she had been strangled. Her throat bore the imprints of the strangling fingers. She had fought for her life because the tips of her finger nails were stained with blood. It was believed she had scratched her assailant and that the face of the murderer bore the marks of her nails.

The motive could not have been robbery because there were still eight diamond bracelets of great value on one arm of the body. The police leaned toward a theory of assault.

The cap bore inside it the address of a cheap Ninth Avenue haberdashery.

In the next room the most contradictory evidence had been found in the form of two shirt studs composed each of a small emerald surrounded by chip diamonds, and a collar, size sixteen, with the mark of a well-known and fashionable firm of gentlemen's outfitters. The puzzling element lay in the connection or the contradiction between the soiled cap and the collar and the expensive shirt studs.

From the condition of the parlor it was believed that someone, probably the man who owned the studs and collar, passed a part of the night on the divan there. The evidence led the police to believe that two men rather than one were implicated in the affair. It was pointed out that the shattered door was of solid old-fashioned oak construction, and that it required a man of great physical strength to have forced it open.

The police (continued the story) are endeavoring to identify the man known as "Mr. Wilson" with whom the dead singer is known to have been friendly for the past year. They are fairly certain that "Wilson" is not his real name and that he is well known in Park Avenue and sporting circles.

A brother of the dead woman, Patrick Healy, of 2798 Primrose Place, Corona, who is employed as doorman of a fashionable Sutton Place apartment house, has been notified. The police believe that he will be able to provide clues of much value.

From the maid, Minerva Fisher, the police have been unable to learn anything of value, save that she kept referring to "a little black man" who had begun to pay visits to the dead singer's flat about two months ago. The police hold one theory that the soiled cap may have been left behind by the "little black man" and the studs and collar by the mysterious "Mr. Wilson."

The "love nest," it is pointed out, exists on fashionable and conservative Murray Hill, a district hitherto unconnected with crimes of this nature. The apartment of the dead singer occupied the third floor. The apartment underneath is leased by a tenant at present in California and the ground floor is occupied by a furniture shop which closed at seven o'clock in the evening.

It is believed there was no one in the house when the murder occurred. The police are inclined to fix the hour of the crime as the early morning. It is known that Miss Dugan left her night club between one and two o'clock accompanied by the mysterious Mr. Wilson.

The rest of two pages was devoted to the history of Rosa Dugan. There were three other photographs of the murdered woman, a plan of the two rooms showing the position of the cap, body, whisky bottle, collar, shirt studs and shattered door.

Will the police discover that Jim Towner is the mysterious "Mr. Wilson"? Louis Bromfield tells you in the September Installment

Croon, Baby, Croon

(*Continued from page 47*)

was born to manage you." Bus turned to an unseen audience. "Wally Cannon, Radio's Golden-voiced Tenor!" he cried.

Wally was completely bewildered. Bus wired an acceptance for Wally to sing for Nevada Beverages, and Wally agreed to pay Bus a ten-percent commission.

"Tomorrow at ten we'll have a rehearsal. I'll bring the songs, Wally, and I'll give you my wonderful idea. Where can we rehearse?"

"At my house, Bus. We've a new piano, partially paid for."

"You're going to make a million dollars, Wally. You'll be famous. You'll be a household pet," Bus predicted.

Wally rushed to the theater to find himself the center of congratulations. He was impatient to get to Adele, to tell her about the miraculous offer. He was in a fever of excitement. He was on the verge of fame. Fame! He, Wally Cannon. He would be known from coast to coast. The Perfect Radio Voice.

That fat fool Dilley! Still, there was in his voice the ring of prophecy. It might be true . . .

He burst in upon Adele. She was putting on her make-up.

"Darling"—he was almost sobbing—"we're made. I'm the Perfect Radio Voice. I've got a manager. One thousand berries for one hour's singing—Amazing Radio Personality—that's me, kid. When this show closes next week, we still eat, baby. Adele, you should have heard 'em rave. Phones ringing. Telegrams coming in. Gosh, I'm all in!" He flopped down in a chair.

"Oh, Wally, you were wonderful. I could tell as Madeline's face got greener and greener. Yes, I know you're going to be famous," she said, starry-eyed.

"I guess it must be so, then. Gee, Adele, I'm hot and cold all over. There's my cue! I won't have a chance to change." He kissed her. "I'm so excited, I hope I can get through with this."

She sat quietly staring in the mirror after he had bounded out of the room and pressed her fingers against her eyes, which had slowly filled with tears.

"He never said a word about me singing," she thought. "He thought only about himself . . . No, no, Adele, don't be like that! I won't; I won't be petty and small and jealous. This is his big chance." Nevertheless, she cried for one brief second, then hastily rouged her cheeks and repaired the damage.

"M's Cannon! M's Cannon!" called the boy.

"Righto; coming."

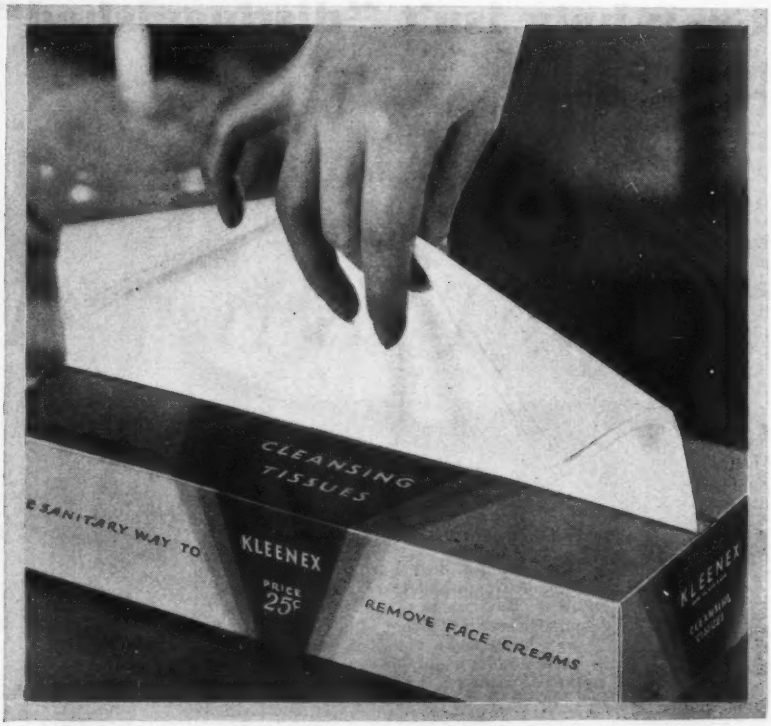
At ten the next morning Bus came bouncing into the apartment, an old-fashioned music roll under his plump arm. Adele's first impulse was to laugh.

"Will I disturb you if I stay, Mr. Dilley?" she asked.

"I should say not, Mrs. Wally. I adore an audience, particularly when she's young and beautiful," he said gallantly. "All right, Wally, let's begin. Your husband's going to be a great man, Mrs. Wally," he said as he placed his music on the rack. "We got more letters about you, Wally, than we've had about any other artist since the station opened. I left a big bunch with my coat, there. Thought you might care to read 'em. Now I'll play these over and if there's any you know, we'll begin on them."

Wally fingered the sheets. "I know all of these. Here, play this first."

Adele let her finger slide between the pieces. "Love, Here I am Waiting";



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Elaine Boardman

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B. A gray hair, colorless and drab because nature no longer implants pigment in the fibers within the hair covering.

C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plates the hair and makes it coarse, stiff and brittle.

D. A gray hair recolored with Notox. Notice that the Notox coloring is implanted throughout the inner fibers of the hair, with no thickening of the hair's transparent covering — exactly as in the natural hair (marked A).

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"Love is the Soul of Life"; "I'm in Love with the Girl in my Dreams."

"Terribly sentimental," she commented.

Bus poised his short fat hands over the keyboard. "They'll lap it up. No jazzy songs for the Golden-voiced Tenor. These are the coming songs." His hands slid over the keys. He could play. He embroidered the simpering melodies with runs and frilly chords. "All right, Wally."

Wally sang it through—kisses in the moonlight; love among the stars; breezes caressing rippling waters, and love, love, love.

Adele listened attentively. But when the last note died away, Bus exploded:

"That's no good, Wally. You sing it as if you felt superior to it. It's a beautiful song and the words are lovely. You must croon it. Croon it! Like this!"

He lifted up his moist brown eyes in ecstasy and in a thin buttery tenor warbled the words. Adele began to shake with silent laughter. She tried to catch Wally's eye but to her amazement he was not laughing. He was listening attentively.

"Now you try it," Bus ordered, "and croon it. Sob it! That's the word—sob it. You know, like this; like you were crying." He executed a little sob that sent Adele careening into the bathroom on the verge of hysteria.

Wally began to sing. He crooned; he slurred; he sobbed. When he had finished on a fine high note he turned to Bus.

"My boy, you are a great artist!" cried Bus. "You've caught on quicker than lightning. Wally, you're a genius."

"Nonsense," Wally said, embarrassed. He looked shamefacedly towards Adele, who stood wide-eyed in the doorway. "Let's try the rest of them."

Bus played the introduction. This was the appeal of a lovesick young man to the girl of his dreams to smile on him and share his love.

"Croon," Bus interrupted at intervals. "More pathos. That's it. Now sob, sob. A little more. Sw-ell! Lovely, lovely."

They went through them all.

"How's that?" Wally asked at the conclusion.

"Superb, my boy. Superb. Oh, there's one other tip, Wally. Always be grammatical. No slang, no vulgarity, and don't chop off the endings of your words. These are songs of the heart and should be sung tenderly, feelingly."

Wally sang the last refrain again.

"That's it. Wonderful. That's perfect. Simply perfect." Bus rose to stretch.

"Well, what do you think of Radio's Golden-voiced Tenor, Del?" Wally asked.

"Wally, if you were to sing songs like that on the two-a-day you'd be egged off." She hadn't meant to be tactless. It slipped out. But she was accustomed to honesty. She and Wally had always told each other the truth.

Bus reddened. "Let me tell you something, my dear Mrs. Cannon. You may be a good vaudeville actress. I ain't doubting it for a minute, but I'm a pioneer in radio and I got my finger on the pulse of the public. They want nice refined songs and not this jazzy coon-shouting that you vaudeville smart Alecks have been handing out." He began huffily to collect his music. "If you feel that way about it, that lets me out. No hard feelings, of course."

"Oh, I didn't mean to offend you," Adele said quickly, but was silenced by a furious look from Wally.

"Bus, I agree with you entirely. Entirely. This coon-shouting is vulgar and I know you're right. The public's got a tin ear from it. I'm going to try your stunt. I think it's wonderful. I think

you are a genius. You bet. And Friday when I make my début on Nevada Beverages, I'll use just these songs in just the way you suggest—and our ten-per-cent arrangement stands."

Bus' color receded. "Mean it, Wally?"

"Put 'er here."

They shook hands. Bus beamed as he trotted to the door, entirely restored to good spirits.

"Promptly at eight, then, on Friday. *Au revoir*, old man. It's a fortune for the two of us." He bowed. "Good morning, Mrs. Cannon," he said frigidly.

"Good morning," Adele answered. She sat staring in her lap when Wally came back after seeing Bus to the elevator. His eyes were blazing.

"Now what's the big idea high-hatting Bus like that, I'd like to know. For the love of heaven, must you try to impress everyone you meet with your superiority—if you want to be generous and call it that? I call it downright snobbishness."

"Wally, you asked me for my opinion. I didn't mean to be tactless, but I gave you the credit of believing you wanted an honest one."

"That was not an honest opinion. You're being ritzy and heaven knows what you've got to ritz about except having graduated from a hen college—unless," he said deliberately, "you haven't the decency to conceal your envy."

"Oh, Wally! Wally! How can you say that to me?" Adele's eyes grew large as tears welled into them.

He punched a sofa cushion and slammed it down upon the couch.

"I can say it and what's more I will. Now that we're being honest. You've insulted Bus and you've belittled my work until I'm sick of your pretenses. You've sneered and felt superior and your nose is getting out of joint from sniffing. What's eating you is that you're sore you weren't asked to sing. Well, my little thrush, I hadn't meant to tell you, but I asked for an audition for you and they seemed to be willing to struggle along without you."

"Wally, you're sneering now."

"Well, it's my turn, isn't it?"

"It is not! And this outburst of injured feelings doesn't impress me at all," Adele raged. "It's your defense. You know that stuff is puerile and you're too conceited to admit it. I know it'll get over. I know you'll be famous through it. But confound it, you're a good actor; a good comedian.

"I've never felt superior to your work. You'll be famous without this hokum. This is a short cut, and you're taking it for Lord knows what reason. All right; kid yourself that you've got your finger on the public's pulse but don't expect me to kid you too. Because I won't do it. Because I love you too much; because I respect your intelligence; because—because——" But Adele had burst into tears.

He stood looking down at her stonily. "You think I'm kidding myself, do you? Well, in a month I'll be a household pet," he said, unconsciously falling into Bus' vernacular.

She looked up, found her voice. "I know you will!" she cried. "I know it. I know it. Oh, why are you so stupid! I'm not saying you won't, only you want me to admit your sobbing and crooning is marvelous. Well, I won't. I won't admit it! It's ridiculous. You know it is! It's hokum, bunk.

"It's true people love sentimentality and so it's going to go over big. But eventually it will be laughed at. The majority of intelligent people won't listen to such rubbish. You will be laughed at! Can't you admit you know it's bunk and not take yourself so seriously?

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Clip and Mail TO-DAY

Where's your sense of humor, your fine sense of balance?" she pleaded.

"I've lost my sense of humor, have I?" he asked, tight-lipped. "Well, you've lost your mind. I'm a showman. I know what the public wants. How dare you sit in judgment of the great American public? When you stop putting on airs, we'll talk again." He strode out.

Adele gasped. "You—you——" And then she stared horrified at the door. "We've quarreled. He's gone, without making up . . ."

They went through their part together. It was the closing week of the show. They had declined to go on the road because their contract at Maxine's still had a month to run. Of course the radio work would have made it impossible, anyway. They did their act at Maxine's. Adele waited for Wally to offer one word of apology. She would then go three-quarters of the way and take back all she had said.

But Wally never mentioned the altercation. After the show he took her home without a word. Adele was in a daze. She undressed with a heavy heart in their room. She heard him moving about in the bathroom. She got into her own bed, waiting. He came in, switched off the light and got into his bed, murmured, "Night," and turned his back.

Except for their lines together, this was the only word he had spoken to her.

Adele cried softly into her pillow; she yearned to rush to his side; to beg him to be himself, but pride held her back. Pride, and the realization that he could not see her point. He believed that he was right.

She knew he, too, was not sleeping. She knew he was suffering. But he felt he was right and she was wrong. It was as if a thick black curtain shut out the truth to him—and simultaneously shut her out too.

Success came like a landslide—overwhelming and almost overnight. Bewildering to see his picture smiling down from billboards and from the sides of houses. Adele half hoped his crooning wouldn't go over. She felt that failure would save his soul—but here was success. And what a success!

Thousands of letters; fans all over the country; songs dedicated to him; manufacturers clamoring for his indorsement.

"I think it's wonderful, darling," Adele told him timidly one morning as they sat at breakfast, all the available space on the table and the floor about them literally deluged with letters and telegrams and clippings. In the hectic excitement of the first weeks of success, they had a sort of armed truce.

But though outwardly they were living together, the psychic breach between them yawned greater and greater. Wally believed in himself first and in his songs second, with a faith only a little less than his belief in Bus.

Adele had plenty of leisure in which to brood. There was only their Club Maxine contract, which would end in a few days. Wally had dazzling contracts with part ownership of clubs and restaurants temptingly thrown in. She knew he was considering one—to be known as the "Cannon Club"—and it didn't include her.

But this was not the reason why she finally broke down and waved the silver flag of peace. She missed his love; his friendship; their gay camaraderie. This courteous stranger—the ache in her heart was unbearable—and so as they sat at breakfast she swallowed her pride in one huge gulp of coffee.

"I think it's wonderful, darling, how you've taken the country by storm."

He looked up from the pile of letters he was reading. Adele ached with her love for him.

"No, you don't, my dear Adele. You are surprised and I might say a little chagrined. You do not think it's wonderful. You are still supercilious."

"I'm not, Wally," she pleaded. "How can you be so hard, so unrelenting? Don't you know I love you, that you are part of my life; that your success is dearer to me than my own?" she cried, the tears, never far from the surface of her eyes these days, rising swiftly.

He looked out the window. "I'm not accusing you of jealousy. I didn't mean to be so harsh that day, but I do accuse you of superciliousness. You still feel superior to the great American public who like my songs. Everyone's wrong and you're right. It's that attitude of yours that makes me so blooming angry."

"Wally, I love you. I'll admit I'm wrong, if that's what you want. I haven't any silly pride. I love you too much. We're like one. When I hurt you, I only hurt myself. Wally, I'm all wrong." She smiled. "Will you smile on me now?"

His face stiffened. "No, because you don't mean a word of it." He brushed aside her cry of protest. "I know you love me. Don't you think I love you, too? That I've suffered over this? But I feel your censure; your secret feeling of superiority. It's still with you and it makes me want to choke you. There can be no real understanding between us so long as this exists. You've got to change your attitude or else you and I, Adele, are at the end."

She rose. "It's not I that's superior, Wally. In your heart and soul you feel like a clown. And you're blaming it on me. You are suffering from the worst form of inferiority complex. You're in too deep to pull out. I don't blame you. You're making a fortune. But we both know the truth, only you prefer not to see it and you want me to gild the lily for you.

"You fool! You're not content with my effort to do so. No, you want sincerity." Her voice rose hysterically. "I'm supposed to rave over you, to make you believe the lie; to tell you you're God's gift to mankind—Radio's Golden-voiced Tenor. You want me to lie to you to make you believe it yourself. Well, I won't. I won't! I hate you for your stupidity. You're a moron, a fool, a clown! I won't! I won't!" She ran weeping into their bedroom, where she threw herself across her bed sobbing.

She heard him go out quietly. She must have sobbed herself to sleep, for it was hours later when she awoke. She called his name, her own voice sounding hollow. She could almost feel the silence.

It was two o'clock. Adele bathed and dressed, ordered luncheon sent up from the restaurant downstairs and ate mechanically. At four she took a taxi to the office of Kingsley Werbel, manager of the new vaudeville mergers.

He was delighted to see her; he told her frankly that his organization would pay handsomely to bill her husband.

"No, it's for myself," she said, thanking him for his praise of Wally. "I'd like a booking on my singing act; the one I did at Maxine's. I'd like to try a hand alone without a partner."

Werbel's enthusiasm had chilled, as Adele could see, but he was not entirely uninterested.

"That's not a bad idea, Mrs. Cannon. I'd be delighted to give you a try-out. I bet you'll go over big"—his enthusiasm was mounting—"'Mrs. Wally Cannon, Wife of the Golden-voiced Tenor.'"

"No, Mr. Werbel; that's just what I don't want. I want to be billed as Adele Cannon. After all, I had a name even

before Wally became a household word."

"But the value of the name, Mrs. Cannon!"

"I realize it, but I must be billed as Adele Cannon."

"Very well, we'll put 'Mrs. Wally Cannon' underneath in smaller letters."

"No, I must stand alone."

He bowed suavely. "Ah, a misunderstanding?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh, no, Mr. Werbel; just a whim of mine." She rose to go. "If you decide to book me as Adele Cannon, let me know. Don't give me your answer now. No; please think it over."

"As you say, Mrs. Cannon. I must look into some of our bookings. I'll let you know within a day or two."

"That will be fine." Adele gave him her most ravishing smile. "Good-by."

"Good-by, good-by, Mrs. Cannon, and give my very best regards to your husband. You won't forget?"

"No, I won't forget. Good-by."

But once outside the door Adele was sick with apprehension. What if she couldn't get a job without Wally's name? Oh, it was maddening! His stunt-success had robbed her of her legitimate place. She once had been Adele Cannon, and now she was Mrs. Wally Cannon. Tears of outraged pride blinded her. She hailed a cab and gave her address in a choked voice.

She was hurrying across the lobby of her house to the elevator when she heard her name called.

"A special for you, Mrs. Cannon." The girl at the reception desk gave her a long typewritten envelope. It was postmarked "Culver City."

She didn't take off her hat but sat down to read the letter. It was brief and to the point. Would she wire if she was free to take on her old part in the screen version of the musical comedy she had just closed in? She cried aloud with joy. She could have whooped with glee as she phoned the telegraph company her wire to Culver City accepting the part.

And then in a fever of excitement she arranged about trains and Pullman accommodations; telephoned to her hairdresser to cancel an appointment; and to her best friend, May Doane, and to her mother in Melrose. She was in the throes of packing when the phone rang. It was Wally, to tell her he wouldn't be home to dinner. He couldn't say what time he'd be in; she mustn't wait up.

She told him her news. "I'm packing, Wally. I'm taking a midnight train to Chicago."

There was a strained silence. "I'm glad you landed it, Adele. You've always wanted a chance at the lispies. Must you leave tonight? I'm sorry I'm tied up for dinner." She could hear his hesitancy. And when she didn't answer —"I'll try to meet you at the train to see you off. What time did you say?"

"Midnight on the lower level of Grand Central. May Doane and Ralph are seeing me off."

"All right, Adele; I'll be there."

But he wasn't there. Adele didn't know then that Wally was caught in a traffic jam; that he had to hop out and get another cab; that he raced into Grand Central just in time to bump into May and Ralph Doane returning to their car.

"Is she gone?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes," May told him coldly.

"Confound it, I was tied up. Why did she have to rush off like this? I never heard anything so ridiculous." He bit his lip in exasperation.

"Maybe she had her reasons," May said crisply.

And on the train Adele wept bitterly

This twelve-year-old girl will suffer through life because both her lower six-year molars were lost. Her teeth came in crooked and her lower jaw failed to develop. She will always have a "weak chin."

DON'T LET NEGLECT OF JUST ONE TOOTH MAR YOUR CHILD'S APPEARANCE

Did you know that around six years of age a child cuts the one most important tooth in his life—which directly affects the shape of his face?

THE chances are your parents didn't know the true importance of the six-year molar. And maybe, by good fortune, your appearance didn't suffer as a result. But take no such chances with your child.

Actually, there are four of the six-year molars. Two in the upper jaw and two in the lower. Nature sends them in advance of the rest of the permanent teeth—to hold the jaws in proper relationship and to guide the even placing of the permanent teeth.

So, if any of the six-year molars are lost, your child's permanent teeth may come in crooked, his jaws develop improperly and the appearance of the whole lower half of his face may suffer.

All too often the six-year molar is lost because it is thought to be one of the "decaying baby teeth"—and the child's face is affected. Is that not too great a price to pay for neglect of baby teeth? Indeed their condition directly affects the development and health of *all* the permanent teeth.

Squibb's Dental Cream is a wonderful dentifrice for children. It is mild and safe and its formula definitely recognizes the *causes* of decay and the best ways to *combat them.* Squibb's Dental Cream is made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate the crevices and fissures of the teeth and render harmless the destructive acids given off by germs *which cause tooth decay.* It penetrates where the tooth-brush fails to reach—where ordinary dentifrices are ineffectual.

In addition, Squibb's soothes irritation and so helps the gum tissues keep sound and firm. It safeguards The Danger Line, the vital gum edge. You'll find it greatly lessens the pain of shedding the baby teeth. See that your child uses Squibb's twice each day. And you can be sure that this dentifrice so good for your children is also safe and effective for you.

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★*The Danger Line is the line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line no longer furnishes protection.*

JANET GAYNOR
Fox Film Star
"There is a delicate beauty about my color harmony in Society Make-Up that blends perfectly with my complexion."

For the Screen Stars *...and YOU*

A Genius *Developed This New*

Make-Up

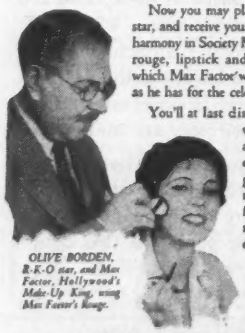
Under Blazing Studio Lights, Filmland's Make-Up King Discovered a Magic Way to Double Beauty!... Now This Make-Up Secret... the Sensation of Hollywood,... is Offered to You, to Everywoman ... by Max Factor!

IN the magic land of pictures, there's a magic way to beauty . . . and it's known to every star in Hollywood. A new kind of Make-Up . . . powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites in color harmony . . . created by Max Factor, wizard of make-up in Filmland.

And now you may share this wonder beauty discovery! . . . you may share Hollywood's Make-Up secret.

"New beauty for every woman lies in the discovery of cosmetic color harmony", says Max Factor, "And to vividly emphasize personality, make-up must be individualized . . . the color harmony must be perfect for every type, for every variation in blonde, brunette, or redhead. Then, of course, there are tricks of make-up, too, which not every one knows."

On the screen, before your very eyes . . . in feature pictures starring Janet Gaynor, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Laura LaPlante, and the host of stars in Hollywood . . . has flashed the faultless beauty of Make-up by Max Factor, because in every picture released from Hollywood, Max Factor's make-up is used exclusively.



Now you may play the part of a screen star, and receive your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up... in powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials . . . which Max Factor will create just for you, as he has for the celebrities of Hollywood.

You'll at last discover the one way to vividly emphasize the allure and magnetism of your personality; to give to your own natural beauty a charm and fascination which until now has remained hidden. Mail the coupon now and also receive Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" ... HOLLYWOOD

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 18-9-21

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*; personal complexion analysis; and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

COMPLEXION		COLOR OF EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR OF LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR OF HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with check mark			

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

because Wally hadn't cared enough to come to the train to see her off.

"This is the end," she thought bitterly. "He hates me and I've lost my hold on him." She stifled her sobs in her pillow.

He sent her a telegram but made the mistake of being humorous. Adele read it literally but she was too spent to weep. She told herself she didn't care, either, and wrote him a brief cool note.

And Wally, reading it, felt again her condescension. He didn't write again for two weeks.

Adele knew Hollywood and she was soon comfortably settled and in touch with several of her old friends. The work on the picture was absorbing. She let herself slip under the spell of Hollywood sunshine.

Rumors flew thick and fast. Radio's Golden-voiced Tenor and his wife were separated; there were dark hints of impending divorce; of infidelity. Adele held her head high; refused to make a statement of any kind.

Three months. Wally's super-special picture opened to a great hullabaloo on Broadway; his name in colored flashing lights thirty feet high. WALLY CANNON in "The Eternal Lover." Studio gossip that the picture was a flop, but loud huzzaing from the company's highly paid and talented press agents. Smashing hit; unprecedented success. Wally crooning over a national network of stations weekly—while America swayed with him. America's tender lover of the screen . . .

Adele sent a polite telegram on the opening night of his picture. Wally telegraphed his thanks for her congratulations. Adele's picture opened two weeks later to favorable reviews. She and Wally both on Broadway; only Adele was modestly featured, Wally flamboyantly starred.

Wally's picture opened at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Los Angeles to braying as loud as that on Broadway. All Hollywood's Who's Who turned out for the opening. Adele smilingly received congratulations and sang her husband's praises.

Only to May she wrote: "Heaven forgive me if this is envy, but I still maintain that Wally's sobbing of sticky love songs turns my stomach. I have lost him, May, and I still love him but I cannot join the worshipers."

On the success of her first picture Adele was cast for a second, and three months more slipped by. Wally did not make a second picture—he wrote that he was tied up with the Cannon Club, which was making a huge success. His letters became less and less frequent. Adele heard from dear friends that Wally was seen with this dancer and that singer—but nothing definite, of course.

One day in early fall Wally stood in a hotel beside a glass partition waiting for Queenie, who was, as befitted a leading lady, already three-quarters of an hour late.

"I hear they're definitely separated," came to him from the other side of the partition.

Wally only half listened. Marital gossip flowed too thick and too fast for him to take much stock in it. But the next words caught his interest.

"He'd better not give her grounds for divorce. Think of how the dear public would take their golden-voiced darling's wiff suing on evil grounds!"

"It would break him." A man's voice.

"No wonder she left him! Think of being married to radio's angel-faced tenor!" Laughter. "Any bozo who yammered like he does about his broken 'eart and the girl of his golden dreams would lose his sex appeal for me," a third husky voice said amid general laughter.

Wally felt himself freeze. He knew perfectly well whom they were ridiculing. He, Wally Cannon, who used to be as popular a comedian as ever hoofed it on Broadway, had to slink away lest he be caught eavesdropping. He was filled with sudden rage.

Confound Queenie! She was an hour late. Well, she had forfeited the opportunity to have him pay for her luncheon today. He strode out to the street. He had no particular destination. He only wanted to get as far away as possible from anyone who knew him.

He stopped finally because he was dog-tired. It was four-thirty and he had been walking since noon. Besides, he was hungry. He was somewhere in the Bronx—or he fancied it was the Bronx—and he was in front of a small neighborhood playhouse. There, smiling at him from the gaudy poster, was Adele. It was so unexpected, seeing her there smiling her crinkly, winning smile, that Wally gasped. It was like meeting her face to face. This was a showing of her second picture. He hadn't seen it, though it had been playing in New York for three weeks.

He came in in the middle of the picture, to hear her singing: "If You Like Girls to Be Coy, I Will Be Coy." It was a catchy melody. Wally watched her. She had improved, yet she was essentially the same. She knew how to put over a song. There was a sincerity—that was it, a sincerity, a zest in her singing that got across. It was as if she herself enjoyed the song. And she was lovely. He realized that her throat was round and full and that her laugh was rich.

The picture was only so-so, but it was only Adele who interested Wally.

Her voice. How close it brought her! He had not seen her for nearly eight months. Her matter-of-fact, direct manner. She was like that: honest and direct. She had never lied to him. She alone had told him the truth about his songs, no matter what everyone else had said. Her nature was truthful . . .

The audience liked her, too. She got all the laughs. He looked about him and saw smiling, absorbed faces. She was a good actress; she knew how to put her lines over.

Adele, Adele . . .

He heard that mocking, husky voice: "Any bozo who yammered like he does would lose his sex appeal for me."

He was on his feet, clutching his hat and stick, pushing his way out against indignant knees. He went up to the cashier, who was vigorously chewing gum in her glass cage.

"Where's the nearest telegraph office?"

She gave him a withering look. "On the corner. If you'd look you'd see it."

He scribbled a message, his hands so cold he could hardly grip the pencil.

"Adele, come back to me. I love you and I need you. Or if you can't forgive at least wire imbecile golden-voiced tenor that you still remember he can without any further provocation bust Bus' jaw. Don't turn me down, darling. I love you and I am desperate man." He broke the pencil as he scrawled his name.

The girl behind the desk recognized him. Her jaw hung immobile as she took his money.

And four hours later Adele's answer:

DARLING HUNGRY FOR YOUR BEAR HUGS AND POWERFUL ARMS STOP SOCK BUS ONE FOR ME TOO STOP COMING BY AIR AND RAIL AT ONCE SWEET THIS IS BIGGEST MOMENT MY CAREER STOP YOUR ADELE

The Fable of the Perplexed Parents

(*Continued from page 31*)

the wrong Style of Collar, who, by mere Accident, happens to be Provider and Meal Ticket, begin to annoy him by dirty Suggestions in regard to Going to Work.

Think of the Leader of the Frat House Orchestra being pestered and put upon by a Gink who wore a detachable Collar and Hose Supporters!

Lead the Grand March at the Junior Prom and come Home expecting to be rewarded, and then have Your Own People refer to you as a Big Bum!

"Do you think you could be a Bond Salesman?" asked the Senior, at one of the painful Interviews.

"What is a Bond?" asked Reginald.

Father emitted a Sound resembling the Wolf's long Howl on Unalaska's Shore.

Fortunately for the recent Graduate, he never came up for Air any Day until Hours and Hours after the Work Horse had departed and he learned to time his Escape in the late Afternoon so as to avoid Contact with Disagreeable Persons, so that often a whole Week would elapse without the male Parent having a chance to look over his Investment.

At the breakfast Table the Post Mortem would run about as follows:

"What time did they get in?"

"Search me. I heard it strike Three and dozed off and a little while later they began to sing and break Dishes."

"Did they wreck the Ice Box?"

"They used up Everything except the Milk. By the way, they demand better Facilities for cooking Ham and Eggs. Also some real Caviar and a larger Ice Bucket."

"I thought, from the way we were holdin' our Trade, that the Service was O.K. If I slipped a little Cyanide of Potassium into the Caviar, do you s'pose the Law could get after me?"

"Don't talk like that. You don't dare to scrap them, with so much Capital tied up."

Which he didn't. Last Week he had a Bright Idea. He was in Correspondence with an Old Friend who makes Bedsteads, with branch Factories in Kenosha and Bridgeport. He wrote to the Friend: "Do you want a couple of good-looking young Experts to make Daylight Demonstrations of Deep Slumber on your famous Beauty-Sleep Mattresses?"

He lived in Hope until a Reply came back as follows: "I have a Couple of my Own."

MORAL: Parents are no Cause for Complaint until seen or heard.

Private Letters of Edith Benham Helm

(*Continued from page 35*)

another war and a more terrible reckoning. He said the whole question of peace had to be approached in a perfectly cold-blooded way to secure a just settlement.

He said that the people are for just settlements but the ruling classes are not; that the people are eager for peace and are resenting bitterly all this delay. Mrs. Brower asked if he did not believe in punishment and the President said the German people would have had their own as they would be shunned and avoided for generations to come. He spoke again of the difficulties he had in getting people together; that Clemenceau said he needed ten days' rest.

results are immediate . . . . the easy, delightful way to keep your skin soft, smooth and silky

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath — then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath—and feel your skin. It is like rare velvet.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary, as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking and eliminates "shine" on body, hands and face.

Harmless and Refreshing

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin. White is the natural color of Linit—it is not disguised by color or odor.

LINIT

is sold by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

Freckles Vanish!

Tells How to Rid Your Complexion of These Ugly, Rusty-Brown Spots

If you freckle easily, yet find these blemishes hard to remove, read what thousands of women do to fade out every last freckle and gain a clear, beautiful complexion. They use Othine and no longer dread the summer sun and winds.

You, too, will find that after a few nights' use of this dainty white cream even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce of Othine is needed to clear the skin of these ugly blotches.

Be sure to ask at any drug or department store for Othine—double strength. It's always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not remove even the worst freckles and give you a lovely, milk-white complexion.

OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

No Wolf at His Door!

"Perhaps the only time I have ever felt secure from the 'Wolf' is since I completed your good course and swung into the fiction field. I attribute my successful start to Palmer Institute . . . as a result of my successes we are 'sitting pretty' in a pretty bungalow *which we own.*"
HAROLD F. CRUICKSHANK (well-known writer)

RUPERT HUGHES

Internationally known author, says:—"The Palmer Institute is qualified to render invaluable aid in...authorship."

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Send me 3 months' subscription to your famous writers' magazine, free! Interested in Fiction writing [ ] Photoplay writing [ ] English and Self-Expression [ ]

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

AGE: under 18 [ ] over 18 [ ] *(No salesman will call)*

The President was amused after getting Clemenceau to say he was willing to have informal conferences begin without him and getting Orlando and the Italians here. Today Clemenceau appeared. He was afraid to stay away, I imagine.

. . . I have been particularly interested to find out the books the President likes. He seems to have read everything and here he talks much more of intellectual things than he did in Washington. One of his favorite authors is Walter Bagehot. Night before last he read us A. G. Gardiner's sketch of Roosevelt.

The President wants very much to see Gardiner, for he has a great opinion of his writings. He also read a study of himself by Gardiner which has come out recently and is very good. Colonel House gave the material for it.

I am finished up to date. I have seen scarcely any newspapers and so you have only my own impressions . . .

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
January 12, 1919.

Today was the beginning[5] of the Peace Conference. The President said he arrived[6] promptly and the others came a few minutes later, the English delegates lagging along. Instead of being the Conference it was a sitting of the inter-allied High Commission to determine extending the armistice. Finally after two-thirds of the time had been wasted it was agreed to have a meeting of that Commission tomorrow morning and the Conference in the afternoon. The President said it reminded him of an old ladies' tea party, for they all talked and when the Peace Conference finally got under way and they were discussing very seriously, a tea table was brought in and they all had tea!

The President spoke of General Bliss in the highest terms; said he had the mind of a statesman and is a man of very clear judgment. He said Clemenceau made a rather witty speech.

A letter from the Japanese Government was read requesting that the Japanese Ambassador here be allowed to assist at the Conference and Clemenceau said the Conference objected because they did not want him to know the state of Europe at the present time. He, the President, says the work of the Conference is much complicated, because no one knows what is happening in Russia as there is no authentic source from which news can be sent.

. . . Tonight the President and Mrs. Wilson had an informal dinner for the Commission; Admiral and Mrs. Benson and Wilmer Bolling and some of the advisers of the American Economic Commission: Mr. Bernard Baruch, Mr. Vance McCormick, Mr. Edward N. Hurley and Mr. Herbert Hoover.

I think the French establishment was shocked at the small-sized dinner that was ordered. With the eagle eye of Mr. Herbert Hoover on us the small dinner was better. Colonel House has been ill but seems to be getting all right. The President had Mrs. Lansing and Mrs. Bliss beside him and Mrs. Wilson had Secretary Lansing and General Bliss. Mrs. Hurley was at one end of the table and I was at the other. I had Mr. Baruch on one side. The dinner was not too long and we were all through by ten . . .

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
January 14, 1919.

This evening is one of the first times I have had a really long talk with the President about really vital things, for conversation is usually more or less general. Tonight Doctor Grayson was out, and Mrs. Wilson, the President and I were alone. He had been speaking of the Conference, how annoying Pichon, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is as a presiding officer. He never seems to get any of the proceedings correct and his summaries are invariably wrong.

Yesterday, for instance, there was a question of procedure of the first large general meeting—the number of representatives each nation should have—this for the Allies only, and Pichon's summary was that the enemy nations should have no representatives, there having been no question of the enemies' coming at all. The Conference too is very much wrought up over the leakage of news to the press.

They have tried to give it out through a central news bureau or committee, but very important things are constantly filtering, with consequent bad feeling with the reporters. The leakage is entirely with the French, the President feels, and today he spoke of it and said it could only have come through someone in the room at the sessions.

Mrs. Wilson spoke of what Mr. Henry White [American Member of the Peace Commission] had said to her this afternoon in regard to the inadvisability of the President's returning to America. White said he belonged in the opposite camp but he felt it would be preposterous for anyone to deny that the President is the greatest statesman of the age and the man "of all the nations" and that his admiration for him was great. He thought from what people told him that it would be in the nature of an anti-climax if the President came back again and that it would be better if he could settle most of the great questions before he left.

The President said he agreed with the anticlimax part and he could see much against it, but he felt Mr. White took the viewpoint of the newspapers and he could not consider them representative of American feeling as they were controlled by large moneyed interests and not in touch with the people. The President said that he had always found that if you told the people the truth and pointed out ideals to be followed, they invariably backed you up.

He dwelt on the fact that there is a latent consciousness of world ideals, new ones, which may have come about without the whole body of the people being conscious of them and yet when they were presented to the American public they were supported and they would say, "Why, yes, that's true," because the consciousness had been latent in them and when they heard expression given to them they knew they heard what they had always thought. He said he had never spoken at any time to the American people anything which, even if a new process of thought was involved, had not been enthusiastically supported.

I asked how he got his impressions if not from the papers of what the new national ideals are, and what truths are to be presented to the people. He said he would get them from different sources and piece them together as one would a mosaic; that I must remember he had been a student of American political history for years and had saturated himself in it.

I said, "But these are deductions only, aren't they; helpful but don't you go deeper than that? Don't you feel as though you are dipping into ether—getting from some source which holds all things—the consciousness of the new

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5 The Supreme Council of the Peace Congress.

6 At the French Foreign Office at three P.M.

ideals of America and making them articulate?" He said he thought so, but he felt so filled with the American spirit that when new ideals came to him, he was able to express them to his countrymen. All this he said very humbly and very simply as he does everything.

I spoke of the way the poor look to him as a Messiah to give a new Light in the world. He said religious teaching had not found a solution for the troubles of the world and the world must have some one man to give them practical relief for their distress.

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
January 18, 1919.

Last night I was "all in" and could not write. These are very grueling days I am putting in. You see, Mrs. Wilson cannot go out alone and she likes to have me with her, and now that the President is at the Conference nearly all day it means that she is more than ever alone.

I have quite a great deal of mail coming in and people coming to me about different matters every moment I am free. It is all interesting and pleasant.

Yesterday was rather a dull day, for there was nothing interesting said or done at luncheon, and in the evening the President and Mrs. Wilson went to a dinner at the Italian Embassy. Mrs. Wilson says at all these Embassy dinners the host and hostess come down to the front door to meet them and she never has a chance to see if any powder is missing from her nose, and the President says that he has to divest himself of hat, muffler and coat while his hostess has her arm all crooked waiting for him to start upstairs!

Today at luncheon the President described how the United States was placed first in the Peace Conference.

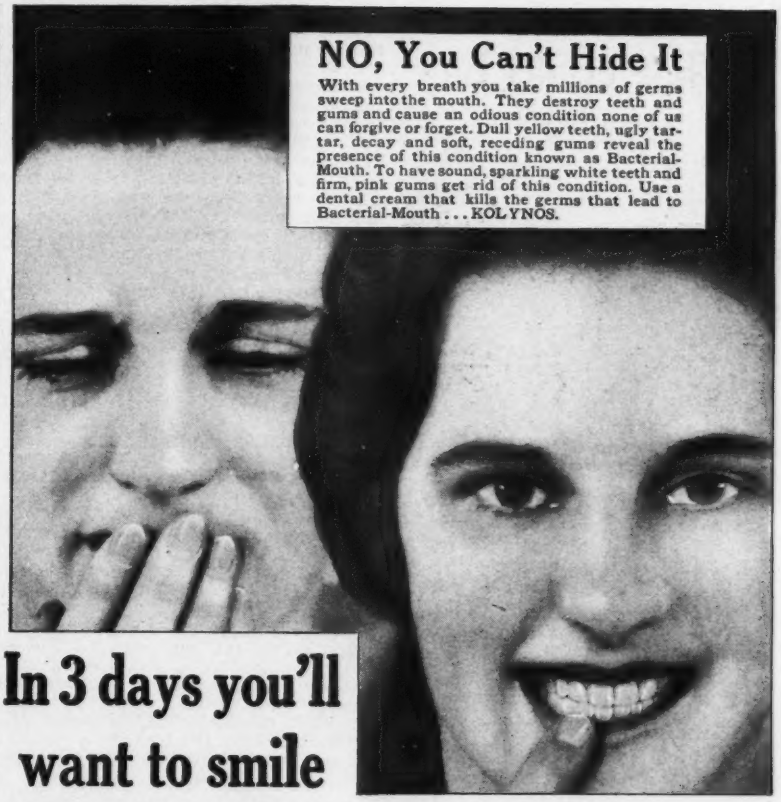
The French suggested that they use the French nomenclature, "Etats-Unis d'Amérique," then Lloyd George said jokingly if that were so they should give Great Britain her title, "Empire de la Grande-Bretagne," but Mr. Lansing capped it all by saying that the United States was designated, "L'Amérique, les Etats-Unis De," and so we finally came first. He spoke of the difficulties with the newspapermen and told Doctor Grayson, who gives the interviews to the newspapermen and is the general scapegoat to whom all people come with their complaints, that he hoped they would not put much stress on Jugoslavia. It will be a turbulent nation as they are a turbulent people and they ought not to have a navy to run amuck with.

Someone asked about Foch, and the President said he considered him very able, but narrow and given to prejudices. He had been imposing very severe restrictions on the people of Luxembourg, who are a friendly people.

General Pershing had objected to these conditions on order from the President, who said that the Americans would not hold their sector if the French insisted on making life intolerable for the inhabitants. Foch consented to remit the conditions, but grudgingly, and complained it was difficult to command an army when the Generals under his command differed from his orders.

At dinner the President asked Doctor Grayson to carry to General Smuts[7] a copy of his draft of the Constitution of the League of Nations. It was, of course, such an important document and still so secret that Grayson had to deliver it into the hands of Smuts himself. Smuts, as you may remember I wrote to you in one of my letters, had written

[7] Smuts had a plan for a Society of Nations.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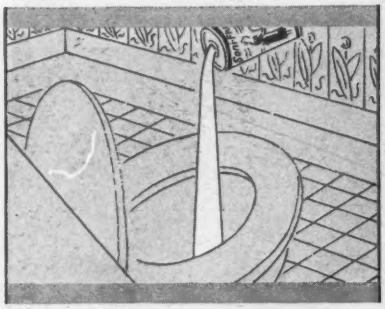

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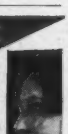

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what the President considers one of the best expositions of the aims of the League of Nations and its practical application and constitution.

Someone asked the President if he had not written most of this present draft himself and he said no, that the original was made by an English Society. He had made certain additions and changes to that, then Smuts had presented certain other features and very statesmanlike additions and he (the President) had made another draft which he had sent to Smuts for criticism and change.

The President in describing the seating of the members of the Peace Conference spoke of the fact that General Louis Botha[8] and General Smuts were both at this Conference and a few years ago they were fighting Great Britain! He spoke of General Smuts and mentioned that the English were friendly to the League of Nations, particularly the Canadians; notably Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada. He said it was through his efforts Colonials had been admitted to the Peace Table.

Mrs. Wilson and I had a frivolous afternoon while this serious business of the world was going on, as we went to a tea Madame Vesnitch, the wife of the Serbian Minister, gave for Mrs. Wilson. The house is very pretty and there were about thirty people there.

Mrs. Wilson said one woman spoke to her very touchingly of the blind, saying that for us the tragedy of the war was ended but for them it was for all their lives. The most dreadful things one sees in the streets are the face cases. I cannot tell you how horrible they are and how they haunt me.

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
January 20, 1919.

Today has been quiet. The President went to a luncheon given him by the French Senate at the Luxembourg Palace. No ladies were invited and all that Mrs. Wilson and I had to solace ourselves with were the menu cards, for someone gave the President an extra one for Mrs. Wilson . . .

Mrs. Wilson and I went for a drive as we usually do when he is away, and as we were starting, the President and his French aide, General Léorat, and General Harts and Admiral Grayson drove up in state. The General said he (the President) was drowned in smoke, even if he does not smoke!

The French are making rather a mistake in beginning a concerted effort to induce him to go to the devastated regions. The President is very stubborn and they have started a sort of propaganda to ask him on every occasion to go to the old Front, with the idea of making him realize more fully the horrors France has had to suffer. He intended to go in the natural course of events and had they left him alone it probably would have accomplished the desired result.

The French are getting quite furious because he does not drop the Conference and go, and he may be hounded into it, but then he will go irritated and they will have defeated their own objective. He said today that he was really getting seriously annoyed about it as so many people had brought up the subject. He said that even if France had been entirely made a shell hole of, it would not change the ultimate settlement (the settlement he had in mind for the peace terms).

The question was agitated before we went to Italy and Colonel House said he was afraid he (the President) would have to start off for the Front immediately on his return from Italy as there was such strong sentiment about having him visit these devastated parts. The French have a feeling the President is unsympathetic because he does not go at once, and they are very fearful he may give too good terms to Germany if he does not see the horror of the war and is prejudiced in favor of Germany.

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
January 21, 1919.

This has been a most interesting evening. Mr. A. G. Gardiner, of the London News, a man who has written some very remarkable essays and character studies, came to dinner. He was a steadfast supporter of the President in England when the latter's popularity was at low ebb, and the President had been very eager to meet him. So Gardiner made this trip to Paris to see him.

The discussion of the League of Nations came up. The President said he had the Phillimore resolution that he revised sent to Colonel House, who made some changes and returned it to him. After reading Smuts' paper, he (the President) made more revisions which he sent to General Smuts.

Then Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Robert Cecil came Sunday night and they all went over it, working until midnight. Now, tonight, the President had given it to Mr. Gardiner to look over and make any suggestions which might occur to him.

Gardiner asked various questions and the President enlarged on them. Gardiner said there had been criticism of the President for not taking the public into his confidence, telling them about the League of Nations and what he expected to do here. That, the President replied, would have been impossible, for he would have defeated his own objective. If he had laid down a set of principles dictatorially he would have antagonized the different governments as he would have seemed to be dictating or suggesting terms to them in advance of the Conference.

He admitted he would have liked to take the United States into his confidence. But as he had a tentative plan and scheme drawn up, he knew it would doubtless be changed when he got to Europe and familiarized himself with European problems.

Gardiner brought up the subject of the mandatory nations. The President said the principal objection came from America. He declared he doubted if the American people would consent to be a mandatory power save for the German colonies in Africa, for instance, or Constantinople, which Mr. Gardiner said we should very properly take. The President said America entered the war with the highest ideals of no territorial gain, and thought the administration of these new states born of the war was a very important duty which we should assume. He doubted if the American people would see it in that light and would consider it a subterfuge to obtain territory.

The freedom of the seas the President only touched on because he said if the League was united against one rebellious nation there would be no freedom of the seas. He had only recently arrived at that conclusion because out of the welter of confusion into which international law had fallen since the war he expected to suggest certain changes in regard to international law.

I forgot to say he had also seen Léon Bourgeois[9] and consulted with him over

[8] Peace Delegate with General Jan C. Smuts from the Union of South Africa.

[9] French Senator.

the League of Nations. Bourgeois went even further than the President, holding there should be unified command by the League of Nations over the military forces of the nations constituting the League. This, the President termed impossible, for the question of who should command would present insuperable difficulty.

At table there was some talk of the personalities of the Conference and the President said that Sonnino always irritated Lloyd George and that Clemenceau showed the peculiar French trait of standing still mentally. He said of Clemenceau, laughingly, that he "was nearly hung for being a radical and that now he was considered a conservative!" All going to show he had not kept up with his world!

Gardiner is a wonderfully well-informed man on all things pertaining to the United States, though he has never been there. He spoke of Lincoln, showing an intimate and sympathetic insight into the Great Emancipator's character. That is always a favorite subject with the President.

Coming to later figures in American politics, the President spoke of Mr. Roosevelt. He spoke of the famous interview he had with Theodore Roosevelt, and that he was amused to find that Roosevelt wanted to go in command of the First Army just as a spectacular feat to put himself before the public.

The President told us Roosevelt admitted quite frankly that he did not consider he had the necessary qualifications but that he wanted to take along a certain number of officers who would advise him and cover up his mistakes . . . The President said these were the best men of the army, invaluable for building up the new army, and the President added that had he published this conversation Roosevelt would probably have denied saying any of it!

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
January 22, 1919.

Yesterday, at luncheon, the President spoke of an extraordinary proposition advanced to him by the President of the Senate when he lunched the other day at the Luxembourg Palace. This was that the United States pay her third of the expense of the war, not only since we came in, but since 1914! These people seem to regard America and the Americans as legitimate prey.

I will say that the French peasant and the little bourgeoisie have always been a lesson to us in thrift and the French peasant is proverbially stingy. Now comes this war which wipes out all their savings, the money-getting instinct is still there, and then arrives the American soldier with his proverbial wastefulness—getting much more money than the poilu—later the rich American in Paris—and the instinct turns into pure thievery, it would seem at times!

This day Mrs. Wilson and I have devoted to shopping. Now that the conferences are on she is much more alone. The President hates to walk and is like a bad child, trying to find excuses not to walk to the Quai d'Orsay, where the Conferences are held.

Usually he is too busy for exercise, as he is seeing people nearly all day when he is not at the Foreign Office. Mrs. Wilson always drives or walks over with him and sometimes I go, but usually I go there to pick her up and go on some shopping excursion.

I did not think two people ever loved each other more than they do. In all the weeks with them I have never heard one cross word; they are always the most devoted lovers. They are two very

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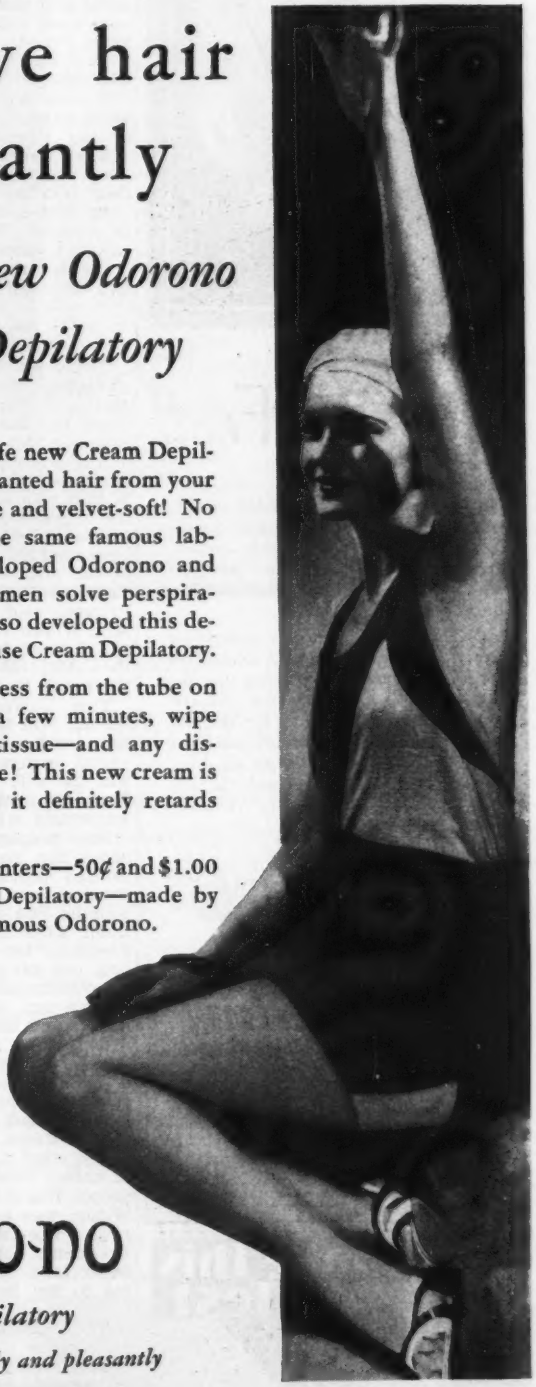

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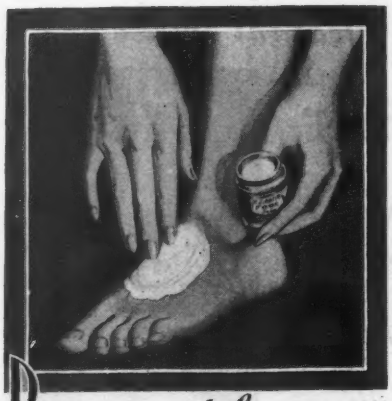

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I never have seen anyone enjoy anything more than he does a recital of one of her stories or experiences. I was amused the other night, when the President was talking to A. G. Gardiner, to hear him say he would like to kill the man who had invented the myth that he couldn't smile and was "a Puritan thinking machine."

I wish I could have divided myself into two while here. I am always so busy!

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
January 23, 1919.

Today has been the scene of another reception. This took in all the French. Many of the Faubourg St. Germain called and the French officials. The Serbian Minister told Mrs. Wilson at dinner at the Lansings' last night that Princess de R—— had said she had heard Mrs. Wilson was quite democratic—meaning, she supposed, "common"—but the Minister said he had heard Mrs. Wilson was descended from one of the first princesses of the original natives of America—the Princess Pocahontas. And then the Princess said she would come to call. Mrs. Wilson remarked that when I met her I must tell the Princess de R—— that Mrs. Bolling lives at the Hotel Powhatan in Washington!

This afternoon one of the French-women said she was part American, for her grandmother was American. She added impressively: "My grandmother was the wife of my grandfather." The President commented dryly that such statements are at times necessary here!

The propaganda is still continuing about the President's visit to the devastated provinces. I think what Mr. Vesnitch said to Mrs. Wilson helped determine him to go rather earlier. Vesnitch, when he heard criticisms of the President for not going, said he could only cite his own case. Before he went to Washington on the Serbian Mission he did not think the President could understand how Serbia has suffered, but after talking with the President he was quite convinced no one in the world had a more tender sympathy and understanding than the President and he knew he had the same for France.

Mrs. Wilson asked him about the concerted effort to force the President to go at once. Vesnitch said that the French people felt hurt and thought President Wilson was not interested in their sorrows. Coercion always fails with the President, but an appeal to his heart never fails. Three people today begged me to see he was persuaded . . .

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
January 27, 1919.

The President read us today from a memorandum marked confidential. Some time ago he had been told that the working women of France had said he had received all the men but had not met the women. He said he would be glad to if they would arrange it with the government. He was duly invited to go last Saturday to the Trocadéro, and accepted, and then was informed that the whole thing in which 10,000 women were to be represented had been called off.

Certain delegates, however, came here on Saturday, some sixty in all, and brought their gifts and speeches of welcome. They were bitterly disappointed they could not have a larger meeting.

Today the President received the explanation. He was told that Clemenceau objected to any more demonstrations in favor of the President; that there were to be no more meetings in which laudatory remarks were made about him or about America's part in the war. The League of Nations was not to be mentioned or indorsed in any way, nor to bring up the question of women receiving equal rights and justice after the peace settlement. That seemed an extraordinary piece of duplicity, for the French delegates to the Commission have all indorsed the League of Nations.

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
January 29, 1919.

The long-expected clouds are growing over the Conference. The smaller meetings are called "conversations" and are necessarily behind closed doors. As I wrote you, I think the press criticism is not well founded, for the President said he never believed in every meeting being public because the Premiers of the big, and particularly the small, countries would be talking for the benefit of their people at home and much time would be wasted in fruitless orating.

He believes that the *results* of all discussions—I mean, *resolutions adopted* and all treaties *made*—should be absolutely public and that there should be no more *secret* treaties or understandings.

The "conversation" today was a most exhausting one. There are men who take down the synopsis of the discussions. Mr. Frazier of our American Embassy in Paris is doing it for the President, but no stenographers are allowed and the press, of course, are not admitted. The discussion started with the German South African colonies, the President and General Smuts wishing to give them over to the League of Nations, which would appoint certain mandatories (nations appointed by the League to act as trustees) to administer their affairs.

Sir Robert Borden, I think, then asked that the representative of the British South African colonies be heard. I think this was Botha. He said as they lay contiguous to the British possessions that British South Africa be allowed to annex them and they should not be given to the League of Nations.

Then the representative of Australia asked for New Guinea, New Zealand for German Samoa, the Japanese for the Carolines and Kiaochow, all alleging as reasons that they are contiguous territory to their own and would prove a menace in the hands of a hostile power. The President said he heard them all through, and then said he could not but feel the League of Nations which they had all ratified only last Saturday would be discredited.

People would say that this was only another war to gain territory; that it would mean every nation should arm to the teeth and pile debt upon debt on the millions they already owed, and that the inevitable end would be Bolshevism in every country. He said he warned them to take notice also that if they persisted in this he would have to insist on the fullest publicity to these proposals, for the people of his country had entered this as a war of no annexations and he could not commit the United States to any such proposals, nor would they stand for it. He said that he felt sure there would be no leakage of news from this meeting!

Lloyd George and Clemenceau supported him, but I doubt if much faith can be put in the latter's support. Canada had no such proposal to make and he said he felt Sir Robert Borden is

friendly to the League of Nations. I think this has been one of the hardest days he has had and I fear there will be many more. The President said this is the test of the League of Nations and if the majority of the nations of the world do not want it he might just as well give up and go home.

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
January 30, 1919.

This has been a day of small doings. The President seemed very depressed and very tired at luncheon because, as he said, Australia and New Zealand were holding up the business of the world. He had already characterized their governments and governmental methods as reactionary and undemocratic. I imagine, too, that the Japanese and the many secret treaties entered into during the war have given endless trouble.

He was busy as usual all day long, and after dinner had a conference with Colonel House and Premier Orlando, Mr. Hugh Frazier, of our Embassy, acting as usual as interpreter. Evidently Orlando is more tractable about Dalmatia, for the President came out in high good humor, said Orlando was a fine fellow and most reasonable, which like the rest of us, in similar circumstances, means he agreed with the President.

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
January 31, 1919.

I am glad to have a chance to write down directly after luncheon what I heard. The President spoke of a curious lack of ingenuousness on Foch's part—whether intentional or not he could not decide. Together, the British, French and United States forces number about 1,500,000. There are twenty-seven German divisions, Foch reported.

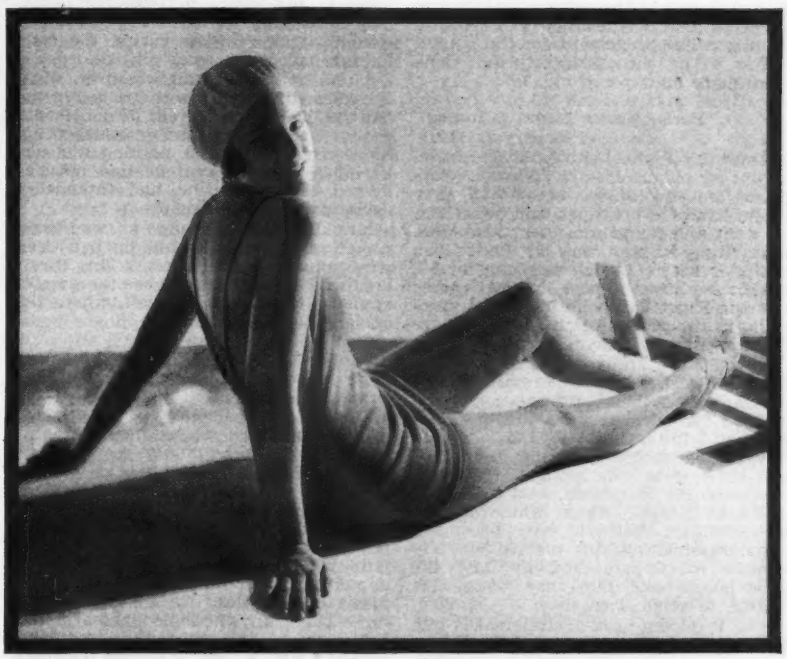
General Pershing, who was not present when Foch sent the statement, but to whom the President sent a memorandum, wrote back and said very politely that Foch had misinformed the President. That what the German Commander Winterfeldt had said to Foch was that there were five German divisions on the bridgeheads and thirty-two on the way home.

The President pondered over the reason for this misstatement of Foch's. The fear of the Germans is almost a mania in France, even now that they are practically impotent. If I understand correctly, the French are trying to make the Americans do the main part of police duty in Germany. One instance which the President had cited was with Poland. They, the Poles, are hemmed about with unfriendly people, and I suppose their affairs are disorganized, so the suggestion was calmly made that the British and French each send a regiment and the Americans a division!

The President said whenever the French called a meeting of the Supreme War Council he found it was to put over some scheme, though he usually found that Foch was certainly *on the surface* very straightforward. Someone asked him about the English, and he said he found them very honest as far as they were allowed to be.

Their problems are difficult ones and I think ours are, too. In Mesopotamia and Arabia they have over a million men and must keep them there to preserve order. The whole of the United States is calling for demobilization of all save the regular army and that could not police those countries.

They want us to be the mandatory for these two countries, but the President said he could not promise such a thing until he had gone home, had made a speech-making tour and educated the



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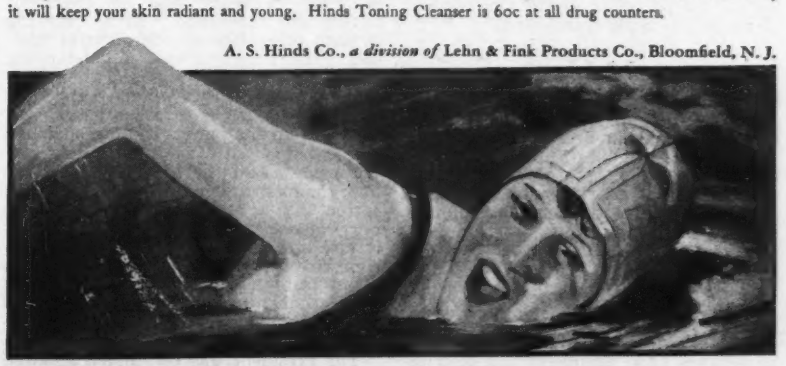

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United States to the point of taking the trusteeship of any European or Asiatic country. The proposal is for the United States to be the mandatory for Constantinople, too.

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
February 2, 1919.

Yesterday I went with Mrs. Wilson on a hunt for picture frames. Someone suggested we should look across the river where things are cheaper, and over there we went and found some very nice ones. Everything is high now in Paris; one hesitates before buying anything and I do not see how the poor live. At places like the Ritz, those who have made fortunes in the war and rich Americans are throwing money away.

Sundays are always quiet for us. Mr. George Creel [then Chairman of the Committee on Public Information], who stopped for luncheon, has just returned from a trip through Poland, Czechoslovakia and those bordering mysterious new-old regions. He brought back some posters which, translated, read, "We want a Wilson peace." From what he said, the President seems to have become a popular saint with his picture in every window everywhere, and in Italy the poor people told him they would like Wilson to reign over them.

The President says all this makes him extremely nervous, for he fears the revulsion which will come when they find he cannot do all they want. The conversation drifted around to the Jews and the Zionist movement, in which the President is much interested. He does not expect all the Jews will want to return to Palestine, but he believes that as a race it would give them the national consciousness they have lacked for centuries.

Tonight he had to go down to the Crillon to go over a paper the Commission had prepared, in which he had to make certain changes, and came home rather brain weary, so as usual he picked up a book and read aloud for an hour. When he is tired he often does that to change the current of his thoughts.

He reads aloud very well, and it is nice to sit around the open fire and listen to good things. You see, we usually dine early, at seven, and then go into his sitting room and stay for a time. Often he works on the typewriter which he has in his study . . .

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
February 4, 1919.

I did no writing yesterday, for I had quite a lot to do straightening up things, and was sleepy and tired when I finally got to bed, and today I can at least go at things with a fresher mind. Yesterday, the reception at the Chamber of Deputies was quite interesting.

We were to reach there after the French President, so we entered by the back door, which looks like the front, and were received by the usual melancholy beats on a drum the French reserve for great persons, also by some of the Garde Républicaine, who have broken out with their horse plumes, metal helmets and white trousers since the war. The Poincarés received the President and Mrs. Wilson.

The President's speech was not delivered with his usual facility because he was very tired from a long conference he had about the League. He says he believes Léon Bourgeois has been instructed to delay and obstruct proceedings just as much as possible. He was tired when he got in the car and just sat back in the seat with Mrs. Wilson's hand in his trying to remember what he had planned to say. The continued trouble at the Crillon during the conference had driven away all his ideas.

After the whole affair was over, when we were driving home, he asked if he had not wandered a great deal. He did hesitate a little, a very unusual thing for him, but otherwise nothing was noticeable. He also said he had not delivered the speech he had intended—deviating in certain points.

Mr. Deschanel made a wonderful speech, and someone said he had been rehearsing his for weeks. The President said he was sorry to see the greater applause came from the left, where the Socialists sit.

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
February 6, 1919.

There are few happenings these days, for the poor President is too tired to do much talking about anything. Notwithstanding his fatigue and crushing responsibilities he is never too tired to be kind and considerate to every one of us and I have never heard one impatient word from him. The only thing which really worries him is to have anyone late or to be detained when he has an appointment. I do not mean late for meals or anything like that, but when he is going anywhere he likes everyone to be ready and started at the hour agreed. Mrs. Wilson is always punctual.

He is working hard even when he is home, redrafting the Constitution of the League of Nations. Yesterday he said Lord Robert Cecil was delegated to write a draft of the League. It was more a digest of the proceedings, and when he presented it every bit of life had been taken out of it and it was absolutely unrepresentative of the proceedings as a whole. So the Committee called for the original American draft. Quite a triumph, was it not? . . .

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
February 9, 1919.

The President spoke of an amusing incident last night which he thought would appear in newspaper accounts of the proceedings of the armistice. Foch was speaking of the request of the German Government that certain prisoners with large families dependent on them be repatriated. This he considered within certain limits a very reasonable request and one which could be granted.

Clemenceau objected, for, with French thrift, he said these men were used in clearing the roads and tearing down the ruins of northern France and the civil authorities want to keep them at this work. Then, the President said, occurred the extraordinary spectacle of the French Secretary of War[10] and his General[11] having an altercation. After "spitting at each other like cats for several minutes," the President not understanding much French, he was amazed when Foch got up and walked with great dignity out of the room. His aide looked bewildered, gathered up the papers the Marshal had left and followed after him.

Consider, said the President, if Baker had summoned Pershing and they had gotten into a squabble like that before an audience of the kind. He said what struck him most was the absolute unconcern of everyone. Clemenceau went about his work after Foch had stalked out as though nothing had happened and every other face was quite as imperturbable as his.

The President was very much annoyed by Lord Wemyss, the British Admiralty Lord, who he said appeared with a long proposition relating to the Peace Conference and not to the Supreme War Council and the armistice. It was the neutralization of the German colonies; the internationalization of the wireless station at Nauen and elsewhere in Germany; handing over to the Allies all German submarines for destruction.

It was in essence the substance of a memorandum prepared by Admiral Benson and his aides in conference with the Allies. Benson had dissented entirely from the idea of presenting this recommendation now, and had no part in it; it was simply the British Government, or Navy, I should say, trying to "put over," as Mr. Wilson said, additional and harder terms in renewing the armistice.

He said the French Minister of Munitions read a long paper, showing that Germany is manufacturing many machine guns and other guns. Mr. Wilson asked on what these figures were based and found they were based on theoretical figures, not supported in any way by facts from the German factories.

You see, the French think that Germany is arming again and they are terrified naturally, for they have nothing left to fight with. Mr. Wilson believes firmly that the German people are tired of war and, even if they were not, the Allies control three-fourths of their resources of raw material and they could not manufacture arms even if they wanted to. He said he was annoyed by this unsportsmanlike wish to impose new and harder conditions each time the armistice is renewed.

He told the council that when he read the original terms of the armistice to Congress, the one opinion expressed there and elsewhere was "this is not an armistice but a surrender," and it was supposed then that the terms were the most drastic that could be imposed and based on an accurate estimate of Germany's military resources. He asked how it would seem now to the world if the Council was entirely discredited, if they admitted they had been mistaken and month by month added new conditions.

Yesterday afternoon I found I was to be free from five to six, so I telephoned Miss Hitchcock and Herbert Bayard Swope, of the New York World, to come to tea. Swope is one of the few men—or women—who can talk for an hour or more and always be interesting.

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
February 10, 1919.

Sundays are usually uneventful. I stay in my room nearly all morning to rest. The President and Mrs. Wilson went to church and in the afternoon took a drive.

I went for a walk with Admiral Knapp, the first one I have had for five or six days, for I am practically never able to get out. I really could not have dreamed I would live with so little exercise, and I wonder the President stands the strain. He has grown very thin, for he is busy all day and many nights.

The French papers are adopting the most obstructive methods, possibly inspired by the French Government. Anyway, the President asked Doctor Grayson today to drop a hint to the American newspapermen to say in their dispatches that if these tactics continued it might be necessary to remove the Conference from Paris to a neutral country.

There has been trouble all along with the French press. There is leakage of news to the French papers, and the

10 Clemenceau.
11 Foch.

English and American newspapermen have been blocked in their efforts to get news.

As the President said tonight, it was very difficult to continue to treat France sympathetically, though he has the kindliest feeling for her, when she persists in regarding him with suspicion. At the Conference today, Klotz (Minister of Finance, I think), read a long paper in which the President said he did not need a final note from Balfour: "This is for you," to let him see it was directed against him.

In retelling the situation to us, the President spoke of the selfishness of the French, who feel they are the only nation which has suffered, forgetting Belgium, with all the machinery gone from her factories, no economic life left —and Serbia and Poland. Because he had said in one of his speeches that those countries must be treated justly, the French had the idea he had come over as the partisan of Germany and were suspicious of him.

Mrs. Wilson and I went to a tea at Mrs. Sharp's. Madame Poincaré and a companion were there. There were about ten people in all and we sat around and talked for a time, and then went out solemnly to tea.

Paris—Prince Murat's House,
February 15, 1919.

My first appearance on the scene of action after my few days in bed with the flu, was Friday afternoon when Madame Poincaré and Madame Pichon (wife of Minister of Foreign Affairs) came to present an exquisite table cover, napkins and doilies from the French Government to Mrs. Wilson. I never cease to marvel at the presents given her abroad. They are always doing some gracious thing like this.

We said good-by to the nice servants who had waited on us so well here, and the old *maitre d'hôtel* said he hoped they could return to serve the President when he comes back—from his trip to America.

It all depends on the question of the house. The French Government accepted the house as a loan from Prince Murat and it has paid all our living expenses, contracting with Larue, one of the largest restaurant keepers in Paris, who sent up the cooks.

The Foreign Office keeps on hand a certain number of servants, and even bedlinen, for distinguished visitors who come to Paris—because entertaining them is part of their business. While accepting the hospitality of the French Government, the President did not feel he could entertain much, or at all. It would be easier if the President could rent a house and be free when he returns to Paris.

Colonel House is trying to arrange that now, but the only house offered for rent of the right size is one at $2,000 a month. That and the fearful cost of living in Paris would make things very expensive. I doubt, though, if the French Government would consent. The President says it is the one country which had a perfect bureaucracy. He says in discussing things with French officials he would state something with Anglo-Saxon directness and say all he had in his mind, and in the reply he would always feel there was something hidden, something at the bottom he could not get at.

Colonel House came up to say good-by and we sat with him until time to go. Downstairs were the French aides and their wives with flowers. Prince Murat, also bearing flowers, was there to see us off from the house and we went to the station in French motors because our guard and chauffeurs had all gone ahead, the President taking back with him all the American guard company stationed at the house.

The station was quite elaborately decorated, and all the French officials, President and Madame Poincaré, Clemenceau and Pichon, the Jusserands, our Embassy staff to see us off, and some officials like the Minister of Marine and Mr. Tardieu to go down to Brest with us.

From memoranda made at the time it appears to me that the English were trying to put things in the way of the Conference. It began when Mr. Lloyd George asked to have the first meeting delayed until after the English elections —message received while the President was on the ocean—and brought about these early visits to England and Italy. Otherwise he would have been marking time in Paris.

He was over there ready to begin the work of making peace. But the representatives of our Allies seemed to want to delay, discredit the Conference—make it appear of little importance—while the President's enemies at home could accuse him of junketing.

They probably thought he would have to go home for the fourth of March and that they could override our commissions and make a peace after the old ideas of underhand combinations and secret diplomacy.

It was a case of one man standing for ideals against three for secret-treaty methods.

But they did not know the resourcefulness of our President. It was about this time that he determined to go home for the fourth of March, and to *return to Paris*, but he did not make it public.

U. S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON,
En Route to New York,
February 22, 1919.

The trip has been uneventful. I have not written much. The President was very tired and slept nearly all the time for several days. The last two days we have had people in for luncheon. The first were three Congressmen: Norton, White and Helvering, who are coming back from a trip to the Front. For me the bright spot of the trip has been having Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt aboard, and I go down to their room to tea nearly every day.

News has just reached us of the attempted assassination of Clemenceau. The President, in speaking of Clemenceau's characteristics, spoke of this peculiar trait of his—that he could not be trusted if he was speaking before an audience. The President recalled one instance, at a meeting of the Supreme War Council, when there was an array of advisers, military and technical, present.

The President made a written suggestion and Clemenceau disagreed with it entirely and, the President said, Clemenceau was so sarcastic, he had difficulty in keeping his temper.

In the afternoon at one of the small meetings of the Peace Conference, when there were only a few persons present, the President made precisely the same proposition and Clemenceau accepted it at once. Orlando, who speaks scarcely any English but has a keen sense of humor, whispered to him with a comprehensive wave of his hand, "No public!"

Next Month Edith Benham Helm tells of anti-American agitation and President Wilson's continued fight against the Three Powers at the Conference

The Bracelet *by Robert Hichens* (*Continued from page 93*)

table. She goes with them to the dressing table. She stays there a long moment with her back to me. Then she comes back, says good-by and goes away. Her manner is coldly rigid.

"When she's gone I remember the bracelet. She must have seen it, yet she hasn't mentioned it, and she has put the flowers exactly in front of it.

"I get out of bed to fetch the bracelet. Just then my devoted maid Anne Marie comes in. I ask her to fetch the bracelet. I watch her. I see her look for it. She turns round and asks where it is, exactly. I tell her. Still she can't find it.

"I jump out of bed, irritated, to get it myself. It's gone. And only Olivia Mansfeld has been to my dressing table —only she. Days pass. I say nothing. Then I go to Lottie Solesby's party. Olivia is there, and she is wearing my bracelet. These are the facts. Well?"

"But no woman who had stolen a bracelet would immediately afterwards wear it in public, and in a place where she knew she'd meet you."

"Perhaps you don't know the remaining fact, the most impudent, unpardonable fact of all. When I met her she showed me the bracelet and actually said it had been given her by the same person who had given me mine!"

"Couldn't that be true?"

"Oh, Captain Chumley!"

"But it's possible."

"Then where is my bracelet?"

Chumley was silent.

"My bracelet vanishes. A similar bracelet reappears on the arm of the woman who was in my room when my bracelet disappeared. What conclusion d'you draw?"

"Miss Mansfeld is incapable——"

"Then who took it? There was no one else in the room."

After a moment Chumley said, "You didn't see that the bracelet was gone while you were alone in the room."

"What do you mean to imply by that?" said Lady Bettine sharply. "Do you mean Anne Marie——"

"Your maid."

"Anne Marie. She's a devoted, faithful Breton whom I've known for years and years. But that isn't the point. I'm not a fool, so I know that. The point is, Anne Marie knew I was watching her when I asked her to bring me the bracelet. She went to the dressing table, looked and turned round immediately. I could see by her face how puzzled she was. I got out of bed immediately and joined her. And I've been angry with her since then."

"Why?"

"Because she will keep on saying that Miss Mansfeld could never do such a thing. So would I have said, sworn that. But facts are facts. Olivia *must* have done it because there was no one else who could have. She *did* do it, and I know what her reason was. It was a typical woman's reason."

"I wish you hadn't spoken about it. To Mrs. Solesby, wasn't it?"

"Yes. She was the first."

"D'you realize what may come of all this?"

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"I can't help that now! Am I to sit down under such an outrage?"

"Lady Bettine," Chumley said firmly, "I know something you haven't told me. There's a man mixed up in this."

A spasm twisted Lady Bettine's thin face. "That can't be helped. He's dead. He's dead." There was violence in her voice. "He and she—Olivia—they deceived me."

"If you don't withdraw this accusation I foresee an awful scandal."

"Why should I deny the truth? I won't. I don't care how great the scandal is. It can't hurt me more than it has already."

"Already?"

Coldly she said, "My husband knows."

"He's a man of the world. Surely he wishes——"

"It's too late. And Olivia deserves to be punished. I have been the victim. Why are you her ambassador? But I know. Of course you're in love with her. A man in love will believe anything. But you are in love with the most deceitful woman in London. I've believed in Olivia as I've never believed in any other woman. And this is what has happened to me. She has tricked me. I have proof of it.

"Keep this to yourself. I tell it to you just to show you what she is. One day—I was going to sit to her for my portrait—I took Brett Arden with me to the studio. He pretended that he had never seen it. She, too, pretended that he had never been in it before. Afterwards I found out that he had spent an evening there several days before, alone with her. My maid met him there; left him there alone with her.

"My maid told me that, afterwards. They played a comedy for me. Whom can one believe in? No one! There's not one trustworthy person—man or woman. I've done with believing." She drew herself up rigidly. Her jaw was quivering. "Now he's dead and he can't play any more tricks on me. But she—— Captain Chumley, don't be a fool. Don't put your trust in Olivia Mansfeld."

Chumley got up.

"Are you going?"

"I must. I'm sorry about all this."

"Do you venture to say that I am in the wrong?" She said it defiantly.

"No. But what can possibly come out of this but misery and harm? Why give the public the poisonous food they love to eat?"

"Only my friends know. The world doesn't know."

"But the world will know."

She stared at him. "She's told you something! What is it?"

But Chumley wouldn't say any more. She had to let him go.

After his interview with Lady Bettine Chumley saw Olivia again and gave his account of it. When he had finished with Lady Bettine's piercing question, "Then where is my bracelet?" Olivia was silent. At last she said:

"No doubt to the world Betty might seem to have good reason for her dreadful suspicion. But she knows me, and she ought to *know* I could never do such a thing." She looked up at him with her steady eyes, then added, "I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that other people might easily think as she does."

Chumley looked uncomfortable, but he said, "I do see it as a difficult problem."

"But on my side there is this. I traveled out to Cannes to see Mr. Arden to get him to defend me by telling the truth. And I have in my possession a letter which I wrote him before starting. In it I told him what had happened and

asked his permission to state the fact that he had given me a bracelet."

Chumley's face cleared. "That would be good evidence for you!" he exclaimed. "Where is it?"

"I have it here in the studio."

After a moment of hesitation Chumley said, "Forgive me for asking. Is that a letter which you could produce in court?"

Olivia quivered. "Oh, I couldn't! I could never allow my letter to be made public. I hadn't thought of that. No, I couldn't. But perhaps I could show it to her, to Bettine."

Chumley looked happier. "There is only one thing to be done," he said. "You must have an interview with Lady Bettine. You must say what you've said to me and show her that letter."

"But if she refuses to see me?"

"You must insist. If necessary, force an interview. You have the right."

"Yes," said Olivia. "All the right is on my side. But she doesn't know that."

"Make her know it. Prove it to her."

"If she'll see me."

"She must see you."

"Isn't it terrible? We have been such friends, but she wouldn't even speak to me on the telephone."

Chumley saw the other side of a woman's friendship—a woman's enmity, fierce in its obstinacy, having a man for the cause. And he was troubled.

"She must see you," he repeated. "But she thinks you have given her cause to doubt your *bona fides*. She thinks you deceived her. I mean, before the bracelet affair."

He saw a painful discomfort show in Olivia's face. She looked less courageous.

"There was—something," she said. Then she turned the conversation.

Chumley went away feeling very unhappy.

Olivia made the attempt to see Lady Bettine but was repulsed. Lady Bettine's secretary wrote a brief note to say that her ladyship was sorry but she was unable to see Miss Mansfeld.

As she looked at this typewritten communication the sensation of nightmare which had of late encompassed Olivia deepened. So much that was terrible had come upon her in so short a time that she was still stunned. Life seemed to her wholly unnatural. She confronted it with a sensation of fear.

Sorrow for Brett gnawed perpetually at her heart. His passing left a black gap in her life. She still trembled under its shock. And, trembling under it, she was forced to cope with an abominable scandal.

The whole of society was talking about Lady Bettine's bracelet. It was obvious to those who had their ears to the floor of London's vast whispering gallery that events in the "bracelet affair," as it was already being called, were moving in the direction of crisis.

Olivia's reply to Lady Bettine's refusal to see her was the dealing of a blow to her former friend. And this blow was not dealt out of feminine spite, but rather in self-protection. She wrote a letter to Lady Bettine marked "Strictly Private," in which she gave an account of her love affair with Brett Arden, her reasons for keeping it secret, and her innocence in the matter of Brett's visit with Lady Bettine to the studio.

In dealing with this she was obliged to let Brett Arden's love of deception appear plainly. But she felt that it was now essential to make things clear to Lady Bettine.

With the letter she enclosed the box of white jade that Brett had received from Lady Bettine and had given to her. Within the box was a card on

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which was written: "He gave me this. I only send it to show you that he might have given me a bracelet similar to the one he gave you."

She mentioned the letter she had written to Brett at Cannes but did not enclose it. When she read it again she felt that she could never let anyone see it, and in a fit of fear she hurriedly burned it.

She waited for an answer from Lady Bettine. None came. But on the day after her letter and parcel had gone the jade box was returned to her. No word was inside it.

When she received it Olivia came to a sudden decision. She told her parents that she was going down to Credon.

"What for?" said her father. "What's the good of that?"

"I want to see Josephine Lite."

So Olivia went down to Credon. She did not let Old Jo know she was coming.

A thaw had set in. The snow was melting. Water was released from the ice. The leafless trees dripped. Credon looked aimless and dreary.

THE old housekeeper who was in charge had had a fire lighted in Olivia's bedroom. But Olivia didn't stay there. She put on a pair of thick boots and at once walked to Credon Cottage.

In answer to her ring Arthur came. He looked surprised to see her.

"Good day, miss. We didn't know you were down."

"I only came today. Is Miss Lite in?"

"Yes, miss. She *will* be pleased. If you'll step in, miss."

Olivia "stepped in" eagerly.

Old Jo was bent over her enormous writing table. The pen in the sensitive hand was traveling rapidly over a sheet of paper. She looked up as Arthur opened the door and saw Olivia behind him.

"Coffee, Arthur, for two, and hot buttered toast!" was her first remark. Then, as Arthur retired, she got up and added, "So!" And she held out her hands.

As Olivia took them she said, "Yes. I remember. 'So if you ever need a friend you might do worse, perhaps, than turn in at my gate.' I do need a friend—badly—and I have turned in. Do you know——"

"Of course I know! Take off your fur and sit here. What is that in your hand?"

"My bracelet!" said Olivia, giving Old Jo a small velvet box.

She sat by the fire and Old Jo took out and examined the bracelet. After a moment she returned it to Olivia.

"Very beautiful!" she remarked. She sat down in an armchair opposite Olivia's. "Put it back in its box—the damned thing!" she said. "It probably came from a Russian refugee to carry difficulty into your life. And so it was one of a pair!"

"You know all about my—all that has happened; all that they are saying?"

"I expect so. But you might tell me briefly."

Olivia told her everything that had occurred in connection with the bracelet since she had first seen its counterpart round the golden owl on Lady Bettine's dressing table. Old Jo listened without saying a word. Arthur came in with his silver tray, arranged its contents on a table by the fire and departed.

Olivia went on speaking while Old Jo played the hostess' part. But all the time she was listening intently. At last Olivia stopped speaking, and at once Old Jo said:

"You were angry when you saw the bracelet on Lady Bettine's table?"

"I couldn't help it. My present duplicated!"

"Did you show your anger?"

"I don't know. I didn't mean to."

"Were you long in front of the dressing table?"

"I may have stood for a minute. I was startled."

"You probably examined the bracelet to make sure it was exactly like yours."

"Yes; I did."

"Then you must have stood for a moment. And no doubt Lady Bettine noticed that."

"She did! I remember she called out to me, 'What are you doing?'"

Old Jo's weather-beaten face looked grim. "Why did you wear your bracelet at Mrs. Solesby's party, Olivia?"

"I felt—it was petty of me, perhaps—that I must let Bettine know——"

"Exactly! Exactly! That the man you cared for had paid you at least as much tribute as he had paid her."

"I had an overpowering impulse to do that," said Olivia in a low voice. "It wasn't fine."

"Let us say it was feminine. Is it true that you are thinking of going to law about this?"

"It's terrible, but perhaps I shall have to. Since she didn't even reply to my letter!"

"Olivia," said Old Jo, "being myself a woman I understand your sending the cigaret box to Berkeley Square. But let me tell you that if you had wanted to make an implacable enemy of Lady Bettine you couldn't have chosen a more certain way than you did when you dispatched that bit of jade."

"Yes, I suppose so. But I thought the jade box would prove to her that——"

"She'll never believe it!" Old Jo interrupted. "For where is her bracelet? You saw it on her dressing table. Where is it now? Do you doubt Lady Bettine's word when she swears it has vanished?"

"Of course not."

"You say that! But mightn't she have lied about it to get you into trouble?"

"Oh, no! Never!" Olivia exclaimed. "Betty is incapable of such a thing!"

"A jealous woman!" said Old Jo insinuatingly.

"Put that out of your mind. Betty couldn't do such a vile thing."

"Olivia," Old Jo said, with a soft intonation in her usually brusque voice, "you are finer than she is."

"Why?"

"Because you know and trust her character, and she doesn't know and doesn't trust yours. She is able to believe you a thief. That damns her in my estimation." With the final words her voice became hard, implacable. "Now for a cigar!" she added. "Take a cigaret if you want one. I consider myself a reasonable woman, as women go, but if I saw you steal I don't think I could believe you a thief. No! However, that's not the point. The point is, who's got that bracelet? What's *your* theory?"

"I have none."

"Well, I have. It must be that maid, Anne Marie."

"Anne Marie!"

"Who else could it be? We know it wasn't you."

"But my father has heard that Bettine was with Anne Marie in the bedroom when Anne Marie was looking for the bracelet. She was watching. She told Anne Marie to fetch the bracelet, which Anne Marie had never seen——"

"How d'you know that?"

"Anne Marie told me so."

"H'm!" grunted Old Jo.

"Bettine says so, too, my father has heard; says Anne Marie didn't even know she had it. Anne Marie went to the dressing table and at once said she couldn't see any bracelet. Then Bettine got out of bed, went to the dressing table and the bracelet wasn't there."

"Very strange!" said Old Jo. "But then who took the bracelet? The issue is narrow enough. Either you took it, or Lady Bettine took it and now lies about it, or Anne Marie took it."

"But Bettine was there all the time," Olivia said. "Anne Marie couldn't have taken the bracelet."

"Then the devil must have gone off with it," said Old Jo. "And much good may it do his Satanship! If this matter ever comes before a jury," she added, "I see clearly what will happen. It will go ill with you, Olivia, unless you can prove that this bracelet"—she tapped the velvet box—"was given you by Brett Arden. Did it come through the post?"

"No. He gave it to me in my studio."

"Tch! Tch!"

"But I went to Cannes."

"You might have done that because he was ill. Or you might have done it to get him to lie for you."

"Oh!"

"Don't be angry! The question is what a jury might be persuaded to think. Have you no proof that he gave you this bracelet?"

"I wrote him a letter telling him what was being said and begging him to let me say he had given it to me."

"Good! Good! Where's that letter?"

"I got it from his valet in Cannes and burned it."

"You burned it! Why?"

"Because when I reread it I knew I could never allow it to be read in public."

"Then you realized its value to you in case of a trial?"

"Yes. That was why I asked Wacher, Mr. Arden's valet, to give it to me."

"Well, that's done, and can't be undone."

"I can't regret having burned it."

"But having no proof that I can see, what are you going to do?"

"If Bettine doesn't withdraw her accusation against me I must bring an action to clear my character."

"An action for slander! Would you win it?"

"Even if there were no chance of my winning, I should make the attempt to clear my character. I couldn't do otherwise."

"Brave creature!" said Old Jo. "You must fight this. I see that. Let's talk it out."

THEY had a long and, to Olivia, a painfully interesting talk, in which she learned to appreciate the worldly wisdom and hard-headed logic of Old Jo. With occasional help from Olivia, Old Jo went into the matter of Lady Bettine's loss as it would appear to a judge and a jury.

In her exposition Old Jo was pitiless. Unerringly she laid a finger on the points that would inevitably tell against Olivia: her secret intrigue with a married man, and the fact that she carefully kept this intrigue from the knowledge of her greatest woman friend even after she had learned that this friend had fallen in love with her own lover. These two facts, Old Jo said, if known to a jury, would inevitably create in their minds the belief that they had to deal with a woman who was tricky and deceptive; one who had not "run straight" even with her most intimate friend. From the start, then, a British jury would have a strong bias against Olivia.

If the matter came to a trial no doubt it could not be kept from the jury that Lady Bettine Fayne had been more than

a friend to Brett Arden. Already it was being said in London that Colonel Fayne was going to separate from his wife on account of her intimacy with Arden.

(This was news to Olivia, but Old Jo in her country cottage was fully informed of everything of social importance that was occurring in London.)

A British jury, always proud in respectability, whatever their private conduct, would certainly think ill of Olivia for allowing her friend to be drawn into an intrigue without saying a word of warning as to Brett Arden's true character, thoroughly known to her through her own intimacy with him. Hence, before ever the actual crux of the matter was reached, the minds of the jury would be poisoned against Olivia. And then would come some hard facts.

Old Jo recapitulated the incidents in Lady Bettine's bedroom on the evening of the bracelet's disappearance, and what happened at Mrs. Solesby's party.

"Then we come to your visit to Cannes, Olivia. The fact that you journeyed to Cannes to see Brett Arden about the bracelet would have told tremendously in your favor if you had kept the letter you tell me you wrote him before starting. But as you have burned that letter counsel for Lady Bettine would endeavor to make the already prejudiced jury believe that you rushed out to Cannes in a fit of terror to try to persuade your lover to lie for you, knowing he was dangerously ill, perhaps dying."

Olivia got up abruptly from her chair by the fire. "But do *you* believe in me? Do you?" she exclaimed.

"Of course I do! I am merely exposing your case as I see it must and will be exposed if it ever comes to a trial between you and Lady Bettine. That's what will be said—that you went out to Cannes to persuade Brett Arden to tell a lie for you. Ah, why did you burn that letter?"

"I'd rather be thought a thief than have that letter read out in court. So please—please don't speak of it again!" said Olivia violently. "Don't be angry with me," she added. "If you knew——"

"I do know. I do. All this hurting is done out of friendship. I have learned in my life that it is madness not to look important facts in the face. Those are the facts. And against them a counsel on your side would be compelled to try to prove one of two things: either that Lady Bettine stole her own bracelet, or that Anne Marie managed to steal it while Lady Bettine was in the room looking on.

"That Lady Bettine took it you say is incredible. And I'm inclined to believe so, though jealous women have been known to do things quite as incredible. That Anne Marie stole it would probably strike a British jury as incredible, too. But is it?"

Olivia stood by the fire in profound thought. She was going over her acquaintance with Anne Marie; was trying to arrive at a definite conclusion about her, and, in doing that, was trying to be strictly impartial mentally. Was Anne Marie so daringly evil—that was the point, daringly—as to be capable of such an extraordinary theft?

It seemed certain that Anne Marie had stolen it. And yet Olivia could scarcely believe it. For how would a woman, however criminal, dare to steal when she knew she was being watched by the very person from whom she was stealing? How could she be certain that she could bring off such a coup without being detected? The possession of such coolness, such certainty of her capacity, implied something almost diabolic in her nature.

"Is it?" repeated Old Jo.

"I don't know. How can I know? But through Captain Chumley I know that Anne Marie told Lady Bettine of meeting Brett in my studio; a fact she had kept secret until the bracelet disappeared."

"Ah! Is Captain Chumley in this, then?"

"Since—I tell you, but no one else must know—since these hideous things have been said about me he has asked me to marry him."

"That's evidently a *man!*" said Old Jo.

"Yes," Olivia said simply.

"Of course you've refused him."

"Of course. I may have done wrong, what many people would consider very wrong. But I don't go from one man to another."

"No, you're not that kind."

"Since you've been talking to me this evening I don't know what kind I am," Olivia said, with a sort of proud despair. "It seems to me that one's own outlook on what one does must be utterly different from the outlook of anyone else. I ought to have stuck to my standard and been frank with Bettine. Perhaps I am being punished because I've been false to my own knowledge of the right thing to do."

"Well, then, for heaven's sake stick to your own knowledge henceforth," said Old Jo, in her bluffest manner. "And your friends will stand by you."

"Friends! I only know of two."

"Name them."

"You and Captain Chumley." Olivia gripped Old Jo's bony right wrist. "You believe in me? Whatever happens, you couldn't doubt me?"

"Of course not."

"Roger Chumley believes in me. He must, or he would never have asked me to marry him *now*. But all the others! Don't you see that I've got to prove to all the others that I'm incapable of doing a vile thing to a friend? And how can I prove that now except by bringing an action for slander against Bettine?"

"A man in it! The scandal will be terrible." Old Jo seemed greatly troubled.

"I must go to the bitter end of this," said Olivia. "Win or lose, I shall go on."

"I want you to win, Olivia! But I'll be frank with you. I'm afraid of an action."

"Do you think I could lose it?"

"I don't say you would actually lose it."

"Actually? What do you mean by that?"

"In an action for slander damages are claimed. Suppose you won your action and the jury awarded you a farthing?"

"I understand what you mean."

"I wish to goodness I could clap my eyes on that maid, Anne Marie," said Old Jo. "But mind this: You keep away from her. And if she attempts to get in touch with you, don't let her."

"But why should she?"

"She might. And if you decide to go on let me take you to Bascombe and Bascombe. They're by far the best solicitors in London for a job like this. And now"—she looked at her wrist watch—"it's getting late. You'll stay to supper and I'll motor you back." She got up and rang the bell.

Olivia did decide to "go on." But when she expressed her determination to clear her character in a court of justice, her father made moan about the tremendous expense he would be put to by the lawyers. "And then," he added, "there's this dreadful business with that man—Arden. It will all come out."

"I realize that, of course. Father, I'm terribly sorry for the trouble and misery this is bringing on Mother and you. I know I'm to blame, very much to blame, but I'm not a thief and I'm not a traitor to friendship. Nor am I a coward. As Bettine has not withdrawn her accusation, I have to give her the opportunity to prove it publicly."

"But she can't. How can she?" Sir Leith stared at his daughter, then lowered his eyes. "If only that bracelet could be found! Then this monstrous calumny would be knocked on the head at once. Where is it? Where is it?"

A cold feeling of estrangement crept in Olivia. That "Where is it?" was like a stone flung at her—flung by one of her own blood. But she only said:

"Some day it will surely be found."

"Some day! To be of any use to us, it must be found now—now!" Sir Leith looked at his daughter with the furtiveness she was learning to know and dread, and went out of the room.

Furtive, examining eyes, eyes taking stock of her as if she were something abnormal, phenomenal—soon she was to see such eyes wherever she went among people who knew who she was.

One day her mother came to her almost frantically with a "proposition."

"What is it, Mother?"

"Why not send back the bracelet you have to Lady Bettine? Let her have it and then surely she'll feel how wicked and absurd all this is!"

"Why should I give my bracelet to Bettine?" said Olivia so sternly that Lady Mansfeld flushed and then grew pale. "And what do you mean by sending it back?"

"Nothing—nothing. I only thought——"

"I shall never give that bracelet to anyone."

"Olivia is ungovernable," Lady Mansfeld said to her husband. "And how terribly she deceived us about Brett Arden!"

"Old Josephine Lite seems to trust her," said Sir Leith. "It's through her that Olivia's going to Bascombe and Bascombe. They're the most expensive solicitors in London, but Miss Lite insists on taking Olive to them. I only hope Lady Bettine will have to pay costs. If she doesn't I shall be obliged to sell our lease here."

"Here" was the house in Great Cumberland Place.

"That won't matter if Olive loses," said Lady Mansfeld. "For of course we shall never be able to show our faces in London again."

"She mustn't lose!" said Sir Leith. "She's got to win." The words were strong enough. But they were said in a wavering, doubtful voice. "If only that bracelet could be found!" he added.

Messrs. Bascombe and Bascombe, of Seeley Place, Westminster, in the person of the head of the firm, Sir Benjamin Bascombe, echoed that pious wish when Olivia interviewed him in the company of Old Jo.

He was a middle-aged man, quiet, keen, with the charming manners of a man of the world. He was, it seemed, an old acquaintance of Miss Josephine Lite and evidently appreciated her.

Sir Benjamin put Olivia through a stiff cross-examination. Eventually he agreed to act for Olivia and to brief on her behalf a young barrister of whom he had a soaring opinion, Mr. H. B. Lane. But in an interview which he had alone with Old Jo he made no secret of his opinion that the action bristled with difficulties.

"It will be looked upon by the average man and woman, and that is by almost everybody, as a dingy and sordid fracas between two jealous women,

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caused by their passion for a man who tricked them both. It will be said on one side that Lady Bettine Fayne invented the story of a theft to avenge herself on her former friend, when she discovered that this friend had had an affair with her lover. On the other side, it will be said that Miss Mansfeld stole the bracelet of Lady Bettine in a furious impulse of jealousy. And the indifferent or neutral-minded folk will say that anyhow Miss Mansfeld had to get her character whitewashed.

"There is, so far as I can see, no proof that Lady Bettine knew of Miss Mansfeld's relations with Mr. Arden before the fatal visit to the Berkeley Square bedroom, nor—unless, as she asserts, she did have a bracelet similar to Lady Bettine's—that Miss Mansfeld could have *known* that the bracelet on Lady Bettine's dressing table came from Mr. Brett Arden. But counsel could easily make a jury think that these two women did know that they had the same lover, and hated each other while pretending friendship."

"I see it as you do," said Old Jo. "But I think Olivia has to go ahead. If she doesn't she'll be damned without trial."

"D'you believe in her?" said Sir Benjamin sharply.

"Absolutely," said Old Jo.

"Well, we'll do our best to get a judge and a jury to believe in her, too. I shall brief Lane. He's a brilliant fellow. But I warn you, as you're Miss Mansfeld's friend, that it's going to be an ugly case.

"If there is a second bracelet, where is it? Lady Bettine must have it, or else this maid, this Breton Anne Marie, must have it. But it will be difficult to get a British jury to believe that a servant would steal a bracelet when she knew her mistress was watching her. Do you really believe that is what happened?"

"I have no idea what happened. All I know is that Olivia Mansfeld never stole her friend's bracelet."

"Ah!" said Sir Benjamin. "You go purely on conception of character."

"I do," returned Old Jo emphatically.

"And evidently you have absolute faith in your own capacity to judge character correctly."

"Are you inclined to dispute my capacity in this instance?"

"Well, Miss Lite, I don't want to dispute it. But a long and varied experience of this wicked world has taught me that humanity, and especially feminine humanity, is very deceptive. Miss Mansfeld, I'm bound to say, has made a good impression upon me. But for all that, she may be an intelligent scoundrel. This case has ugly features in it," he added. "It will give us a great deal of trouble. And I'm far from certain of the outcome."

"There I agree with you."

"It's a comfort to know you have a brain as well as a heart," observed Sir Benjamin. "Now, then, about this maid, Anne Marie. She's the crux of this case. I wish I could see her. Being for Miss Mansfeld, I can't try in any way to get at her. But I wish I could lay my eyes on her. And," he added, "I should like to lay my eyes on her in your company."

A few days after this conversation, when Anne Marie was coming out of a flower shop in Mayfair one frosty morning, she happened to meet a middle-aged man walking with a tall, gaunt, elderly woman. These two were in earnest conversation and passed Anne Marie apparently without noticing her. For her part, she noted the elderly woman's dress and hat, and went on her way with a murmured:

"Mon Dieu! Quelle vieille horreur!"

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What's To Be Done About Bill?

Father wants the car to go out to the golf links, but here is the garage empty again and Bill gone.

Not the first time either. It has been happening with increasing regularity ever since Bill got his driver's license. Father is becoming more and more exasperated and mother more worried even as she urges patience.

Bill, with his red hair, good looks and easy going nature, is undoubtedly the most popular boy in high school, where he has one more year to go. But his teachers can't say he is the most studious. In fact, he has "slipped" a bit during the past year.

He is slated to enter college a year from September, but Bill is too busy having a good time to be concerned about it.

What is to be done?

The answer is, a good preparatory school—where popularity is not inconsistent with a creditable record in class work—where there are plenty of worth while interests, fewer distractions, and an atmosphere conducive to systematic work and study—where the training of youth is a science and not a neglected and necessary duty as with busy parents.

Parents who are interested in selecting a school will find a comprehensive directory of good schools, beginning on page four of this issue of Cosmopolitan. Feel free to write the heads of these schools regarding your boy or girl, or if you wish some help in the selection of a school write

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In the month of November of that year Olivia was alone in the studio seeking for courage with which to face a crisis which she knew to be necessary but which she dreaded too much. Within a week her action for slander against Lady Bettine would come up for hearing.

Long ago Olivia's solicitors, Bascombe and Bascombe, had sent to Lady Bettine the letter before action, pointing out her slander upon their client, demanding an unequivocal public apology, the withdrawal of the accusation of theft, and stating that if Lady Bettine was not prepared to comply with their demand their instructions were to take proceedings against her for damages. Long ago Lady Bettine's solicitors had replied, refusing any apology or withdrawal. Now the battle was almost joined.

Olivia had had a long period of preparation for the ordeal which was now so near. And yet she was not prepared, was not ready for the ordeal. She dreaded the publicity.

Although of course it had never been said, and would have been denied vehemently had she alluded to it, Olivia was convinced that both her father and her mother were uncertain about how Brett's bracelet had come into her possession. The discovery of her secret association with Brett had been a shock from which they had never recovered. They distrusted her. She had earned that distrust by being false to herself.

For a long while Olivia had felt sure that everyone who knew her felt doubts about her except Old Jo and Roger Chumley. They certainly believed in her.

For the rest, Olivia was positive that even her solicitor, Sir Benjamin Bascombe, and her leading counsel, H. B. Lane, wondered whether she hadn't perhaps, in a moment of madness caused by acute jealousy, stolen her friend's bracelet and then, with astounding audacity, endeavored to cover her theft by the assertion that she had been given it.

"Doubt everybody—till you know!" That was evidently the guiding maxim of lawyers—and of others too.

There was a sharp knock on the outer door of the studio. Olivia went quickly to open it.

Anne Marie stood outside in the gathering darkness.

Directly Olivia saw Anne Marie she remembered that Old Jo had said Anne Marie might try to see her. She remembered, too, Sir Benjamin Bascombe's warning to her not to have anything to do with Anne Marie. But mightn't Anne Marie have come to——

She felt her heart beating violently. Perhaps she was on the edge of a revelation.

"Good evening, Mademoiselle. Can I speak to you for a minute?"

That staccato voice! What memories it called up!

"Why do you want to speak to me? Have you anything special to say?"

"Mademoiselle, I have been wishing to speak to you for a long time. But how could I? Being milady's trusted maid, and she feeling as she does, it was difficult for me."

"Difficult! But then why have you come now? If you couldn't come before, why come now?"

"I felt I had to come, Mademoiselle," Anne Marie said. "You see, *it* is getting so near now."

"Yes? Yes?"

"Might I come in for a moment, Mademoiselle? I will not keep you long."

Olivia hesitated. She stared at Anne Marie, trying to read her, to gather news from her. Again she remembered Sir Benjamin's warning and the even sterner warning of Old Jo. "Keep away from her. If she attempts to get in touch with you, don't let her."

"Why do you want to come in?" Olivia said. "If you have anything to say to me you can say it here, surely."

Anne Marie cast a curious glance at Olivia. It was fleeting and cold but expressive. To Olivia it seemed to convey contemptuous pity and condemnation, as if of stupidity so glaring that a keen intelligence must sneer at it.

"If Mademoiselle is afraid of me——" began Anne Marie.

"Afraid! I'm afraid of no one. But I don't see what reason you can possibly have for coming to me."

"I have come, but I am willing to go, Mademoiselle, if I am unwelcome. Good night, Mademoiselle."

And Anne Marie turned sharply to go, but only after having sent another strange glance full of pitying satire at Olivia. It seemed to say, "You poor fool! What a chance you are missing!"

Suddenly Olivia felt that perhaps she was missing something of vital importance to her. "Stop a minute, please!" she called out.

Anne Marie stopped by the gate and turned her head. "Mademoiselle?"

"Did Lady Bettine send you?"

"Milady!" The staccato voice sounded sharp with surprise. "No! How should she? She does not know. Of course not."

"Have you something important to tell me?"

"I have something to tell Mademoiselle."

"Then tell it to me here."

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," said Anne Marie, with a touch of offended dignity that was apparently genuine, "but if I am considered unfit to put my foot in the room I helped to arrange for Mademoiselle I would rather go."

Again Olivia hesitated. Old Jo and Sir Benjamin Bascombe were both, she felt, far cleverer about people than she was. They, could they know what was happening, would surely tell her to let Anne Marie go. But—she was a queer woman. Suppose she had come to tell something of importance about the bracelet.

"Wait a minute!"

"Yes, Mademoiselle?"

"Is it something about Lady Bettine's bracelet?"

"Yes," said Anne Marie, almost roughly.

"Come here for a moment, please," said Olivia.

But now Anne Marie hesitated. And it was this apparent hesitation that conquered Olivia's doubt, made her resolve to defy the warnings she had received.

"If you have come all this way you had better tell me," she said, also with a hint of roughness, for her nerves were on edge and she wasn't happy in her defiance. "Please come into the studio."

Anne Marie came back, looking grim and hard. Evidently she had felt herself insulted.

"Considering how things are, can't you understand?" said Olivia.

"What, Mademoiselle?"

"You are on Lady Bettine's side against me. Why should you come to me?"

"Shall I come in, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes."

Anne Marie stepped in briskly and waited in the passage while Olivia shut the front door. When they were in the studio, Olivia said:

"Please sit down. Take that chair."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle."

"And now what is it? Why have you come?"

As she spoke she looked into Anne Marie's shining eyes, but they told her nothing. Like tiny bits of lighted-up steel, they met hers. And yet didn't they

tell her something by their shining hardness? That this woman had certainly not come to her to make a confession? Didn't they tell her that? And hope died down in her.

"Has Lady Bettine's bracelet been found?" she said dully.

"Oh, no, Mademoiselle."

Those wrinkles had begun to work, and there was that old illusion of a flickering smile about the sunken eyes.

"Then what is it?"

"For a long time I have been wanting to tell Mademoiselle I *know* milady is wrong in her dreadful suspicions."

Olivia said in a cold voice, "How can you know such a thing?"

And as she said that she was thinking, "Any more than I can know that you aren't the thief!"

Anne Marie's reply surprised her. It was: "Because I know Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle could never do such a thing. I have said that to milady again and again. But it is no use."

Olivia said nothing for a moment. She was astonished to get from a servant the tribute of instinct which had been refused to her tacitly by her father and mother, by her greatest woman friend, by her leading counsel, by her solicitor. Then there came to Olivia the thought, "But this may be knowledge given by facts, not arising from instinct."

She said coldly, "If I did not take that bracelet, where is it? Have you any theory?"

"I never saw it, Mademoiselle. Milady told me it was there, but it was not there."

"And you say you know I couldn't have taken it. Then where do you suppose it is?" As she asked the question she watched Anne Marie closely, but detected no change in her enigmatic face.

"I can only think——" Anne Marie began. She stopped.

"Yes? What?" said Olivia less coldly.

"Milady often forgets."

"Forgets what?"

"It may be one thing, it may be another, Mademoiselle. But milady forgets. Could she not have put away the bracelet somewhere and have forgotten?"

"But I saw it round the owl on her dressing table."

"But milady was alone after Mademoiselle went away till I came."

"How could she have put the bracelet away and still have thought it was on her dressing table?"

"If milady's mind was taken up with other things?"

"Impossible!" said Olivia brusquely. "You can't think so!"

A horrid conviction had come to her that this woman was playing with her, was trying to trick her. This interview was futile. Perhaps it was not only futile but dangerous.

"Have you really come all this way to try to make me think that?" she said. "But you must know as well as I do that it is impossible. You are not stupid."

"What else can I think, Mademoiselle?" said Anne Marie stolidly. "I know Mademoiselle did not take the bracelet." She paused. "I know that I have never even seen it. Milady must have been alone in the room with it after Mademoiselle left."

"Are you trying to get me to think that Lady Bettine has the bracelet?" said Olivia with sudden fierceness.

Anne Marie got up. "Milady is angry with me because I have always said that Mademoiselle knows nothing about the bracelet. Now Mademoiselle is angry with me."

"But what are you implying?"

"Only this, Mademoiselle, that Mademoiselle must not think that I am against

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her. They tell me I have to go into a box and tell what I know. That I shall do and I shall tell the truth. But if I am asked I shall say what I have always said—that I know Mademoiselle had nothing to do with the disappearance of the bracelet. However angry milady is with me, even if she sends me away from her service, that is what I shall say.

"I may be only a servant, but I value the truth. Where the bracelet is, that is not for me to say, because I do not know. But Mademoiselle has not got it. That I know. And I thought I should tell that to Mademoiselle. Now I will not take up any more of Mademoiselle's time. Good evening."

Directly she had finished speaking she turned and went out of the studio. An instant later Olivia heard the front door open and shut. She was left alone saying to herself, "Why did she come to me? Why?"

That curious, fleeting glance of Anne Marie, cold, contemptuous even, yet apparently pitying! It had tricked Olivia into a conviction that if she let Anne Marie go without learning what had brought her she might never know something it was essential she should know. And all that she had gathered was that Anne Marie didn't believe her to be a thief. Nothing else!

Then what had that look meant?

Darkness had fallen. Olivia looked around helplessly. She shut up the studio and went out, feeling that Anne Marie was immeasurably cleverer, immeasurably more subtle than herself.

Perhaps she had been a fool to let her into the studio.

The action Mansfeld *versus* Fayne came on during the first half of December. On the night before the hearing, the night of December the eleventh, soon after eight o'clock Sir Leith and Lady Mansfeld sat down to dinner with Olivia in their house in Great Cumberland Place. Sir Leith had aged somewhat, had become restless, irritable and nervous. The expense he was being put to worried him badly. But of course Olivia would get her costs and damages as well.

"Shouldn't wonder if she has to pay you five thousand pounds!" he had said more than once to his daughter.

"It isn't money I want, Father."

"I know; I know! But still money always comes in handy. And she deserves to be touched in her pocket. She ought to have known better. An old friend like that. When she loses they'll all turn against her. See if they don't! I know my London!"

But meanwhile he no longer cared to show himself at his clubs, to dine out, or to be seen at the theater. The publicity he and his wife were subject to was tormenting. Sir Leith had been having a bad time of late, and he showed it, both in appearance and manner.

Lady Mansfeld, on the other hand, after passing through a long period of abject despair, seemed to have gained a region in which anxiety was mingled with a sense of importance. For so resounding was the scandal of the bracelet that anyone closely connected with it had become a target for attention and eager curiosity. And gradually this attention and curiosity had almost turned Lady Mansfeld's head.

An excited butler and footman waited on the Mansfelds at that family dinner on the evening before Olivia's action came up for hearing. While they were in the room little was said. In the afternoon Olivia had attended a final conference with her solicitor, H. B. Lane, her leading counsel, and his junior, Ralph Leland.

At last dessert was on the table and the servants left the room. Directly they had gone Lady Mansfeld said:

"Olivia, dear, what are you going to wear tomorrow?"

"I don't know, Mother. I haven't thought about it."

"But it's so important, dear!"

"I don't think so, Mother. I don't think it matters at all. I shall be decently dressed and that's enough."

"Decently! I'm certain that Lady Bettine will wear something exquisite. She's clever enough to know that a woman's appearance makes all the difference with a judge and a jury. Doesn't it, Leith?"

"How should I know? I'm not a judge and—by the way, I'm sorry you're to come up before Justice Pridux, Olive."

"Why, Father?"

"Why? Because he's the most unsympathetic judge on the English Bench."

"I don't want sympathy. I only want justice."

"That's all very well," said Sir Leith. "But it's no disadvantage to come before a judge who has a heart. And they say Sir Robert Pridux takes a positive pleasure in passing heavy sentences and loathes an acquittal."

"There will be no question of passing sentence on anyone in my case."

"Won't there? Won't there? What future will you have if you don't win and get heavy damages?"

Before Olivia could answer this sinister question Lady Mansfeld struck in with, "You ought to wear black, Olive; plain black and your fox furs and a black hat. I think a gardenia would look well in the front of your coat. That, with white gloves, would——"

"Adelaide, what is the good of all this drivel? The whole of Olive's future, and ours too, hangs on what happens within the next day or two. And you babble on about white gloves and gardenias!"

"Well, everyone knows that with men—and most of the jury, if not all, are sure to be men—what a woman looks like is half the battle. Olive oughtn't to neglect anything that might impress a jury in her favor. I know what I'm talking about."

"Olive," exclaimed Sir Leith, turning almost with violence towards his daughter, "was the meeting with the lawyers today satisfactory?"

"I hope so."

"How long do they think the case will last?"

"Not long. You see, there are only the five witnesses for me."

"Your mother and I, Mr. Bircham, Captain Chumley and—and——"

"Wacher, the valet."

"How dreadful that he must be called!" exclaimed Lady Mansfeld. "Oh, if only it wasn't necessary to bring in the name of Brett Arden!"

Sir Leith turned a shoulder more definitely towards his wife and said, "And for Lady Bettine, besides herself, of course, there are only——"

"Bettine's only witness is her maid, Anne Marie."

"Who stole the bracelet and caused all this misery," said Lady Mansfeld. "Wicked woman! But I hope they will unmask her tomorrow. I hope they will attack her as she deserves and make the jury see that she must have taken it."

"Anne Marie can't be attacked in that way, Mother."

"Why not? What are we paying your counsel for, if not to prove that she must be the thief?"

"I suppose Mr. Lane will do all he can in cross-examination to convey the impression that Anne Marie may have taken the bracelet."

"But she did take it!"

"Assertions like that are no good!" said Sir Leith irritably. "*Your* saying she took it doesn't help matters. I only wish though that her boxes could be searched, eh?" He shot a furtive glance at his daughter.

"Why can't they?" said Lady Mansfeld. "That's what I should have done directly the bracelet was missed."

"Unfortunately, the only person who can do that is the owner of the bracelet, Lady Bettine," said Sir Leith. "And she doesn't suspect her maid."

"Then she ought to. We *know* where the bracelet is." Lady Mansfeld looked at Olivia, then repeated less emphatically, "We know!"

Olivia returned her mother's glance steadily. "No, we don't, Mother. All *I* know, at any rate, is that I saw the bracelet on Bettine's dressing table, and left it there when I left the room. I know nothing more than that. Nor do you. In fact, you don't know as much."

"What do you mean, Olive, as much?"

"You *know* really nothing, unless being told things is knowing."

"There's such a thing as circumstantial evidence," muttered Sir Leith.

"I *tell* you. That is all—so far," said Olivia. She paused, looked down, then added, "What you believe, or don't believe, is another thing. And now I'm going to my own room. I want to be quiet. Good night."

She got up and left the dining room.

When she had gone Lady Mansfeld said: "That maid, Anne Marie, must have taken the bracelet, mustn't she?"

"How should I know?" said Sir Leith.

"But she is the only person who could have, unless Lady Bettine herself——"

"Oh, my Lord!" Sir Leith exclaimed, getting up and putting his hands to his temples. "What is the good of talking about it? What do we know? What can we find out? Nothing! The whole cursed matter will be threshed out in court directly. It's out of our hands. We can only stand by and pray to heaven our girl comes out of it cleared."

"Leith, do you think she will?"

"Don't ask me any more questions!" he almost shouted at her.

In the morning Olivia had tea in her bedroom. Early the telephone rang, and she heard the deep voice of Old Jo wishing her good morning.

"You are going to the courts with your people, of course?" said Old Jo.

"I suppose so," Olivia answered. "I'd much rather be going with you."

"Would you? Shall I come round?"

"Oh, I wish you would!"

"Right! Coming!"

Half an hour later Old Jo was shown into Olivia's bedroom in which a fire was burning. She gripped Olivia's hand.

"Good morning, child. The day has come. So much the better. By the end of the week it will all be over."

"And where shall I stand?"

"You'll stand! That's the main thing. May I smoke a cigaret?"

"Of course! Here's one. Sit down by the fire."

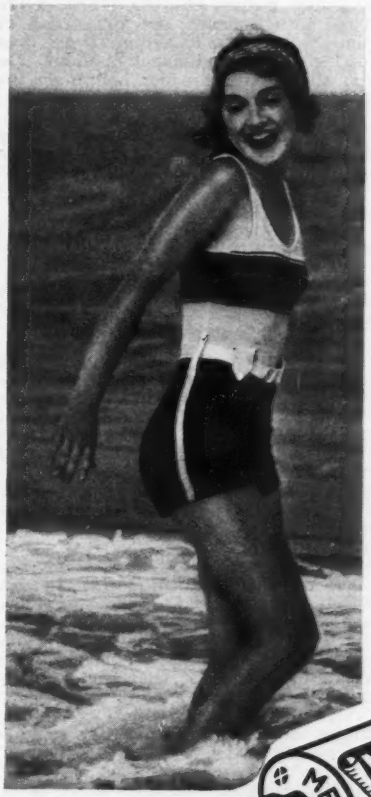
"What time are you starting?"

"About ten o'clock. I haven't said anything to my people, but I'd like to go in a cab with you."

"Then you shall. Leave it to me. I'll settle it. Feel all right?"

Olivia shook her head. "I dread it horribly—because of Brett. If it weren't for that! But I know it will be all Brett. And I loved him. Poor Brett! Jo, have you ever loved a man?"

"I'll be candid. Never! And yet I feel I could. Never happened to knock up against him, I suppose. Lucky for him, perhaps! Now, then, can't you make



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"No, I don't think so."

"Why dread a crowd so much? Why dread opinion, suspicion, perhaps, in the mass? You are straight with yourself."

"No!"

"No?" exclaimed Old Jo.

"No. In my association with Brett I was always untrue to myself. I am paying for that."

"Ah, I get you there! But you are straight with yourself as regards Lady Bettine?"

"Absolutely."

"Then what does it matter what *they* think of you? Hang on to your opinion of *them*, with their evil curiosity and their garbage minds. Don't bother about their opinion of you. Take a broom and sweep all your fears away to limbo. I never cared a rush for other people's opinion of me. That's why they all say I'm mad. It's a blessed state, believe me, Olivia. Far better than their self-assured sanity."

"It must be. But—but I'm not one of those who don't mind being shown naked to the crowd. I kept my love secret and now—isn't it an irony that my secret should be given to the whole world? I do mind that terribly. It's the greatest punishment that could be inflicted on me. And it's difficult to bear."

"It must be. But think of all the things they have done that they wouldn't like people to know."

"They?"

"The crowding creatures who'll be in court. Granted you've done something that was against your code, against the code of a lot of respectable people, you've paid heavily for it. You're going to pay again today, perhaps tomorrow and other days. Take your punishment like a woman of today. Hold up your head, tell the truth and damn the crowd's opinion of you. How's it going to hurt you? I'll stick by you and Chumley's only waiting for the result—any result—to ask you again to be his wife."

"I can't! Never!"

There was a tap at the door and Lady Mansfeld came in with a gardenia in a tube of close-folded silver paper.

"Miss Lite!"

"Good morning, Lady Mansfeld. You must let Olivia drive down to the courts with me in a taxi."

"Oh, but our limousine will make a much better impression."

"Where? On whom?"

"On the crowd. This is for you, Olive."

"Thanks, Mother."

"Let it peep out of your furs."

"Olivia wants to come with me. Can't she?"

"Oh, well! D'you think I'm suitably dressed?"

"Perfect. Couldn't be better!"

"But why are you in brown, Olive?"

"I don't know, Mother. Let me go with Miss Lite. She's been to so many trials. She can—she can give me some wrinkles about dealing with cross-examination."

"I'm an old hand, Lady Mansfeld. Leave Olivia to me."

"Oh, well—then we'll meet at the courts. I've managed to get some violets." She moved her sable stole.

"Lovely! They'll make exactly the right impression. You always have such clever ideas."

"Oh, I don't know. But I think I can tell what an English jury will rise to." She smiled, and went out of the room touching her sables.

"I believe Mother is enjoying it!"

"That's something to the good, at any rate. Ought we to be going?"

Olivia felt physically sick. She looked at her watch. "I suppose we ought." Her eyes just then were those of a creature stricken.

"Head up, Olivia!"

Olivia clutched Old Jo's bony wrist. "Yes. It'll be all right in court. I'm not going to show the white feather."

"No. The white gardenia's enough."

"But it's so awful—it will be almost like dragging Brett out of his grave."

"Poor child!"

"And then meeting Bettine like this! We were such friends. And all the time our friendship was hurrying on to this!"

"There is something terrible in a friend's becoming an enemy. It's like a sin against nature. But—head up, Olivia! This is no time for sentiment."

They went down and the footman whistled a cab for them. As they got into it Olivia fancied she heard borne on the smother of fog the words:

"Good luck, miss!"

The issue lies between Olivia and Anne Marie, Lady Bettine's maid, when finally they come to the witness stand in the trial that has set all London agog—in Robert Hichens' Next Installment

Edison's Life Story *(Continued from page 48)*

taught him things which no one had thought important enough to record.

As soon as he had gained enough money through his work on the telegraph to give all his thought to invention; he found that he needed assistance, for no matter how long he worked he could not by himself complete all of the needed experiments—whether chemical or physical—within any reasonable time. He set up a laboratory in Newark and shortly a fee of forty thousand dollars given to him for an improvement on the stock ticker enabled him to start forward with something of an organization.

Thereafter he was always the director of a laboratory and conserved his time by devoting it to the things where his brain and not his hands alone were needed.

It has always been the fashion of inventors to secrete themselves and attempt to carry on all the work alone. Edison adopted exactly the opposite method and that is one of the reasons why he has been able to accomplish so much.

His methods are well illustrated by his story of the invention of the phonograph:

"I was experimenting on an automatic method of recording telegraph messages on a disk of paper laid on a revolving platen, exactly the same as the disk talking machine of today. The platen had a spiral groove on its surface, like the disk. Over this was placed a circular disk of paper; an electromagnet with the embossing point connected to an arm traveled over the disk; and any signals given through the magnets were embossed on the disk of paper.

"If this disk was removed from the machine and put on a similar machine provided with a contact point, the embossed record would cause the signals to be repeated into another wire. The ordinary speed of telegraphic signals is thirty-five to forty words a minute; but with this machine several hundred words were possible.

"From my experiments on the telephone I knew of the power of a diaphragm to take up sound vibrations, as I had made a little toy which, when you recited loudly in the funnel, would work a pawl connected to the diaphragm; and this, engaging a ratchet wheel, served to give continuous rotation to a pulley. This pulley was connected by a cord to a little paper toy representing a man sawing wood. Hence, if one shouted: 'Mary had a little lamb,' et cetera, the paper man would start sawing wood. I reached the conclusion that if I could record the movements of the diaphragm properly, I could cause such record to reproduce the original movements imparted to the diaphragm by the voice, and thus succeed in recording and reproducing the human voice.

"Instead of using a disk I designed a little machine using a cylinder provided with grooves around the surface. Over this was to be placed tin foil, which easily received and recorded the movements of the diaphragm. A sketch was made, and the piecework price, eighteen dollars, was marked on the sketch. I was in the habit of marking the price I would pay on each sketch. If the workman lost, I would pay his regular wages; if he made more than the wages, he kept it.

"The workman who got the sketch was John Kruesi. I didn't have much faith that it would work, expecting that I might possibly hear a word or so that would give hope of a future for the idea. Kruesi, when he had nearly finished it, asked what it was for. I told him I was going to record talking, and then have the machine talk back. He thought it absurd.

"However, it was finished, the foil was put on; I then shouted 'Mary had a little lamb,' et cetera. I adjusted the reproducer, and the machine reproduced it perfectly. I was never so taken aback in my life. Everybody was astonished. I was always afraid of things that worked the first time. Long experience proved that there were great drawbacks found generally before they could be got commercial; but here was something there was no doubt of."

That was the beginning of the phonograph. Since the model worked, Edison had his principle established and from then on its perfecting was a matter of detail, to discover how best to make each part and also what the part could best be made of. If the first model had not worked, then Edison would have studied it until he thought he knew why, would have sketched the changes, had them made, and gone on in such fashion until he found a model which would work. It will be noted that he had discovered the principle in connection with other experiments and that he sketched his first model out of experience.

Edison is not a mechanic in the sense that he is skilled with tools; neither is he a mathematician. He says that he can hire mechanics and mathematicians. He is a chemist. But while he is not a mechanic, he thoroughly knows all the principles of mechanics and can design anything.

His procedure is always the same. First he determines his objective—exactly what he wants to accomplish. He may start to improve some crude device already in existence, as he did with the telephone, typewriter, dynamo and scores of other bits of apparatus; or again, there may be nothing in existence to improve. In any case he first gets before him all that is known on the subject—testing each bit of knowledge as he goes along.

Sometimes he makes the tests himself but usually he states what he wants on a sheet of yellow paper in his own handwriting and sends it on to an assistant. The assistants record in notebooks the results of each of their tests and these books are turned in to Mr. Edison each evening. The notes mean more to Mr. Edison than to anyone else, for he knows exactly what he is after and the assistant do ; not always know.

If the experiments do not turn out as he expects, he writes further notes and suggestions; if the experiments show that they are not worth continuing, then Mr. Edison takes another line. He is always in control. I have many of the notebooks and penciled note sheets and some day these will make a whole study in themselves, for they survey a great section of human knowledge and ought to be compiled for the use of future generations. For the present they are being placed where they can be used again by young men.

Mr. Edison almost never gives verbal instructions because he finds it easier and quicker to write or to draw than to talk and he writes by hand instead of dictating because he can write with the utmost plainness and in faster time than he can dictate. If there is anything to be made or an experiment is to be conducted in a certain way, he draws a diagram in such clear, quick fashion that no further explanation is necessary. The speed with which Mr. Edison does all this is remarkable. He sketched the model of his first phonograph in less than five minutes.

Thus, although utterly without formality of any kind, there is actually a record of everything that goes on in the laboratory and Edison has been able, through this ability to give rapid and explicit written instructions or drawings, to carry on a number of important and entirely unrelated investigations at the same time. I have never known him to be working on only one thing. Even when he was in the midst of his work on the incandescent lamp, he was carrying forward several other lines of investigation of the highest importance.

The absolute direction of all these investigations is with him. He is the leader and no one ever questions his leadership. I believe it is rarely possible for any assistant to get ahead of him on a suggestion—not because he is unwilling to receive suggestions but because in his comments on any experiment he invariably covers the point of the subject so thoroughly that the assistant discovers that his suggestion was only a tiny section of what Mr. Edison already had in mind.

He doe. not have to assert leadership. It is simply unquestioned by any man of real intelligence—and Edison does not for long have near him any person who does not possess far more than average intelligence. He will not tolerate stupidity or long-winded explanations.

There is no luck whatsoever in anything that Edison does. He never starts into any subject without making himself completely familiar with the whole fund of knowledge that exists on that subject. He does not aimlessly cut and try. He first of all discovers everything that everyone has done and then repeats all of their experiments to find if they have drawn the correct deductions from them.

He applies reason based on knowledge to any chemical or mechanical problem. He regards an experiment simply as an experiment. If he does not get the results that he planned for, then the experiment has taught him what not to do and gradually, by a process of elimination, he finds what to do.

The existing knowledge on any subject may give him suggestions, or again it

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may simply hasten the process of elimination. If there be no existing knowledge, Mr. Edison will start experimenting to test his theories of what would be most suitable. For instance, he is now searching for some common plant which may be grown easily within the borders of the United States and which will give a sufficient yield of rubber to make it a source of supply for the country in the event of war.

Plants and trees have not, in general, been studied from this angle. Therefore he unflinchingly, although with a full knowledge of the task ahead of him, began determining the rubber content of every easily grown plant in the country. He has already examined more than fifteen thousand and by the time he is through he will have such full and detailed knowledge that he can at least determine whether or not he is on the right track.

When he undertook to develop the storage battery, he found that there was no data at all of the kind that he wanted. Therefore he began experimenting. Each experiment had a number, but when he got to ten thousand he called that a series and started with number one again and ran through five of these series before he found what he wanted. It is to be remembered that each of these experiments was made for a definite reason and to test out a possibility.

He always takes the whole subject and carries it through. When he had worked out the incandescent lamp, he applied himself, as has been noted, to designing a whole system. When he turned to the magnetic separation of iron ore, he did not stop until he had a complete plant. He did the same thing with cement. Take iron ore and cement, where the difficulties were not so much in finding the right process as in adapting the processes to commercial needs.

Edison, while in the midst of the development of his electric-light system, planned crushing and separating machinery to put into effect the magnetic separation of low-grade ores on a great scale and at a low cost as the only practical way of supplying the furnaces with a high quality of iron ore. He held the opinion that it was cheaper to quarry and concentrate low-grade ore in a big way than to attempt to mine, under adverse circumstances, limited bodies of high-grade ore.

It is now generally admitted that he was right. The magnetic separation of ore was not new. But no one had approached the real problem, which was to handle enormous quantities of materials at a very low cost. He designed a plant that was nearly automatic and then erected it in New Jersey—spending on it most of the money that he earned from the incandescent light.

The principles of magnetic separation are very simple. If a lump of magnetite be powdered, then the particles of iron can be separated by a magnet. Edison had the crushed ore fall in a thin stream past a magnet. The magnetic particles were pulled out of the straight stream, and being heavy, gravitated inwardly and fell to one side of a partition, while the nonmagnetic débris descended without deviating. Thus a complete separation was had.

One thinks of Edison as dealing with delicate test tubes. But here he was equally at home with apparatus running into thousands of tons. In the concentrating plant that he established, he developed so thoroughly the refining of the crushed ore that after passing four hundred and eighty magnets the concentrates came out containing ninety-one to ninety-three percent of iron oxide. And to handle this material he designed and had built a more complete conveyor system than anyone had ever designed.

He got out ores at a low price and conquered the formidable opposition of the iron trade. But then, as I have mentioned, the Missabe Range deposits were discovered and with them he could not compete. His methods are still of high reserve utility.

In cement he again tackled quantity production. Edison held that cement was the most durable of all building materials. He has often said:

"Wood will rot, stone will chip and crumble, bricks disintegrate, but a cement-and-iron structure is apparently indestructible. Look at some of the old Roman baths. They are as solid as when they were built."

He saw cement as the coming material and decided to go into its making, since the magnetic-ore project had given him a fund of experience in the crushing and handling of bulk materials. As usual, he read up everything of an authoritative nature on the subject and sent out for information everywhere. This happened, it may be interesting to note, while he was engaged on his new storage battery.

Having the facts in hand, he placed a large sheet of paper on a drafting table and started to draw out a plan of the proposed works. After twenty-four hours of continuous work, he had the full layout of the entire plant as it was subsequently installed, and as it has substantially remained until now. He had never made cement but if that plant were to be rebuilt today, no vital change would be necessary. He considered and provided in his plans for every part from the crusher to the packing house, and that for a plant about half a mile long, which handles automatically enough raw material to produce two and a quarter million pounds of finished cement every day in the week.

Contrast work on such a scale with this:

"Toward the latter part of 1875, in the Newark shop, I invented a device for multiplying copies of letters, which I sold to Mr. A. B. Dick, of Chicago, and in the years since it has been universally introduced throughout the world. It is called the 'mimeograph.' I also invented devices for making and introduced paraffin paper, now used for wrapping up candy, et cetera."

Or take this account which he gives of his work on lighting, and notice his capacity for infinite detailed attention equally to things small as to things great.

"Just at that time (1878) I wanted to take up something new, and Professor Barker suggested that I go to work and see if I could subdivide the electric light so it could be got in small units like gas. This was not a new suggestion, because I had made a number of experiments on electric lighting a year before this. They had been laid aside for the phonograph. I determined to take up the search again and continue it.

"On my return home I started my usual course of collecting every kind of data. This time it was about gas: I bought all the transactions of the gas-engineering societies, et cetera, all the back volumes of gas journals, et cetera. Having obtained all the data, and investigated gas-jet distribution in New York by actual observations, I made up my mind that the problem of the subdivision of the electric current could be solved and made commercial.

"I realized that an electric lamp to be commercially practical must of necessity bear a general comparison with a gas jet in at least two points: first, that it must give a moderate illumination, and,

second, that such a lamp must be so devised that each one could be lighted and extinguished separately and independently of any others. With this basic idea in mind we resumed our experiments at once.

"The experience gained through my extensive experiments led me to conclude that the only possible solution of the problem of subdividing the electric light was that the lamps must have a high resistance and small radiating surface; also that they must be operated in a multiple-arc system, that is to say, independently of each other.

"I was well acquainted with the properties of carbon and knew that if it could be produced in the form of a hair-like filament, such a filament would have relatively high resistance, and, of course, small radiating surface. But could such a fragile filament be capable of withstanding mechanical shock and be susceptible of being maintained at a temperature of over 2,000 degrees for 1,000 hours or more before breaking?

"Again, could this filamentary conductor be supported in a vacuum chamber so perfectly formed and constructed that during all these hours in which it would be subjected to various temperatures, not a particle of air could enter to disintegrate the filament? And not only so, but the lamp, after its design, must not be a mere laboratory possibility, but a practical commercial article capable of being manufactured at low cost and large quantity, and capable of long-distance shipment without injury. These and a multitude of minor considerations—minor, but none the less important—combined to form a problem of great magnitude.

"As already stated, I found that I could not use carbon successfully in my earlier experiments, because the rods or strips of carbon I then employed, although much larger than filaments, would not stand, but were consumed in a few minutes under the best conditions I then had at my command. Now, however, that I had found means of obtaining and maintaining high vacua, I immediately went back to carbon, which from the first I had conceived of as the ideal substance for a burner. My next step proved conclusively the correctness of my former deductions.

"I decided to test out my theory by the use of a filamentary burner and my old laboratory notebooks show that on October 21, 1879, after many heartbreaking trials, we succeeded in carbonizing a piece of cotton sewing thread, bent into horseshoe shape, and I had it sealed into a glass globe from which I exhausted the air until a vacuum up to one-millionth of an atmosphere was produced. The lamp was hermetically sealed and then taken off the vacuum pump and put on the electric current.

"It lighted up and in the first few breathless minutes we measured its resistance quickly and found that it was 275 ohms—all we wanted. Then we sat down and looked at that lamp. We wanted to see how long it would burn. The problem was solved—if the filament would last. We sat and looked, and the lamp continued to burn. The longer it burned, the more fascinated we were.

"None of us could go to bed, and there was no sleep for any of us for forty hours. We sat and watched it with anxiety growing into elation. The lamp lasted about forty-five hours, and I realized that the practical incandescent lamp had been born. I was sure that if this rather crude experimental lamp would burn forty-five hours, I could make a lamp that would burn hundreds of hours, and even up to a thousand.

I DON'T want anyone to think that I would travel just to make a collection of stickers on my luggage, but I'll admit those bright labels splashed all over a trunk or a suitcase do intrigue me.

And I'm going to accumulate a flock of them for myself, too.

I know you get them in Yellowstone Park and in Glacier Park, and they bring a tang of pine and sage brush and woodsmoke to mind just to think of them. But what I want is labels in French and Italian and Spanish and German.

And a lot of others including the Scandinavian.

I want to accumulate those labels soon, too, while my bags and trunks and I are young and sturdy and ready to go.

Then I'll have a long time to tell them over like the beads in a rosary . . . "this was where I had that wonderful dinner and this was where I went to the ball and wandered out into the moonlight with that dream in pale blue, and this is where we started on that gorgeous trip through the Chateau country," and so on.

Well they say anticipation is better than realization and maybe those labels don't mean as much to their possessors as I imagine they do . . . but there's only one way to find that out and I'm certainly going to get started, right away, and see for myself.

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"Up to this time I had spent upwards of forty thousand dollars in my electric-light experiments, but the result far more than justified the expenditure, for with this lamp I made the discovery that a filament of carbon, under the condition of high vacuum, was commercially stable and would stand high temperature without the disintegration and oxidation that took place in all previous attempts that I knew of for making an incandescent burner from carbon. Besides, this lamp possessed the characteristics of high resistance and small radiating surface, permitting economy in the outlay for conductors, and requiring only a small current for each unit of light—conditions that were absolutely necessary of fulfillment in order to accomplish the subdivision of the electric-light current.

"With the invention of a practical incandescent lamp I had merely stepped over the threshold of a complete system. While we kept up a constant series of experiments for the greater perfection of the lamp, I busied myself in devising the other essential parts of the system I had conceived. There was no precedent for such a thing, and nowhere in the world could we purchase these parts.

"It was necessary to invent everything: dynamos, regulators, meters, switches, fuses, fixtures, underground conductors with their necessary connecting boxes, and a host of other detail parts, even down to insulating tape. Everything was new and unique. The only relevant item in the world at that time was copper wire, and even that was not properly insulated.

"My laboratory was a scene of feverish activity, and we worked incessantly, regardless of day, night, Sunday or holiday. I had quite a large force and they were a loyal lot of men as a whole, and worked with vim and enthusiasm. We accomplished a great deal in a short space of time, and before Christmas of 1879 I had already lighted up my laboratory and office, my house and several other houses about one-fifth of a mile from the dynamo plant, and some twenty street lights. The current for these was fed through underground conductors made and insulated for the purpose."

Any man bringing to any subject only a fraction of the persistence and intelligence of Edison cannot fail to leave it better than he found it. That is the great lesson of Edison the investigator—or inventor.

One day while Edison and I were calling on Luther Burbank in California, he asked us to register in his guest book. The book had a column for signature, another for home address, another for occupation and a final one entitled "Interested in." Edison signed in a few quick but unhurried motions—he puts down that clear signature, with each letter plainly separated and a flourish over the top, with far more speed than most men could make a scrawl. In the final column he wrote without an instant's hesitation:

"Everything."

That explains Mr. Edison. He is literally interested in everything. His habit of trying out applicants for positions by means of long questionnaires into which enters nearly everything under the sun is only a method of investigating the character of the curiosity of the candidate. He dislikes men with single-track minds or single-track interests.

In his own work he will not have specialists or single-subject men around. He simply cannot tolerate a man of narrow interests. His own interests in things are today just as lively as they were more than half a century ago, when as a boy he decided to read the Detroit Public Library through—shelf by shelf and regardless of subject.

So far as I have ever been able to make out, he is not only interested in everything but also he is a specialist in everything. Everyone knows that he is a specialist in the sciences, but I was surprised to discover on the first trip that ever I took with him—and have continued to be surprised on every subsequent trip, and in fact at every meeting with him—the extent of his knowledge of birds, of trees and of flowers. Also he is wholly informed on geology and astronomy.

His knowledge of history and politics is very wide and, although it is not generally suspected, he has much more than a casual interest in the arts and particularly in the simplicity of the Greek art and architecture. He has in himself a very fine feeling for line and form. I have never yet seen a drawing made by him or a model made from one of his drawings which was not really beautiful in its every detail. His conception of beauty is bound up with simplicity and not with elaboration. He will not merely decorate. His simple lines are so harmonious as to achieve an effect far more beautiful than would be possible in any purely decorative effort.

The harmony of his designs, I think, arises from the accuracy of his observations and the economy of his every effort. The simpler anything is, the better it is. The simplest design is not only best from the standpoint of utility but also it is always best from the standpoint of art. I always suspect an ugly or florid design of being somewhere faulty. And usually it is—the designer has not thought out his problem to the point where he can express it simply.

Edison could have succeeded in a big way in any line which he chose to follow. He has never failed in anything which he undertook—even as a boy. For to everything he has brought a quick imagination and a capacity for unlimited work. Before he was fifteen years old he had made a success as a farmer, as a merchant and as a newspaper proprietor. Before he was twelve he was running his father's truck garden and selling the produce in Port Huron. He did not like the manual labor of farming, or rather he thought that he could make better use of his time. This is what he did as a boy of twelve:

"Hoeing corn in a hot sun is unattractive. I do not wonder that it has built up cities. Soon the Grand Trunk Railroad was extended from Toronto to Port Huron, at the foot of Lake Huron, and thence to Detroit, at about the same time the War of the Rebellion broke out. By keeping at it, I got permission from my mother to go on the local train as a newsboy. The local train from Port Huron to Detroit, a distance of sixty-three miles, left at seven A. M. and arrived back again at nine-thirty P. M.

"After being on the train for several months, I started two stores in Port Huron—one for periodicals, and the other for vegetables, butter and berries in season. These were attended by two boys who shared in the profits. The periodical store I soon closed, as the boy in charge could not be trusted. The vegetable store I kept up for nearly a year.

"After the railroad had been opened a short time, they put on an express which left Detroit in the morning and returned in the evening. I received permission to put a newsboy on this train. Connected with this train was a car, one part for baggage and the other part for mail,

but for a long time it was not used. Every morning I had two large baskets of vegetables from the Detroit market loaded in the mail car and sent to Port Huron, where the boy would take them to the store. They were much better than those grown locally, and sold readily.

"I never was asked to pay freight, and to this day cannot explain why, except that I was so small and industrious, and the nerve to appropriate a United States mail car to do a free freight business was so monumental. I kept this up for a long time, and in addition bought butter from the farmers along the line, and an immense amount of blackberries in season. I bought wholesale and at a low price, and permitted the wives of the engineers and trainmen to have a discount.

"After a while there was a daily immigrant train put on. This train generally had from seven to ten coaches filled always with Norwegians, all bound for Iowa and Minnesota. On these trains I employed a boy who sold bread, tobacco and stick candy. As the war progressed, the daily newspaper sales became very profitable, and I gave up the vegetable store."

An ordinary boy would have taken the ordinary job and filled it, but Edison simply has to improve any job or anything that he meets. The competitive spirit is very strong in him—he will not pass up a "dare." It will be noted that even the job of news butcher became under his direction too big to be handled only by himself and that he started at once to employ help.

With the Civil War on, Edison took advantage of his position on the train to sell newspapers ahead of the regular distribution, which was by mail. While in Detroit waiting for his train to start, he heard that the Battle of Shiloh had been fought with a heavy list of dead and wounded. He had been selling a hundred newspapers on his regular trips. He decided to buy a thousand and arranged with his telegraph-operator friends to post bulletins at each station giving the bare news of the battle. This is what happened:

"The first station, called Utica, was a small one where I generally sold two papers. I saw a crowd ahead on the platform, and thought it some excursion, but the moment I landed there was a rush for me. Then I realized that the telegraph was a great invention. I sold thirty-five papers there.

"The next station was Mount Clemens, now a watering place but then a town of about one thousand. I usually sold six to eight papers there. I decided that if I found a large crowd there I would correct my lack of judgment in not getting more papers by raising the price from five cents to ten. The crowd was there, and I raised the price. At the various towns there were crowds.

"It had been my practice at Port Huron to jump from the train at a point about one-fourth of a mile from the station, where the train generally slackened speed. I had drawn several loads of sand to this point to jump on, and had become quite expert. When I approached the outskirts of the town I was met by a large crowd. I then yelled: 'Twenty-five cents apiece, gentlemen! I haven't enough to go around!' I sold all out, and made what to me then was an immense sum of money."

And while all this was going on, he was also getting out his own train newspaper, reading every book he could find and making every chemical and other experiment that he could gain the wherewithal to make. It was the experiments,

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IF YOU were introduced to an attractive, prosperous-looking man or woman who constantly made crude mistakes in grammar and pronunciation, what would you think? You could not *help* thinking that this person was sadly lacking in education; you would feel that he, or she, belonged on a lower social level.

And yet, unless you have made the correctness of your own speech a *habit*, you never can be sure that *you* are not unconsciously making errors which may cause others to lower their estimates of *your* education and refinement.

You may not make such glaring errors as *I ain't, you was, and between you and I*, but perhaps you commit other mistakes which offend the ears of those who know, and cause them to judge you unfairly.

Perhaps you sometimes use *who* for *whom*, or *would* for *should*. Are you always sure whether to spell words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's" or with "ei" or "ie"? Do you ever say, "I did it already"—or, "He don't mean what he says."

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Advertising serves many useful purposes in this civilization of ours, and not the least of these is its mission of making experienced purchasing agents out of all of us.

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I cannot too often repeat, that explain it all. Edison had no liking for news butchering or for merchandising or, in fact, for anything but investigating. But he could size up any opportunity in terms of the money that he needed for his other work.

He has never really lacked for money except when he stopped earning in order to go forward with work that he considered more important. He never stints his work for lack of money. For if he finds himself short, he turns for a while to making money. The mere making of money he regards as an easy affair which is not worth giving much attention to.

He has the innate capacity to be first-class at anything he does. There has never been a faster or more accurate telegraph operator than he was. He is just as proud now as he was so many years ago when the telegraph men in Boston tried to swamp him in his first important position as an operator. Here is the story which he often tells:

"I entered the main operating room and was introduced to the night manager. The weather being cold, and being clothed poorly, my peculiar appearance caused much mirth, and, as I afterward learned, the night operators had consulted together how they might 'put up a job on the jay from the woolly West.' I was given a pen and assigned to the New York No. 1 wire.

"After waiting an hour, I was told to come over to a special table and take a special report for the Boston Herald, the conspirators having arranged to have one of the fastest senders in New York send the dispatch and 'salt' the new man. I sat down unsuspiciously at the table, and the New York man started slowly. Soon he increased his speed, to which I easily adapted my pace. This put my rival on his mettle, and he put on his best powers, which, however, were soon reached.

"At this point I happened to look up, and saw the operators all looking over my shoulder, with their faces shining with fun and excitement. I knew then that they were trying to put up a job on me, but kept my own counsel.

"The New York man then commenced to slur over his words, running them together and sticking the signals. But I had been used to this style of telegraphy in taking reports, and was not in the least discomfited. Finally, when I thought the fun had gone far enough, and having about completed the special, I quietly opened the key and remarked, telegraphically, to my New York friend: 'Say, young man, change off and send with your other foot.' This broke the New York man all up, and he turned the job over to another man to finish."

As I said, he always keeps abreast of the news of the day, no matter what the press of his business, for it takes him only a few minutes to get the meat out of the daily newspaper. He is never out of the world and knows exactly what is going on politically.

In the last Presidential campaign he followed the speeches of the candidates with great care and it may be noted that in politics he is never a neutral. He always knows what he is for and what he is against and, if asked, will state his position exactly and clearly, regardless of who may be offended.

He will not go out of his way to offend anyone, but he will not fail to give his opinion just because it may not agree with the opinion of someone else. His political education dates back to the days when he was a telegraph operator and took millions of words of Congressional proceedings. Then he knew the members of Congress so well that he could and often had to reconstruct their speeches as they came over the wire. For instance:

"I took the press job in Louisville. I was a very poor sender, and therefore made the taking of press reports a specialty. The newspapermen allowed me to come over after going to press at three A.M. and get all the exchanges I wanted. These I would take home and lay at the foot of my bed. I never slept more than four or five hours, so that I would awake at nine or ten and read those papers until dinner time.

"I thus kept posted, and knew about every member of Congress, and what committees they were on; and all about the topical doings, as well as the prices of breadstuffs in all the primary markets. I was in a much better position than most operators to call on my imagination to supply missing words or sentences, which were frequent in those days of old, rotten wires, badly insulated, especially on stormy nights. Upon such occasions I had to supply in some cases one-fifth of the whole matter by pure guessing."

It is wholly characteristic that he could fill up these dispatches as they came over the wire and without any hesitation at all. That is the way Mr. Edison has his information. He does not have to stop to recall anything which has ever happened in his life, or in fact anything which he has ever read. It is all at his finger tips.

In these last few years when I have been collecting the older things that he used and assembling and erecting his old buildings, I have often had to ask him the smallest details about his early arrangements. Instantly he will take a pencil and pad and draw for me exactly the position of everything in the old days. If a piece of machinery is missing, he will not only draw what it was like but he will be able to tell me where he bought it and where I am likely to find another.

He reads everything, including most of the popular books and novels that come out. He may not go through with a whole book but in a few minutes he will discover whether or not he wants to read it. And what he reads he knows and without effort.

From this it might be imagined that Mr. Edison is some sort of working machine. On the contrary, he is very human and likes to be with people when he is not deeply engaged in some work. He does not like formality and will very seldom attend public dinners or anything of the kind.

It is very hard to get him to go anywhere, although at one time he liked the theater. He is an inexhaustible mine of funny stories and he could occupy a whole afternoon, starting in at China and giving examples of story-telling in every race and nation and dialect. That gift alone would have marked him as an extraordinary man.

He does not see many people of the curiosity-seeking or hero-worshiping type, because he thinks it more important to go on with his work than to chat about nothing. He usually sees people who really have something to say or some real business. And his manner with young friends is most charming in its patient opening-up to their minds of the wonders of his world.

Is Thomas Edison a man who never sleeps? Henry Ford tells you the personal habits of the Greatest American Genius in September Cosmopolitan